

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
VIRGIL,  
In LATIN and ENGLISH.

The original Text correctly printed from the  
most authentic Editions, collated for this Purpose.

The *ÆNEID* Translated

By the Rev. Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT,

The *ECLOGUES* and *GEORGICS*, with Notes on the Whole,

By the Rev. Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

With several NEW OBSERVATIONS

By Mr. HOLDSWORTH, Mr. SPENCE, and Others.

ALSO,

A Dissertation on the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, by Mr.  
WARBURTON. On the Shield of *Æneas*, by Mr. W.  
WHITEHEAD. On the Character of *Japis*, by the late  
Dr. ATTERBURY, Bishop of Rochester. And, Three  
Essays on Pastoral, Didactic, and Epic Poetry, by the  
EDITOR.

VOL. II.

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A  
DISSERTATION  
ON THE  
Nature and Conduct  
OF THE  
Æ N E I D.

Της Ιστορίας Φιλοσοφωτερον και σπευδαιστερον, η  
ποιησις. Aristot. cap. ix. de Poetica.

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VOL. II.

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## DISSERTATION.

**T**HERE are two Methods of instructing Mankind in order to render them virtuous and wise. The first consists, in shewing them the deformity and baseness of Vice, and the destructive Consequences of violent and uncontrouled Passions ; and this is the principal design of tragedy: the second, in displaying the beauty and excellence of virtue, its desirable fruits and happy consequences ; and this is the proper business of the *Epopœia*, or epic poetry. The passions which should be raised by the first are terror and pity: those which should be excited by the last, are admiration and love. In the one the actors speak, in the other the poet himself makes the narration.

One may define epic poetry to be, a fable related in verse, to inspire an admiration and love of virtue, in representing to us the action of an hero, favoured and assisted by heaven, who executes some grand design, notwithstanding all the obstacles that oppose him.

I shall consider the *Æneid* under the four following heads, the fable, the characters, the sentiments, the language. And shall make great use of Bossu's incomparable treatise on epic poetry, the best explainer of

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Aristotle, and, beyond all doubt, one of the most learned and judicious of modern critics.

An epic poem is not only the noblest, but most useful, of human compositions; exciting men to virtue and arduous undertakings more effectually, than moral philosophy, or history. 1. Because, example, assisted by verse, is a more powerful and persuasive mode of instruction, than the dry, simple precepts of ethics.

“ 2. Because the acts and events which are the subjects  
 “ of true history (as BACON finely observes) being not  
 “ of that amplitude as to content the mind of man,  
 “ poetry is ready at hand to feign acts more heroical;  
 “ because true history reports the successes of business  
 “ not proportionable to the merits of virtues and vices,  
 “ poetry corrects it, and presents events and fortunes according to desert, and according to the law of providence; because true history, through the frequent  
 “ satiety and similitude of things, works a distaste and  
 “ misprision in the mind of man; poetry cheareth, and  
 “ refresheth the soul, chanting things rare, and various, and full of vicissitudes: so as poetry serveth and  
 “ conferreth to delectation, magnanimity, and morality. Poetry therefore may seem deservedly to have  
 “ some participation of divineness, because it doth  
 “ raise the mind and exalt the spirit with high raptures, by proportioning the shews of things to the  
 “ desires of the mind, and not submitting the mind  
 “ to things, as reason and history do. And by these  
 “ allurements and congruities, whereby it cherisheth  
 “ the soul of man; joined also with consort of mu-

“ f.c,



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“ sic, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself, it  
“ hath won such access, that it hath been in estima-  
“ tion even in rude times and barbarous nations, when  
“ other learning stood excluded.”

Advancement of Learning. B. iii. c. 13.

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### SECTION I.

#### Of the fable of the *ÆNEID*.

**A**S Greece consisted of a cluster of little republics, frequently contending for superiority over each other; the most useful and important lesson this people could receive, was the necessity of uniting in any common danger.

This piece of instruction, Homer, as great a patriot as poet, gave his countrymen, exhibiting in the liveliest colours, and by the most forcible examples, the dreadful calamities occasioned by a quarrel betwixt two great generals, and the advantages which the enemies of Greece obtained by so unseasonable and ill-judged a contention. This, which is the groundwork of the *Iliad*, renders the fable of that poem the most simple, but the most comprehensive, imaginable. Aristotle, struck with the beauty of this simplicity, justly calls it divine.

The very different condition of affairs at Rome, obliged Virgil to take a different scheme. The Romans having lost the virtue and honesty of their ancestors, liberty could not in the nature of things long survive.

They

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They began to be profligate, and to be slaves. As they had not virtue enough to be free, and since they must needs have fallen into the hands of one governor, the happiest circumstance they could meet with, was undoubtedly that this one governor should be a mild one, and bind their chains with a tender hand. To reconcile his countrymen to this almost necessary change of government, to wean them gradually from an inveterate hatred to monarchy, and to evince that all revolutions in states are brought about by the interposition of heaven, these were the motives which induced Virgil to undertake the *Æneid*; and these the instructions he proposed to give his countrymen. He intended to delineate in the person of *Æneas*, the character of a wise lawgiver and a just monarch; and artfully threw several features into the piece, that induced his readers to apply this amiable portrait to Augustus. For this reason he represented his hero endued with great piety to the gods, with mildness and clemency, and an affectionate concern for his country.

If we take a view of the fable of the *Æneid*, stript of all its accessory ornaments, and the names of the principal actors in the poem, in the manner wherein Aristotle has considered the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, we shall find the subject matter of it to stand as follows;

“ The gods preserve a prince, amidst the ruin of  
 “ a mighty kingdom, and chuse him to be the main-  
 “ tainer of their religion, and the establisher of a more  
 “ great and glorious empire than the first. This very  
 “ hero is likewise elected king by the general consent

“ of

## DISSERTATION. vii

“ of those who had escaped the universal destruction of  
 “ that kingdom. He conducts them through terri-  
 “ tories from whence his ancestors originally came,  
 “ and by the way instructs himself in all that is ne-  
 “ cessary, for a king, a priest, and the founder of a  
 “ monarchy. He arrives and finds in this new coun-  
 “ try the gods and men disposed to entertain him, and  
 “ to allot him subjects and territories. But a neigh-  
 “ bouring prince, blinded by jealousy and ambition,  
 “ cannot see the justice of this proceeding, nor the  
 “ manifest will of heaven, but vehemently opposes his  
 “ establishment, and is powerfully assisted by the va-  
 “ lour of a king, whose cruelty and impiety had di-  
 “ vested him of his empire. This opposition, and the  
 “ bloody war this pious stranger was necessitated to  
 “ undertake, renders his establishment more secure by  
 “ the right of conquest, and more glorious by the  
 “ total overthrow of his unjust enemies.”

These are the outlines of the fable of the *Æneid*, before the colouring and ornaments are added: And the action of it appears from this short view, to be, in the words of Aristotle, Great, One, and Entire. The least, and most trivial episodes, or under-actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary or convenient; and no others can be imagined more suitable or proper to the place in which they are fixed. They are all, as it were, the members of a strong and well-proportioned body. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building, says Dryden; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbish, which is of a pe-

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rishable kind, and destructive of its strength; but with brick, or stone, though of less pieces, yet of the same nature, and fitted to the spaces. Even the least portions of them must be of the epic kind; all things must be grave, majestic, and sublime: nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling novels, which Ariosto and others have inserted in their poems. By which the reader is misled into another sort of pleasure, very opposite to that which is designed in an epic poem. One raises the soul and strengthens it to virtue; the other softens it again, and unbends it to vice.

An action that is one and simple (says M. de Voltaire) which is unfolded easily and by degrees, and which does not require a constant and wearisome attention, will necessarily be more entertaining, than a confused heap of wild and monstrous adventures. The greater the action, the more will it please and engage all men, as it is the natural foible and propensity of human nature to be delighted with every thing that is above common life. And the action ought to be interesting for this reason, because all hearts feel pleasure in being moved; and a poem however perfect, if it does not touch and affect us, will be insipid at all times and in all countries. And lastly, the action ought to be entire, because there is no man that will be satisfied if he receives but one part of the whole which had been promised him.

These remarks are very applicable to all the episodes and under-actions of the *Æneid*. To the narration carried on in the second and third books, containing



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taining the destruction of Troy, with which it was absolutely necessary to make the reader acquainted; to the passion of Dido and its consequences, in stopping Æneas at Carthage; to the sports at the tomb of Anchises in the fifth, the description of hell in the sixth; the story of Cacus and the decorations of the shield in the eighth: to which may be added, the adventures of Nisus and Euryalus in the ninth, and of Mezentius and Camilla in the tenth and eleventh. All these Virgil hath found a method of connecting with his main subject, and of making them essential to the fable. We meet with no unnatural mixture in our correct and exact poet, like the monsters Statius has introduced in his Thebaid. What affinity has the anger of Venus, the butchering of the Lemnians, the designs of the Argonauts, and the amours of Jason and Hypsipile, with the quarrel between Etëocles and Polynices?

An epic poem is not to be a history, like the Pharsalia of Lucan, or the Punic war of Silius Italicus: nor the whole life of a hero, like the Achilleis of Statius. But it is the recital of some one great action in the life of a hero.

With regard to the grand point, the morality which this fable of the Æneid teaches, one may say, without exaggeration, in the words of a passionate admirer of Virgil: The quarrel of Achilles and Agamemnon, teaches us the ill consequences of discord in a state; and the story of the dogs, the sheep, and the wolf, in the fables of Æsop, does the same. This indeed is a  
very



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very good lesson, but seems too narrow and particular to be the grand moral of an heroic poem. It is proper, if you please, to be inserted in such a work; and many more as important as this, are interspersed up and down, and mentioned among other things, both in that of Virgil and those of Homer. But how much more noble, extensive, and truly heroical a moral is this; that piety to God, and justice and goodness to men, together with true valour, both active and passive (not such as consists in strength, intrepidity, and fierceness only, which is the courage of a tiger and not of a man) will engage heaven on our side, and make both prince and people, victorious, flourishing and happy?

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### SECTION II.

#### Of the CHARACTERS.

**I**N a well-disposed picture, it is not required that every Figure should be represented with an equal degree of strength and eminence. The principal figure must be brought nearer the eye, drawn at full length, and be completely viewed, as far as the rules of perspective and proportion will admit. There will be other personages, which it will be necessary to place in almost as strong a light as that of the principal one. Some figures must be half hid; others must appear more or less entire, as the grouping requires. In representing  
a croud,

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a croud, or great number of persons together, the extreme parts only should be distinguished, and, in short, so much expressed, as merely may serve to shew us that somebody is there. As the very remote figures cannot be represented with any distinction of character, so must the more important and nearer figures signify by their attitude, countenance, titles, or other external marks, their proper character, and what interest they bear in the action exhibited.

The case is the same in the *Epopœia*. Each actor must be represented in a greater or less degree of strength, according to the part he sustains. The grand and principal figure in the poem before us is *Ænëas*; on whom all the actions of each inferior character depend, and who, consequently, is the soul of the whole piece. *Ænëas* is led by the prophecies of the gods to establish a new kingdom; accordingly, we see him taking all opportunities of practising religious duties; and as this is his most eminent virtue, Virgil almost every where dignifies him with the epithet *pious*. Tho' the frequent repetition of the word *pious* may be thought tautology and idleness in the poet, yet I think that epithet conveys with it the design of the whole poem, namely, that of founding a new state according to the dictates of heaven. This love of piety in the hero, occasions a fine contrast between him and *Turnus*, where the league is broken in the twelfth book. In short, whatever he does is enjoined or regulated by religion; consequently he is just, merciful, and generous. Thus he is a far more amiable character than  
that

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that of Achilles, or Ulysses; since the actions of the former are almost all founded on revenge, and of the latter on dissimulation.

Next to our hero, Dido acts the most considerable part in the first six books, and is the character, on which the plot and intrigue of them turns. She is the foundress of Carthage, as Ænëas is the founder of Rome, and she represents the obstacle which this republic laid in the way of the Roman victories, which were to make that state the mistress of the world. She is bold, passionate, ambitious, perfidious; but her most distinguishing characteristic is craftiness. It is by this she revenges her husband, punishes her brother, and deceives Iarbas. It is by this she would stop Ænëas's Journey; but not being able to succeed in that scheme, deceives her sister and confidant. However, Virgil has given her some virtues truly royal. She is magnificent, courteous, and loves to reward what is praiseworthy:

—Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi. Æn. iv.

She is hospitable to excess, as is evident by her entertaining the Trojans after the shipwreck, and this, before her attachment to Ænëas.

In the second part of the poem there are a great many more interested persons than in the first. Latinus is a very good and pious prince, but old and without Sons. This gives the queen an occasion of disobeying his orders, and Turnus a desire of being his son-in-law in spite of him, and of forcing the good old man to proclaim

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claim war against Æneas, and of making use of his subjects, his arms, and authority. This default of authority is natural and ordinary among kings that have no heirs.

Amata assumes a kind of right to dispose of her daughter. She is strongly in the interest of her kinsman Turnus. She is so obstinately bent upon having him for her son-in-law, that she had rather die than change her resolution. This obstinacy of the woman puts her upon trying a variety of expedients, keeps up her anger and violence, and is the principal character the poet gives her.

The character of Turnus is the same with that of Achilles, as far as the alteration of the design, and the difference of the fable would admit. It is a young man, of a furious and vehement temper, and passionately in love with a princess whom a foreign rival would rob him of. His mind is deeply fixt upon arms and war, without considering whether it be just, or whether the want of justice, and the contrary orders of the gods, make it criminal and impious. He suffers himself at every turn to be transported with anger, the most prevailing of all his passions. This is the first idea our poet gives of him, and which he always keeps up very carefully. He is less of a soldier and more of a general than Achilles. But this general in office sometimes forgot himself, to act the part of a private soldier. Had it not been for this, he might have put an end to the war the very second day, when breaking into the entrenchments of Æneas, which he besieged, his fury made



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made him neglect to keep the passage open for his own men, as he might easily have done. So far it is true that anger is his principal character; he was so full of the idea of Achilles, and so animated with the same spirit; go, says he to Pandarus, when he killed him, go tell Priam thou hast met with a second Achilles here. The poet makes use of these artifices to shew the reader the humour and ruling passion of Turnus.

The character of this hero partakes likewise of the injustice of Achilles, in that, from his own particular quarrel, he raises a general war, renders his anger pernicious to both parties, and more to his own than to that of the enemy: and exposes many thousand innocents for his single interest. The blameable part of his character is also concealed, as the vices of Achilles, by the dazzling lustre of a wonderful courage.

These are the most striking and the principal persons in the poem. All the under characters, though more slightly touched, are supported with equal beauty and justness.

The piety of Anchises, his attention to prodigies, his mildness to Achæmenides; the artful villainy and deliberate deceit of Sinon; the fury of the haughty Mezentius, his impiety and abandoned behaviour; the malice and envy of Drances; the tenderness of Nisus and Euryalus; the noble simplicity of Evander's manners; (more charming than the splendors of a modern court) the bravery of the heroine Camilla; the softness, modesty, and reservedness of the lovely Lavinia; are all of them painted in the most lively and natural colours, are  
strongly



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strongly contrasted to one another, and are just draughts of human nature. If there be not that variety of characters in our poet as in Homer, yet perhaps it may be urged in our poet's defence that by this very circumstance our attention is more constantly fixed, as it ought to be, on the principal figure, *Aeneas*.

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### SECTION III.

#### Of the SENTIMENTS.

**T**HE sentiments in an epic poem are the thoughts and behaviour which the author ascribes to the Persons he introduces; and are just, when they are conformable to the characters of the several persons. The sentiments have likewise a relation to things as well as persons, and are then perfect when they are adapted to the subject. If in either of these cases (says Mr. Addison) the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other passion, we ought to consider, whether the sentiments he makes use of are proper for these ends. Homer is censured by several critics who cannot relish nature and simplicity, for his defect as to this particular in several parts of his *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; but those who have treated this great poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived, and which he described. It was the fault of the age and not of Homer, if there wants that delicacy in some of his sentiments, which appears in the works of  
men

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men of a much inferior genius. Virgil has excelled all others in the propriety of his sentiments. All the personages he introduces speak, according to the duke of Buckingham,

——just what a man would do in such a case.

But it is not sufficient for an epic poem to be filled with such thoughts as are natural, unless it abound also with such as are sublime. Virgil in this particular (adds the above-mentioned amiable critic) falls short of Homer. He has not indeed so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, but at the same time he has not so many thoughts that are sublime and noble. The truth of it is, Virgil seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad. He every where charms and pleases us by the force of his own genius; but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not borrow his hints from Homer.

Though this remark is doubtless true in general, yet I believe many instances of great sublimity may be produced, for which our poet has not been indebted to his Greek master.

Is not the description of the Sibyl, in her prophetic fury, nobly conceived?—

——cum virgo poscere fata

Tempus ait, Deus, ecce Deus! cui talia fanti,  
Ante fores subito non vultus, non color unus,  
Non comptae mansere comae; sed pectus anhelum,  
Et rabie fera corda tremunt; majorque videri,  
Nec mortale sonans——

What

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What can affect the imagination more strongly than the idea of Æneas's fleet, driven upon an unknown coast, and, in the dead of a very dark night, hearing the most frightful noises that could be conceived?

Noctem illam tecti sylvis immania monstra  
Perferimus; nec quae sonitum det causa videmus.  
—Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,  
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem,  
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla.

I must add to these, that most majestic figure of Æneas:

Laetitia exultans, horrendumque insonat armis:  
Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut ipse coruscia  
Cum fremit illicibus quatiens, gaudetque nivali  
Vertice se attollens pater Appenninus ad auras.

But above all, I cannot forbear taking notice of Turnus's stopping to listen at the distant confusion and distraction of the city, when the queen had changed herself, &c.

Attulit hunc illi caecis terroribus aura  
Commixtum clamorem, arrectasque impulit aures,  
Confusae sonus urbis et illaetabile murmur.

And afterwards the description of the fury, which must make the most insensible tremble to read it.

Alitis in parvae subito collecta figuram,  
Quae quondam in bustis aut culminibus desertis,  
Nocte sedens, serum canit importuna per umbras.

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Hanc versa in faciem, Turni se pestis ad ora,  
Fertque refertque sonans, clypeumque everberat alis.

The circumstance of the bird's flapping her wings against his shield is strangely terrifying. It puts me in mind of a fine image in Spenser,

And over them sad Horror with grim hue,  
Did always soar, beating his iron wings —

To conclude this section, as there are two kinds of sentiments, the natural and the sublime, which are always to be pursued in an heroic poem, there are also (says Mr. Addison) two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are affected and unnatural; the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil. He has none of those trifling points and puerilities, that are so often to be met with in Ovid, none of the epigrammatic turns of Lucan, none of those swelling sentiments which are so frequent in Statius and Claudian, none of those mixed embellishments of Tasso. Every thing is just and natural. His sentiments shew, that he had a perfect insight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to affect it:

Reddere personae scit convenientia cuique. Hor.

As to the second kind of thoughts, Virgil hath never debased the dignity of epic poetry by introducing any sentiments and images that are mean and vulgar. All is uniformly majestic. He has never fallen into  
thoughts



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thoughts that either are coarse, or bordering on burlesque ; of which the refin'd and superficial French critics have so frequently accused Homer without making proper allowances for the manners of those early ages. The difference between the Greek and Latin poet on this occasion, together with the reason of such difference hath been well pointed out by the ingenious author of an enquiry into the life and writings of Homer. Virgil, says he, had been accustomed to the splendor of a court, the magnificence of a palace, and the grandeur of a royal equipage ; accordingly his representations of that part of life are more august and stately than Homer's. He has a greater regard to decency, and those polished manners which render men so much of a piece, and make them all resemble one another in their conduct and behaviour. His state designs and political managements, are finely laid, and carried on much in the spirit of a courtier. The eternity of a government, the forms of magistrature, and plan of dominion, ideas to which Homer was a stranger, are familiar with the Roman poet. But the Grecian's wiles are plain and natural ; either stratagems of war, or such designs in peace, as depend not upon forming a party for their execution. He excels in the simple instructive parts of life ; the play of the passions, the prowess of bodies, and those single virtues of persons and characters, that arise from untaught, undisguised nature. And afterwards — Even the stately Agamemnon (says he) is not ashamed to own his passion for a captive maid before the whole army. — He is besides, now and then a little covetous, and tortur'd



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with fear to such a degree, that his teeth chatter and his knees knock against each other; he groans and weeps and rends his hair and is in such piteous plight, that, if we were not well assured of his personal bravery, we should take him for a downright coward. But Virgil durst make no condescension to nature, nor represent the human frailties in their genuine light.

Life of Homer, Sect. xii. p. 337.

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### SECTION IV.

#### Of the LANGUAGE.

**T**O crown these excellencies, the style of Virgil is remarkable for perspicuity and purity, for harmony, for brevity, and sublimity.

As idiomatic ways of speaking grow familiar and mean by the frequent use of them in ordinary Conversation, so an epic poet should diligently guard against falling into obvious phrases and current expressions, which would debase and sink his language to the level of prose. For this reason, he raises his style by a judicious use of metaphors, by lively and expressive epithets, or by making use of the idioms of other tongues; as Virgil, for instance, is full of the Greek forms of speech which the critics call hellenisms. But how many, to avoid the mean and the groveling, fall into the stiff, the unnatural, and the false sublime. Among  
the

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the Greeks; says Mr. Addison, *Æschylus*, and sometimes *Sophocles*, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins, *Claudian* and *Statius*, and among our own countrymen, *Shakespear* and *Lee*. In these authors, the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of style; as in many others the endeavour after perspicuity prejudices its greatness. *Virgil* has kept a just mean, is clear without being tame, and is lofty without being turgid in his expressions.

In *Virgil* we meet with no mixture of different ideas, no metaphors harsh and violent, no epithets that clash with and contradict the nature of their substantives; nothing like the *Messis clypeata virorum* of *Ovid*, or *the shining ruin, and graceful terror, and moving iron wood*, (for an army marching with spears erect) of a better writer than *Ovid*, but one sometimes infected with the modern love of glittering expressions, and fond of the false florid.

With regard to versification, a reader who hath a just musical ear, and attentively peruses twenty lines together in the *Æneid*, will find and feel more true harmony and melodiousness in them, than in the most admired airs of a *Corelli* or a *Handel*. There is no tedious uniformity in *Virgil's* numbers: his pauses in each line are perpetually varied; his ellisions are introduced with as good effect as the flats and sharps in music; and above all there is a certain majesty in his lines that approaches as near *Homer's* versification as the *patrii sermonis egestas* would allow.

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As to those verses in Virgil, which are an echo to the sense, and which express by their sound and flowing, the thing described, there is no doubt to be entertained, but that the poet frequently intended this beauty, though perhaps not so often as certain chimerical critics imagine. I cannot help thinking this beauty was designed to be observed in the following lines among many others :

Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.  
Et magnos membrorum actus, magna ossa laceratque.

Ut quondam in bustis aut culminibus desertis.  
Ferte citi flammæ, date tela, impellite remos,  
Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum.

—————Telum imbellè sine ictû.  
and many more instances may be seen in the third book of Vida's poetics.

There remains to be mentioned Virgil's distinguishing beauty and characteristical excellence, his exquisite and expressive brevity. He never inserts a syllable in vain. He is close and prest. He gives us more things than words. We admire others, says a witty writer, for what they say ; but we admire Virgil for what he does not say. He never exhausts the subject, by saying all upon it that could be said, but leaves something for the mind of the reader to discover. To him may we justly apply the fine commendation which Pliny gives Timanthes, one of the most admirable paint-

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ers of Greece, in the xth Chap. of the 35th book: Timanthi plurimum adfuit ingenii in omnibus operibus ejus; intelligitur enim plus semper quam pingitur, Timanthes displayed a great genius in all his pieces, his meaning always is much fuller than his expression.

## CONCLUSION.

From this short view of the Æneid it may appear, that the plan of it is formed upon pious resignation and its rewards, as the plan of the Iliad is, upon anger and its pernicious effects. Consequently Æneas is a more amiable and virtuous character than Achilles, whom Homer never designed as a perfect hero, or as a proper object of imitation. I have purposely avoided entering into any minute comparison betwixt these two great poets, because all that can justly be said on the subject is comprehended in the following excellent words of Mr. Pope.

No author or man, ever excelled all the world, in more than one faculty, and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree, or that Virgil wanted invention because Homer possessed a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work.

THE



DISSEMINATION

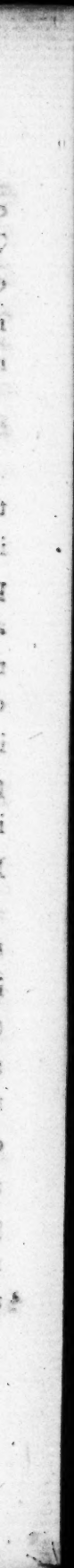
ers of Greece, in the year 1800, of the same book:  
The same plan was again in operation, and the  
same intelligent and pious man, who had  
formerly enjoyed a great name in all his works, his  
meaning always is more than his words.

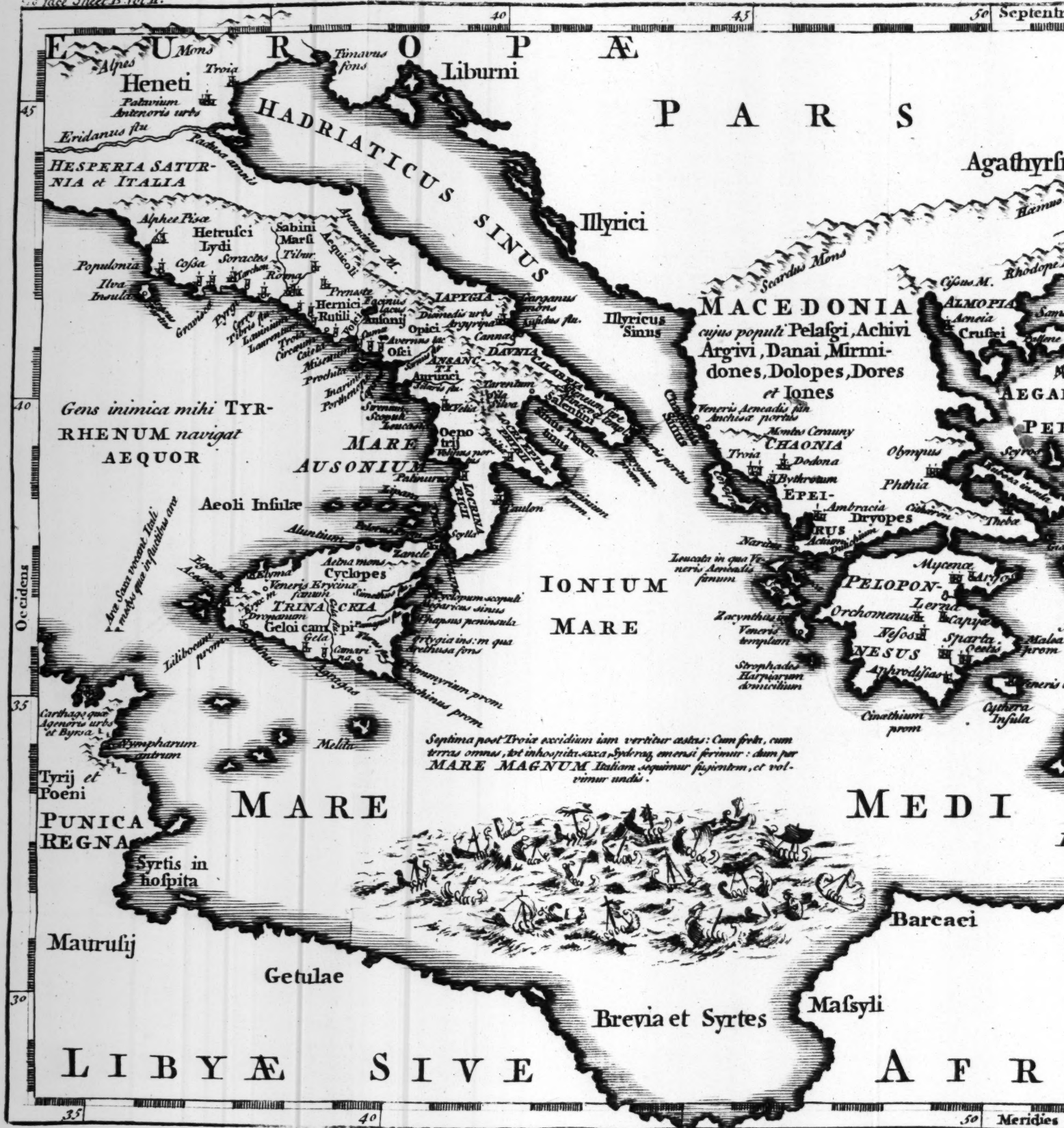
CONCLUSION

From this short view of the French system, it  
appears that the plan of it is to spread opinions, and  
to make the plan of the world as upon a new and  
perpetual basis. Consequently there is a new and  
able and various chain of ideas, which is the  
most never designed as a perfect, but as a  
object of attention. I have purposely not  
into any minute comparison between the two great  
poets, because all that can justly be said on the subject  
is comprehended in the following excellent words of

Mr. Pope: "No poet or man, who excelled all the world, in  
more than one manner, and as Homer has done this in  
invention, Virgil has in judgment. But that we are to  
think Homer wanted judgment because Virgil had it is  
a more obvious sign, for that Virgil wanted inven-  
tion because Homer had it is a larger sign of it: each  
of these great authors had a kind of both, but  
any man, who is said to have both, is  
perfect in one and another. Homer was the great  
man, Virgil the perfect man. In one we find a  
the man, in the other the work."

THE





Agathyrsi

THRACIA

AENAE, TROJANI  
NAVIGATIO  
ad Virgilij sex priores  
Aeneidos.

# ASIA PROPRIA five pars ASIÆ MAGNÆ

EDI TERRANEUM  
LIBYUM MARE

CYPRUS  
Paphos Idalius mons  
Naves quae sorte paratae Corripuunt, one-  
rantque auro. Portantur avart Pygmalionis  
opes pelago, dux femina facti.

Septem gemini  
osua Nili

AEGYPTUS

FRICÆ PARS



F

V

THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
*VIRGIL's*  
ÆNEID.

VOL. II.

B

THE ARGUMENT

It is a well known fact that the human mind is capable of receiving and retaining a vast amount of information. This information is stored in the memory, and is available for use when needed. The memory is a storehouse of knowledge, and it is the duty of the individual to keep it well stocked. This can be done by reading, by listening, and by observing. The more information one has, the better equipped one is to deal with the problems of life. Therefore, it is essential that we make the most of our memory, and that we keep it as full as possible.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Trojans, after a seven Year's Voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful Storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's Request. The Tempest sinks one Ship, and scatters the rest: Neptune drives off the Winds, and calms the Seas. Æneas with his own, and six more Ships, arrives safe at an African Port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her Son's Misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind Reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the Country, meets his Mother in the Shape of a Huntress, who conveys him in a Cloud to Carthage; where he sees his Friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind Entertainment from the Queen. Dido, by a Device of Venus, begins to have a Passion for him, and, after some Discourse with him desires the History of his Adventures since the Siege of Troy; which is the Subject of the two following Books.*



P. VIRGILII MARONIS  
**AENEIDOS**  
 LIBER I.

**A**RM A, virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab oris  
 Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinia venit  
 Litora. multum ille et terris jactatus et alto,

It is allowed at present, that the proemial lines of a poem, in which the general subject is proposed, must always be void of glitter and embellishment. "The first lines of *Paradise Lost*," says Mr. Addison, "are perhaps as plain, simple and unadorned as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer and the precept of Horace."

This observation seems to have been made by an implicit adoption of the common opinion without much consideration, either of the precept or example. Had Horace been consulted, he would have been found to have directed what should be comprised in the proposition, not how it should be expressed, and to have commended Homer in opposition to a meaner poet, not for the gradual elevation of his diction, but the expansion of his plan, for displaying events which he had not promised, not for producing unexpected elegancies of style.

— Speciosa dehinc miracula promit  
 Antiphaten Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdim.

If the exordial lines of Homer be compared with the rest of the poem, they will not appear remarkable for plainness or simplicity, but rather eminently adorned and illuminated.

*Avδρα*

## VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE

## FIRST BOOK.

**A**RMS, and the Man I sing, the first who bore  
 His course to Latium from the Trojan shore ;  
 By fate expell'd, on land and ocean tost,  
 Before he reach'd the fair Lavinian coast :

Ἀνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, Μῆσα, πολυτρόπον, ὅς μ' ἄλλα πολλὰ  
 Πλαγχθῆ, ἐπεὶ Τροίης ἱερὸν π' ὀλίβρον ἔπερσε·  
 Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἰδὲν ἄσπεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω.  
 Πολλὰ δ' οὐ' ἐν πόντῳ πάθεν ἄλγεα ὃν κατὰ θυμόν,  
 Ἀρνύμενος ἣν τε ψυχὴν καὶ νότον εἰαίρων·  
 Ἀλλ' ἔδ' ὥς ἐταρῆς ἑρῦσατο ἱεμένος περ.  
 Αὐτῶν γὰρ σφετέρῃσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὀλοντο,  
 Νηπιόι, οἱ κατὰ βῆς ὑπερίονος ἡλίοιο  
 Ἡσθίων· αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖσιν ἀφειλετο νόσιμον ἡμᾶρ.  
 Τῶν ἀμοθεν γέ, θεὰ θυγάτηρ Δίος, εἶπε καὶ ἡμῖν.

The first verses of the Iliad are eminently splendid, and the proposition of the Æneid closes with dignity and magnificence not often to be found even in the poetry of Virgil.

The intent of the introduction is to raise expectation and suspend it ; something therefore must be discovered and something concealed : The poet, while the fertility of his invention is yet unknown, may properly recommend himself by the grace of his language.

6 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Vi superum, saevae memorem Junonis ob iram :  
 Multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem, 5  
 Inferretque deos Latio : genus unde Latinum,  
 Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae.

Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso,  
 Quidve dolens regina deum, tot volvere casus  
 Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores 10  
 Impulerit. tantaene animis coelestibus irae ?

Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere coloni,  
 Carthago, Italiam contra, Tiberinaque longe  
 Ostia, dives opum, studiisque asperrima belli :  
 Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam 15  
 Posthabita coluisse Samo. hic illius arma,  
 Hic currus fuit : hoc regnum dea gentibus esse,  
 Si qua fata sinant, jam tum tenditque fovetque.  
 Progeniem sed enim Trojano a sanguine duci  
 Audierat, Tyrias olim quae verteret arces. 20  
 Hinc populum late regem, belloque superbum,  
 Venturum excidio Libyae ; sic volvere Parcas.

He that reveals too much or promises too little, he that never irritates the intellectual appetite, or who immediately fatiates it, equally defeats his own purpose ; and since it is necessary to the pleasure of the reader, that few events should be anticipated, by what can his attention be invited, but by grandeur of expression ? *Rambler, No. 158.*

V. 5. *By the gods.*]

Vi superum, saevae memorem Junonis ob iram.  
 The sense goes on, just as well, without this verse, as with it. Since Virgil has said here that it was by Juno's means ; it is odd enough, that he should ask his muse, by whose means it was, ver. 8. infra. The translator has avoided this seeming impropriety.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 7

Doom'd by the Gods a length of wars to wage, 5  
 And urg'd by Juno's unrelenting rage;  
 Ere the brave hero rais'd, in these abodes,  
 His destin'd walls, and fix'd his wand'ring gods.  
 Hence the fam'd Latian line, and senates come,  
 And the proud triumphs, and the tow'rs of Rome. 10

Say, Muse, what causes could so far incense  
 Celestial pow'rs, and what the dire offence  
 That mov'd heav'n's awful empress to impose  
 On such a pious prince a weight of woes,  
 Expos'd to dangers, and with toils oppress'd? 15  
 Can rage so fierce inflame an heavenly Breast?

Against th' Italian coast, of ancient fame  
 A city rose, and Carthage was the name;  
 A Tyrian colony; from Tiber far;  
 Rich, rough, and brave, and exercis'd in war. 20  
 Which Juno far above all realms, above  
 Her own dear Samos, honoured with her love.  
 Here stood her chariot, here her armour lay,  
 Here she design'd, would destiny give way,  
 Ev'n then the seat of universal sway. 25

But of a race she heard, that should destroy  
 The Tyrian tow'rs, a race deriv'd from Troy,  
 Who proud in arms, triumphant by their Swords,  
 Should rise in time, the world's victorious Lords;  
 By fate design'd her Carthage to subdue, 30  
 And on her ruin'd empire raise a new.



## 2 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Id metuens, veterisque memor Saturnia belli,  
 Prima quod ad Trojam pro charis gesserat Argis.  
 Necdum etiam causae irarum saevique dolores 25  
 Exciderant animo. manet alta mente repostum  
 Judicium Paridis, spretaeque injuria formae,  
 Et genus invisum, et rapti Ganymedis honores.  
 His accensa super, jactatos aequore toto  
 Troas, reliquias Danaûm atque immitis Achillei, 30  
 Arcebat longe Latio: multosque per annos  
 Errabant acti fati maria omnia circum.  
 Tantaе molis erat Romanam condere gentem.

40. *With all these motives fr'd, &c.*] Observe (says Catrou) the delicate art of Virgil in this passage: in the enumeration of the causes of those quarrels and disgusts that animate Juno against the Trojans, not one of them falls personally upon Æneas. He is the object of this goddess's hatred only as he is a Trojan. By this conduct the poet excites the compassion of his readers in favour of Æneas.

48. *When baughty Juno.*]—Virgil, we see, introduces machinery in the very beginning of his poem; the reason of which, and the use of machinery in general, was never so well explained as lately, by Mr. Spence in his *Polymetis*: whose judicious observations I shall set down at length, because they will serve to illustrate a great number of passages in the Æneid.

The greatest of the ancient poets seem to have held, that every thing in the moral as well as the natural world, was carried on by the influence and direction of the supreme being. It was Jupiter that actuated every thing, and in some sense might be said to do every thing that was done. This universal principle of action they considered, for their own ease, as divided into so many several personages, as they had occasion for causes. Hence every part of the creation was filled by them with deities; and no action was performed without the assistance of some god or other, for every power superior to man they called by that name.

This

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 9

This fear'd the goddess; and in mind she bore  
 The late long war her fury rais'd before  
 For Greece with Troy; nor was her wrath resign'd,  
 But ev'ry cause hung heavy on her mind; 35  
 Her form disdain'd, and Paris' judgment, roll  
 Deep in her breast, and kindle all her soul;  
 Th' immortal Honours of the ravish'd boy,  
 And last, the whole detested race of Troy.  
 With all these motives fir'd, from Latium far 40  
 She drove the relicks of the Grecian war:  
 Fate urg'd their course; and long they wander'd o'er  
 The spacious ocean, tost from shore to shore.  
 So vast the work to build the mighty frame,  
 And raise the glories of the Roman name! 45

This way of thinking (or at least this way of talking) was received by many of their philosophers as well as poets, though it was particularly serviceable to the latter, and therefore appears so frequently in their works. Petronius Arbiter tells us, that a good epic poet should always lay hold of this advantage; and should carry on his whole action, by the help of what we call machinery: and when Horace speaks against gods being introduced too freely, in a passage that is so often quoted, and sometimes not quite to the purpose, he speaks only of the introducing them too freely on the stage: for in epic poems, the very best of the ancient poets, and the greatest patterns for writing that ever were, introduce them perpetually and without reserve. Homer, who was so highly admired by Horace, scarce does any thing without them; and Virgil, who was both admired and loved so much by him (and whose Æneid was even published ten years before Horace died) follows Homer more closely in this, than in any other point I know of. But the example of Virgil is, I think, sufficient for me at present; who has employed machinery so much and so freely in his Æneid,  
 that

10 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Vix e conspectu Siculae telluris in altum  
 Vela dabant laeti, et spumas falis aere ruebant; 35  
 Cum Juno, aeternum servans sub pectore vulnus,  
 Haec secum: Mene incepto desistere victam;  
 Nec posse Italia Teucrorum avertere regem?  
 Quippe vëtor fatis. Pallasne exurere classẽm  
 Argivũm, atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto; 40  
 Unius ob noxam et furias Ajacis Oilei?  
 Ipsa, Jovis rapidum jaculata e nubibus ignem,  
 Disjecitque rates, evertitque aequora ventis:  
 Illum expirantem transfixo pectore flammã  
 Turbine corripuit, scopuloque infixit acuto. 45

that almost the whole of the story is carried on by the intervention of the gods. If we just run over the first book in this light, we shall see, that if Æneas meets with a storm, just after his first setting out, it is Æolus that raises it at the request of Juno, and by the operation of the several genius's that preside over the winds: if the Sea grows calm again, it is by the appearance of the deity who presides over that element; who countermands those winds and sends them back to their caves. If Æneas lands on the coast of Afric, and is to be kindly received at Carthage, it is Mercury that is sent by Jupiter to soften the minds of the Carthaginians and their queen toward him. And if he escapes all the attacks and dangers in passing through an unknown country, and an inhospitable people, till he comes to their capital; it is Venus who shrouds him in a cloud, and protects him from all danger. In fine, if the queen falls in love with him when he is arrived there; though she be represented as not old, and he as very handsome: yet must Cupid do no less, than undergo a transformation; to lie on her breast and insinuate that soft passion there.

This sort of management which is used so much by Virgil in the entrance of his poem, runs through it quite to the end; and appears as fully in Æneas's combat with Turnus in

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 11

Scarce from Sicilian shores the shouting train  
Spread their broad sails, and plough'd the foamy main;  
When haughty Juno thus her rage exprest;  
Th' eternal wound still rankling in her breast.

Then must I stop? are all my labours vain? 50  
And must this Trojan prince in Latium reign?  
Belike, the fates may baffle Juno's aims;  
And why could Pallas, with avenging flames,  
Burn a whole navy of the Grecian ships,  
And whelm the scatter'd Argives in the deeps? 55  
She, for the crime of Ajax, from above  
Launch'd thro' the clouds the fiery bolts of Jove;  
Dash'd wide his Fleet, and, as her tempests flew,  
Expos'd the ocean's inmost depths to view.  
Then, while transfix'd the blasted wretch expires 60  
Flames from his breast, and fires succeeding fires,  
Snatch'd in a whirlwind, with a sudden shock,  
She hurl'd him headlong on a pointed rock.

in the last book, as it did in his arrival at Carthage in the first. Every step and progression in the story, is full of machinery; or, according to Petronius's general rule, is carried on by the interposition and administration of the Gods. *Polymetis, Dialogue xx. p. 317.*

56. *Of Ajax.*] Virgil might here have an eye to some celebrated picture of this Ajax. (Apollodori est) Ajax fulmine incensus, qui Pergami spectatur hodie. Plin. l. xxxv. c. 9. p. 429. Edit. Elzevir.



Ast ego, quae divûm incedo regina, Jovisque  
 Et soror et conjux, una cum gente tot annos  
 Bella gero: et quisquam numen Junonis adoret  
 Praeterea, aut supplex aris imponat honorem?  
 Talia flammato secum dea corde volutans, 50  
 Nimborum in patriam, loca foeta furentibus austris,  
 Aeoliam venit. hic vasto rex Aeolus antro  
 Luctantes ventos tempestatque sonoras  
 Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere frenat.  
 Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis, 55  
 Circum claustra fremunt. celsa sedet Aeolus arce,  
 Sceptra tenens, mollitque animos, et temperat iras.  
 Ni faciat, maria ac terras coelumque profundum  
 Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrantque per auras.  
 Sed pater omnipotens speluncis abdidit atris, 60  
 Hoc metuens: molemque et montes insuper altos  
 Imposuit, regemque dedit, qui foedere certo  
 Et premere, et laxas sciret dare jussus habenas.  
 Ad quem tum Juno supplex his vocibus usa est:  
 Aeole, (namque tibi divûm pater atque hominum rex 65  
 Et mulcere dedit fluctus, et tollere vento:)

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 13

But I, who move supreme in heaven's abodes,  
Jove's sister-wife, and empress of the gods, 65  
With this one nation must a war maintain  
For years on years; and wage that war in vain!  
And now what suppliants will invoke my name,  
Adore my pow'r, or bid my altars flame?

Thus fir'd with rage and vengeance, down she flies 70  
To dark Æolia, from the distant skies,  
Impregnated with storms; whose tyrant binds  
The blust'ring tempests, and reluctant winds.  
Their rage imperial Æolus restrains  
With rocky dungeons, and enormous chains. 75  
The bellowing brethren, in the mountain pent,  
Roar round the cave, and struggle for a vent.  
From his high throne, their fury to assuage,  
He shakes his sceptre, and controuls their rage;  
Or down the void their rapid whirls had driv'n 80  
Earth, air, and ocean, and the tow'rs of Heaven.  
But Jove, the mighty ruin to prevent,  
In gloomy caves th' aerial captives pent;  
O'er their wild rage the pond'rous rocks he spread,  
And hurl'd huge heaps of mountains on their head; 85  
And gave a king, commission'd to restrain  
And curb the tempest, or to loose the rein.

Whom thus the queen address: Since mighty Jove,  
The king of men, and sire of gods above,  
Gives thee, great Æolus, the pow'r to raise 90  
Storms at thy sovereign will, or smooth the seas;

Gens

14 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat aequor,  
 Ilium in Italiam portans, victosque penates :  
 Incute vim ventis, submersasque obrue puppes :  
 Aut age diversas, et disjice corpora ponto. 70  
 Sunt mihi bis septem praestanti corpore nymphae ;  
 Quarum, quae forma pulcherrima, Deïopeiam  
 Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo :  
 Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos  
 Exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem. 75  
 Aeolus haec contra : Tuus, o regina, quid optes  
 Explorare labor, mihi iussa capessere fas est.  
 Tu mihi quodcunque hoc regni, tu sceptrâ Jovemque  
 Concilias : tu das epulis accumbere divûm,  
 Nimborumque facis tempestatumque potentem. 80  
 Haec ubi dicta, cavum conversa cuspide montem  
 Impulit in latus : ac venti, velut agmine facto,  
 Qua data porta ruunt, et terras turbine perfiant.  
 Incubuerè mari, totumque a sedibus imis  
 Una eurusque notusque ruunt, creberque procellis 85  
 Africus : et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.

109. *So spoke th' obsequious god.*] He that would be a real poet, says Bossu, must leave it to historians to say that a fleet was shatter'd by a storm, and cast upon a strange coast : and must say with Virgil, that Juno went to Æolus, and that this god, upon her request, unloosed the winds against Æneas. Let him leave it to an historian to write, that a young prince behaved himself on all occasions with great prudence, wisdom and discretion : but let him say with Homer, that Minerva led him by the hand in all his enterprizes.

115. *East, West, &c.*] This storm of Virgil's probably contributed towards setting almost all the Roman poets after

A race, I long have labour'd to destroy,

Wast to Hesperia the remains of Troy.

Ev'n now their navy cuts the Tuscan floods,

Charg'd with their exiles, and their vanquish'd gods. 95

Wing all thy furious winds; o'erwhelm the train,

Disperse, or plunge their vessels in the main.

Twice sev'n bright nymphs, of beauteous shape are  
mine;

For thy reward the fairest I'll resign,

The charming Deiopeia shall be thine; . 100

She, on thy bed, long blessings shall confer,

And make thee father of a race like her.

'Tis your's great queen, replies the pow'r, to lay

The task, and mine to listen and obey.

By you, I fit a guest with gods above, 105

And share the graces and the smiles of Jove:

By you, these realms, this sceptre I maintain,

And wear these honours of the stormy reign.

So spoke th' obsequious God; and, while he spoke,

Whirl'd his vast spear, and pierc'd the hollow rock. 110

The winds, embattled, as the mountain rent,

Flew all at once impetuous thro' the vent:

Earth, in their course, with giddy whirls they sweep,

Rush to the seas, and bare the bosom of the deep:

East, West, and South, all black with tempests, roar,

And roll vast billows to the trembling shore. 116

after him a storm painting. In Agam. Sc. iii. we have a puerile imitation of it. Lucan has another, carried to excess: Ovid, according to his manner, has several: and

Flaccus



Insequitur clamorque virum, stridorque rudentum.  
 Eripiunt subito nubes coelumque diemque  
 Teucrorum ex oculis: ponto nox incubat atra.  
 Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus aether:  
 Praesentemque viris intentant omnia mortem. 95  
 Extemplo Aeneae solvuntur frigore membra.  
 Ingemit, et, duplices tendens ad sidera palmas,  
 Talia voce refert: O terque quaterque beati,  
 Queis ante ora patrum, Trojae sub moenibus altis,

Flaccus one, Argon. i. 641. which was certainly taken from this; unless both that and this were originally copied from Apollonius Rhodius. Juvenal seems to ridicule their overcharging their pieces; where speaking of a real storm, he says, 'twas as bad as a poetical one. Sat. xxii. 24.

SPENCE.

124. *In horror fixt the Trojan hero.*] The objections of those critics, who from this passage arraign Aeneas of cowardice, are most weak and frivolous. All fear is not cowardice, as no fierceness is true courage. Aeneas is afraid of the gods, and for his country: both which are consistent with the truest magnanimity; nay there can be no true magnanimity without them.

TRAPP.

There is a very remarkable passage in a letter of Mr. Pope to the duke of Buckingham, which this subject puts me in mind of. I can tell your grace, no less a hero than my lord Peterborow, when a person complimented him for never being afraid, made this answer; "Sir, shew me a danger that I think an imminent and real one, and I promise you I'll be as much afraid as any of you." A braver answer was never made by any one of the ancient heroes whatever.

129. *Oh! 'twas a glorious fate.*] Mr. Pope observes, that Virgil has borrowed this thought from a passage in the twenty-first Iliad; where Achilles is in the very same circumstances as Aeneas, in danger of being drowned. He adds, nothing is more agreeable than this wish to the heroic character of Achilles: glory is his prevailing passion; he grieves

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

17

The cordage cracks; with unavailing cries  
The Trojans mourn; while sudden clouds arise,  
And ravish from their sight the splendors of the skies.  
Night hovers o'er the floods; the day retires; 120  
The heav'ns flash thick with momentary fires;  
Loud thunders shake the poles; from ev'ry place  
Grim death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry face.

In horror fixt the Trojan heroe stands,  
He groans, and spreads to heav'n his lifted hands. 125  
Thrice happy those! whose fate it was to fall  
(Exclaims the chief) beneath the Trojan wall.  
Oh! 'twas a glorious fate to die in fight,  
To die, so bravely, in their parents' fight!

grieves not that he must die, but that he should die unlike a man of honour. Lucan, in the fifth Book of his *Pharsalia*, representing Cæsar in the same circumstance, has, I think, carried yet farther the character of ambition, and a noble thirst of glory, in his hero; when after he has repined in the same manner with Achilles and Æneas, he acquiesces at last in the reflection of the glory he had already acquired,

—*Licet ingentis abruperit actus  
Festinata dies Fatis, sat magna peregi,  
Arctas domui gentes; inimica subegi  
Arma manu: vidit magnum mihi Roma secundum.*

and wishes that his obscure fate might be concealed, only that all the world might still fear and expect him. This last circumstance is exceedingly great.

—*Lacerum retinete cadaver  
Fluctibus in mediis; desint mihi busta, rogusque,  
Dum metuar semper, terræque expecter ab omni.*

I am glad of any opportunity of doing justice to this neglected author; who, tho' by no means a chaste and correct writer, yet abounds in some of the most noble, animated and exalted sentiments, that can any where be found.

Contigit oppetere ! O Danaûm fortissime gentis 100

Tydide, mene Iliacis occumbere campis

Non potuisse, tuaque animam hanc effundere dextra ?

Saevus ubi Aeacidae telo jacet Hector, ubi ingens

Sarpedon : ubi tot Simoïs correpta sub undis

Scuta virûm, galeasque et fortia corpora volvit. 105

Talia jactanti fridens aquilone procella

Velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sydera tollit.

Franguntur remi : tum prora avertit, et undis

Dat latus : insequitur cumulo praeruptus aquae mons.

Hi summo in fluctu pendent, his unda dehiscens 110

Terram inter fluctus aperit. furit aestus arenis.

Tres notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet :

Saxa vocant Itali, mediis quae in fluctibus, aras.

Dorsum immane mari summo. tres eurus ab alto

In brevia et fyrtes urget, miserabile visu ! 115

Illiditque vadis, atque aggere cingit arenae.

Unam, quae Lycios fidumque vehebat Orontem,

Ipius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus

In puppim ferit : excutitur pronusque magister

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Book I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 19

Oh! had I there, beneath Tydides' hand, 130  
 That bravest hero of the Grecian band,  
 Pour'd out this soul, with martial glory fir'd,  
 And in that field triumphantly expir'd,  
 Where Hector fell by fierce Achilles' spear,  
 And great Sarpedon, the renown'd in war; 135  
 Where Simöis' streams, incumber'd with the slain,  
 Roll'd shields, and helms, and heroes to the main.

Thus while he mourns, the Northern blast prevails,  
 Breaks all his oars, and rends his flying sails;  
 The prow turns round; the galley leaves her side 140  
 Bare to the working waves, and roaring tide;  
 While in huge heaps the gathering surges spread,  
 And hang in wat'ry mountains o'er his head.  
 These ride on waves sublime; those see the ground  
 Low in the boiling deeps, and dark profound. 145  
 Three shatter'd gallies the strong Southern blast  
 On hidden rocks, with dreadful fury, cast;  
 Th' Italians call them altars, as they stood  
 Sublime, and heav'd their backs above the flood.  
 Three more, fierce Eurus on the Syrtes threw 150  
 From the main sea, and (terrible to view)  
 He dash'd, and left the vessels, on the land,  
 Intrench'd with mountains of surrounding sand.  
 Struck by a billow, in the hero's view,  
 From prow to stern the shatter'd galley flew 155 }  
 Which bore Orontes, and the Lycian crew:  
 Swept off the deck, the pilot from the ship,  
 Stunn'd by the stroke, shot headlong down the deep:



Volvitur in caput; ast illam ter fluctus ibidem 120

Torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat aequore vortex.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto:

Arma virûm, tabulaeque, et Troïa gaza per undas.

Jam validam Ilionei navem, jam fortis Achatae,

Et qua vectus Abas, et qua grandaevus Alethes, 125

Vicit hyems: laxis laterum compagibus omnes

Accipiunt inimicum imbrem, rimisque fatiscunt.

Interea magno misceri murmure pontum,

Emissamque hyemem sensit Neptunus, et imis

Stagna refusa vadis: graviter commotus, et alto 130

Prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda.

Disjectam Aeneae toto videt aequore classem,

Fluctibus oppressos Troas, coelique ruina.

Nec latuere doli fratrem Junonis, et irae:

Eurum ad se zephyrumque vocat: dehinc talia fatur:

Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri? 136

Jam coelum terramque, meo sine numine, venti,

Miscere, et tantas audetis tollere moles?

Quos ego, sed motos praestat componere fluctus.

Post mihi non simili poena commissa luetis. 140

The vessel, by the surge tost round and round,  
Sunk, in the whirling gulf devour'd and drown'd. 160  
Some from the dark abyfs emerge again;  
Arms, planks, and treasures, float along the main.  
And now thy ship, Ilioneus, gives way,  
Nor thine, Achates, can resist the sea;  
Nor old Alethes his strong galley saves; 165  
Then Abas yields to the victorious waves:  
The storm dissolves their well-compacted sides,  
Which drink at many a leak the hostile tides.

Mean time th' Imperial monarch of the main  
Heard the loud tumults in his wat'ry reign, 170  
And saw the furious tempest wide around  
Work up the waters, from the vast profound.  
Then for his liquid realms alarm'd, the God  
Lifts his high head above the stormy flood,  
Majestic and serene: he rolls his eyes, 175  
And scatter'd wide the Trojan navy spies,  
Opprest by waves below, by thunders from the skies.  
Full well he knew his sister's endless hate,  
Her wiles and arts to sink the Trojan state.  
To Eurus, and the Western blast, he cry'd, 180  
Does your high birth inspire this boundless pride,  
Audacious winds! without a pow'r from me,  
To raise, at will, such mountains on the sea?  
Thus to confound heav'n, earth, the air, and main?  
Whom I—but first I'll calm the waves again. 185  
But if you tempt my rage a second time,  
Know, that some heavier vengeance waits the crime.

Maturate fugam, regique haec dicite vestro :  
 Non illi imperium pelagi saevumque tridentem ;  
 Sed mihi, forte datum, tenet ille immania saxa,  
 Vestras, eure, domos : illa se jactet in aula  
 Aeolus, et clauso ventorum carcere regnet. 149  
 Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida aequora placat,  
 Collectasque fugat nubes, solemque reducit.  
 Cymothoë simul et Triton adnixus, acuto  
 Detrudunt naves scopulo : levat ipse tridenti ;  
 Et vastas aperit fyrtes, et temperat aequor, 150  
 Atque rotis summas levibus perlabitur undas.  
 Ac veluti magno in populo cum saepe coorta est  
 Seditio, saevitque animis ignobile vulgus ;  
 Jamque faces et saxa volant ; furor arma ministrat :

V. 194. *He spoke and speaking chac'd, &c.*] In the works of the ancients, nature and machinery generally go hand in hand, and serve chiefly to manifest one another. Thus, for instance, in the storm in the very beginning of the *Aeneid* ; these imaginary beings are introduced in every part of it : but it is only such beings, as are proper for the part in which they are introduced ; and they appear there only to carry on the true order of the natural effects. The goddess of the upper air desires the God of the winds, to let loose those turbulent subjects of his ; they are let loose ; the sea is immediately all in a tumult ; and the God of the sea appears, to make it all calm again. There seems to me, not to be any more difference in this, and the natural account of the thing ; than if you should say, that all the parts of matter tend towards each other ; and I should say, that some spiritual power always impels them towards each other. The effects are just the same ; only in one case we look upon them as acting ; and in the other as acted upon. See Mr. Spence's *Polymetis*, Dial. xx. These judicious reflexions applied in a proper manner to other fables and machines, may serve as a key to all the ancient mythology ; and shew most

Hence; fly with speed; from me, your tyrant tell,  
That to my lot this wat'ry empire fell.  
Bid him his rocks, your darksome dungeons, keep, 190  
Nor dare usurp the trident of the deep.  
There, in that gloomy court, display his pow'r,  
And hear his tempests round their caverns roar.

He spoke, and speaking chac'd the clouds away,  
Hush'd the loud billows, and restor'd the day. 195  
Cymothœ guards the vessels in the shock,  
And Triton heaves 'em from the pointed rock.  
With his huge trident, the majestic God  
Clear'd the wild Syrtes, and compos'd the flood;  
Then mounted on his radiant car he rides, 200  
And wheels along the level of the tides.  
As when sedition fires th' ignoble crowd,  
And the wild rabble storms, and thirsts for blood:  
Of stones and brands, a mingled tempest flies,  
With all the sudden arms that rage supplies: 205

most of their stories, idle as they seem on the first view, to be full of good sense and sound philosophy at the bottom.

217. This is a most beautiful and picturesque description. Poussin never painted a more solemn scene. Catrou is of opinion, that the poet had in view the port of Ancona. Lucretius has painted something like this: and the lines are very poetical.

—Noctivagi sylvestria templa tenebant  
Nympharum, quibus exibant humore fluenta  
Lubrica, proluvie largâ lavere humida faxa,  
Humida saxa super viridi stillantia musco,  
Et partim plano scatere atq; erumpere campo.

Lib. iv. 945.



Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem  
 Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant : 156  
 Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.

Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, aequora postquam  
 Prospiciens genitor, coeloque inVectus aperto,  
 Fleatit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo. 160

Defessi Aeneadae, quae proxima, litora cursu  
 Contendunt petere, et Libyae vertuntur ad oras.  
 Est in secessu longo locus : insula portum  
 Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto  
 Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos. 165  
 Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes, geminique minantur  
 In coelum scopuli ; quorum sub vertice late  
 Aequora tuta silent. tum sylvis scena coruscis  
 Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.  
 Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum : 170  
 Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo ;  
 Nympharum domus. hic fessas non vincula naves  
 Ulla tenent, unco non alligat anchora morfu.  
 Huc septem Aeneas collectis navibus omni  
 Ex numero subit : ac magno telluris amore 175

225. *Secret grotto.*] There is a place in the kingdom of Tunis (under the promontory of Mercury) now called Cape Bon) a few miles east of Carthage, that exactly answers the description of this grotto. This hollow goes in twenty or thirty fathoms, under the hills ; and those who took out the stone from it (for it seems to have been a quarry) left a sort of pillars at proper distances, to support the weight at top from falling in. The arches which these pillars help to form, lye open to the sea ; there are little streams perpetually draining from the rocks ; and seats of stone formed within, probably for the use of those who worked in that quarry. There is a clift on each side ; and the brow of the  
 moun-

If some grave fire appears, amid the strife,  
 In morals strict, and innocence of life,  
 All stand attentive; while the sage controuls  
 Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their souls.  
 So did the roaring deeps their rage compose, 210  
 When the great father of the floods arose.  
 Rapt by his steeds, he flies in open day,  
 Throws up the reins, and skims the wat'ry way.

The Trojans, weary'd with the storm, explore  
 The nearest land, and reach the Libyan shore. 215  
 Far in a deep recess, her jutting sides  
 An isle projects, to break the rolling tides,  
 And forms a port, where, curling from the sea,  
 The waves steal back, and wind into a bay.  
 On either side, sublime in air, arise 220  
 Two tow'ring rocks, whose summits brave the skies;  
 Low at their feet the sleeping ocean lies:  
 Crown'd with a gloomy shade of waving woods,  
 Their awful brows hang nodding o'er the floods.  
 Oppos'd to these, a secret grotto stands, 225  
 The haunt of Nereids, fram'd hy nature's hands;  
 Where polish'd seats appear of living stone,  
 And limpid rills, that tinkle as they run.  
 No cable here, nor circling anchor binds  
 The floating vessel, harrastr with the winds. 230  
 The Dardan heroe brings to this retreat  
 Sev'n shatter'd ships, the relicts of his fleet.

mountain is overshadowed with trees. Mr. SPENCE, from  
 Dr. SHAW; who has given a farther account of them in  
 his travels, page 157.

Egreffi optata potiuntur Troës arena,  
 Et fale tabentes artus in litore ponunt.  
 Ac primum filici scintillam excudit Achates,  
 Suscepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum  
 Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam. 180  
 Tum Cererem corruptam undis, Cerealiaque arma  
 Expediunt fessi rerum: frugesque receptas  
 Et torrere parant flammis, et frangere saxo.

Aeneas scopulum interea conscendit, et omnem  
 Prospectum late pelago petit; Anthea si qua 185  
 Jactatum vento videat Phrygiasque biremes,  
 Aut Capyn, aut celsis in puppibus arma Caïci.  
 Navem in conspectu nullam, tres litore cervos  
 Prospicit errantes: hos tota armenta sequuntur  
 A tergo, et longum per valles pascitur agmen. 190  
 Constitit hic, arcumque manu celeresque sagittas  
 Corripuit, fidus quae tela gerebat Achates.  
 Ductoresque ipsos primum, capita alta ferentes

236. *Achates strikes the flint.*] 'Tis remarkable that M. Segras has omitted this circumstance in his translation. He tells us, that to adapt his work to the French manners, he dared not give Achates the great favourite of the hero so mean an office as that of lighting a fire. The Latin tongue and the antients, (continues he) are able to give a gracefulness to these kind of paintings, and to make such low circumstances agreeable; but they would be highly disgusting to our age. What can give one a stronger idea of the false delicacy of the French nation, and of the incapacity of their language to describe several little circumstances, which ought to have a place in an epic poem?

242. *Aeneas mounts a rock*] Nothing can more entertain the imagination than the hero's mounting this hill to examine  
 mine

With fierce desire to gain the friendly strand,  
The Trojans leap in rapture to the land,  
And, drench'd in brine, lye stretch'd along the sand.

Achates strikes the flint, and from the stroke 236

The lurking seeds of fire in sparkles broke ;

The catching flame on leaves and stubble preys,

Then gathers strength, and mounts into a blaze.

Tir'd with their labours, they prepare to dine, 240

And grind their corn, infected with the brine.

Æneas mounts a rock, and thence surveys

The wide and wat'ry prospect of the seas ;

Now hopes the shatter'd Phrygian ships to find,

Antheus, or Capys, driving with the wind ; 245

And now, Caius' glitt'ring arms to spy,

Wide o'er the vast horizon darts his eye.

The chief could view no vessel on the main ;

But three tall stags stalk'd proudly o'er the plain ;

Before the herd their beamy fronts they rais'd ; 250

Stretch'd out in length, the train along the valley graz'd.

The Prince, who spy'd 'em on the shore below,

Stop'd short ---- then snatch'd the feather'd shafts and

bow,

Which good Achates bore : his arrows fled ;

And first he laid the lordly leaders dead ; 255

mine on what kind of coast they were landed, and his seeing no object but the herd of deer, grazing wildy. This amusing prospect, and the description of that beautiful, retired, and safe harbour in line 220. make a fine contrast to the preceding tumult and dreadful images of the storm.



Cornibus arboreis, sternit: tum vulgus: et omnem  
 Miscet agens telis nemora inter frondea turbam. 195  
 Nec prius absistit, quam septem ingentia victor  
 Corpora fundat humi, et numerum cum navibus aequet.  
 Hinc portum petit, et socios partitur in omnes.  
 Vina, bonus quae deinde cadis onerarat Acestes  
 Litore Trinacrio, dederatque abeuntibus heros, 200  
 Dividit, et dictis moerentia pectora mulcet:  
 O focii, (neque enim ignari fumus ante malorum)  
 O passî graviora; dabit deus his quoque finem.  
 Vos et Scyllaeam rabiem, penitusque sonantes  
 Accestis scopulos; vos et Cyclopea saxa 205  
 Experti. revocate animos, moestumque timorem  
 Mittite. forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.  
 Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,  
 Tendimus in Latium; sedes ubi fata quietas  
 Ostendunt. illic fas regna resurgere Trojae. 210  
 Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.  
 Talia voce refert: curisque ingentibus aeger,  
 Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.  
 Illi se praedae accingunt dapibusque futuris:  
 Tergora deripiunt costis, et viscera nudant. 215

Next all th' ignoble vulgar he pursu'd,  
And with his shafts dispers'd 'em thro' the wood :  
Nor ceas'd the chief, 'till, stretch'd beneath his feet,  
Lay sev'n huge stags, the number of his fleet.  
Back to the port the victor bends his way, 260  
And with his friends divides the copious prey.  
The generous wine, to crown the genial feast,  
Which kind Acestes gave his parting guest,  
Next to his sad associates he imparts ;  
And with these words revives their drooping hearts. 265  
Friends ! we have known more toils, than now we  
know,

By long experience exercis'd in woe ;  
And soon to these disasters shall be giv'n  
A certain period, by relenting heav'n.  
Think, how you saw the dire Cyclopean shore, 270  
Heard Scylla's rocks, and all her monsters, roar.  
Dismiss your fears ; on these misfortunes past  
Your minds with pleasure may reflect at last.  
Thro' such varieties of woes, we tend  
To promis'd Latium, where our toils shall end : 275  
Where the kind fates shall peaceful seats ordain,  
And Troy, in all her glories, rise again.  
With manly patience bear your present state,  
And with firm courage wait a better fate.

So spoke the chief, and hid his inward smart ; 280  
Hope smooch'd his looks, but anguish rack'd his heart.  
The hungry crowd prepare, without delay,  
To dress the banquet, and to share the prey.

Pars in frustra secant, veribusque trementia figunt.  
 Litore athena locant alii, flammisque ministrant.  
 Tum victu revocant vires: fusique per herbam  
 Implentur veteris bacchi, pinguisque ferinae.  
 Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensaeque remotae,  
 Amissos longo socios sermone requirunt, 221  
 Spemque metumque inter dubii: seu vivere credant,  
 Sive extrema pati, nec jam exaudire vocatos.  
 Praecipue pius Aeneas, nunc acris Orontei,  
 Nunc Amyci casum gemit, et crudelia secum 225  
 Fata Lyci, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

297. *Gyas and Cloanthus.*] Virgil hath been greatly censured for a want of variety in his characters, and because he hath not fill'd his poem with so many heroes as Homer hath done. Ajax, Diomed, Idomeneus, &c. are all shining characters, and are all diversified and distinguished from one another. Whereas the faithful Achates, the brave Gyas, and the brave Cloanthus (fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum) the same over and over again, are of no material use in the poem, and serve only to fill now and then the gap of a verse or two. Mr. Voltaire's answer to this censure is well worthy the reader's notice.

I am apt to think, says he, that such an objection turns a great deal to the advantage of the *Aeneid*: Virgil sung the actions of *Aeneas*, and Homer the idleness of *Achilles*. The Greek poet lay under the necessity of supplying the absence of his first hero, with some other warriors; but what was judicious in Homer, would have been preposterous in Virgil: he knew too much of his art, to drown his principal character in the croud of many other heroes, indifferent to the main action.

Thus he found the way to center our concern in *Aeneas*; he interests us for him by never losing sight of him, while Homer presenting us with the shifting scene of so many shining characters, interests us for none. Mr. Addison's opinion on this subject is likewise worthy the attention of the reader.

Virgil

Some from the body strip the smoaking hide,  
 Some cut in morsels, and the parts divide; 285  
 These bid, with busy care, the flames aspire;  
 Those roast the limbs, yet quiv'ring, o'er the fire.  
 Thus, while their strength and spirits they restore,  
 The brazen cauldrons smoak along the shore.  
 Stretch'd on the grass, their bodies they recline, 290  
 Enjoy the rich repast, and quaff the gen'rous wine.  
 The rage of hunger quell'd, they past away  
 In long and melancholy talk the day;  
 Nor knew, by fears and hopes alternate led,  
 Whether to deem their friends distress'd, or dead. 295  
 Apart the pious chief, who suffer'd most,  
 Bemoans brave Gyas and Cloanthus lost:  
 For Lycus' fate, for Amycus he weeps,  
 And great Orontes, whelm'd beneath the deeps.

Virgil, says he, is very barren in this part of his poem, (the diversity of characters) and has but little varied the manners of the principal persons in it. His Æneas is a compound of valour and piety, Achates calls himself his friend, but takes no occasion of shewing himself so: Mnestheus, Sergestus, Gyas, and Cloanthus, are all of them men of the same stamp and character. Virgil was so very nice and delicate a writer, that probably he might not think his compliment to Augustus so great, or so artfully conceal'd, if he had scattered his praises more promiscuously, and made his court to others in the same poem. Had he entertained any such design, Agrippa must in justice have challenged the second place; and if Agrippa's representative had been admitted, Æneas would have had very little to do; which would not have redounded much to the honour of his emperor. If therefore Virgil has shadowed any great person besides Augustus in his characters, they are to be found only in the meaner actors of his poem, among the disputers for a petty victory in the fifth book, and perhaps in some few other places.



Et jam finis erat : cum Jupiter aethere summo  
 Despiciens mare velivolum, terrasque jacentes,  
 Litoraue, et latos populos, sic vertice coeli  
 Constitit, et Libyae defixit lumina regnis. 230

Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas,  
 Tristior, et lacrymis oculos suffusa nitentes,  
 Alloquitur Venus : O, qui res hominumque deumque  
 Aeternis regis imperiis, et fulmine terres,  
 Quid meus Aeneas in te committere tantum ? 235

Quid Troës potuere, quibus, tot funera passis,  
 Cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur orbis ?  
 Certe, hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis,  
 Hinc fore ductores, revocato a sanguine Teucris,  
 Qui mare, qui terras omni ditione tenerent, 240  
 Pollicitus. quae te, genitor, sententia vertit ?  
 Hoc equidem occasum Trojae tristesque ruinas  
 Solabar, fatis contraria fata rependens.

Nunc eadem fortuna viros tot casibus actos 244  
 Insequitur. quem das finem, rex magne, laborum ?  
 Antenor potuit, mediis elapsus Achivis,  
 Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus  
 Regna Liburnorum et fontem superare Timavi :  
 Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis  
 It mare proruptum, et pelago premit arva sonanti. 250

326. *Where thro' nine*] The river Timavus bursts out all at once, from the bottom of a mountain, and divides itself into nine different streams before it runs into the Adriatic sea. 'Tis so large itself that Virgil here calls it a sea, *mare proruptum & pelago sonanti*. As it is at the head of the gulph of Venice, the Italians now call it *la madre del mare* ; as if they thought all that sea was supplied from it. HOLDSWORTH.

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 VOL.

Now, from high heav'n, imperial Jove surveys 300  
 The nations, shores, and navigable seas;  
 There, as he sate, inthron'd above the skies,  
 Full on the Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes.  
 When, lo! the mournful queen of love appears;  
 Her starry eyes were dim'd with streaming tears; 305  
 Who to the fire her humble suit address'd,  
 The schemes of fate revolving in his breast.

Oh thou! whose sacred, and eternal sway,  
 Aw'd by thy thunders, men, and Gods obey;  
 What have my poor exhausted Trojans done? 310  
 Or what, alas! my dear unhappy son?  
 Still, for the sake of Italy, deny'd  
 All other regions, all the world beside?  
 Sure, once you promis'd, that a race divine  
 Of Roman chiefs should spring from Teucer's line;  
 The world in future ages to command, 316  
 And in their empire grasp the sea and land.  
 Oh! sov'reign father, say! what cause could move  
 The fixt unalterable word of Jove?  
 Which sooth'd my grief, when Ilion felt her doom; 320  
 And Troy I balanc'd with the fates of Rome.

But see! their fortune still pursues her blow;  
 When wilt thou fix a period to their woe?  
 In safety, bold Antenor broke his way  
 Thro' hosts of foes, and pierc'd th' Illyrian bay, 325  
 Where, thro' nine ample mouths, Timavus pours,  
 Wide as a sea, and deluges the shores;  
 The flood rebellows, and the mountain roars.

34 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi sedesque locavit.  
 Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit  
 Troia. nunc placida compositus pace quiescit.  
 Nos, tua progenies, coeli quibus annuis arcem,  
 Navibus (infandum) amissis, unius ob iram 255  
 Prodimur, atque Italis longe disjungimur oris.  
 Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptrâ reponis?  
 Olli subridens hominum sator atque deorum,  
 Vultu, quo coelum tempestatesque serenat,  
 Oscula libavit natae; dehinc talia fatur: 260  
 Parce metu, Cytherea: manent immota tuorum  
 Fata tibi. cernes urbem et promissa Lavini  
 Moenia, sublimemque feres ad fidera coeli  
 Magnanimum Aeneam; neque me sententia vertit.  
 Hic, tibi fabor enim, quando haec te cura remordet, 265  
 Longius et volvens fatorum arcana movebo,  
 Bellum ingens geret Italia, populosque feroces  
 Contundet, moresque viris et moenia ponet:  
 Tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit aetas,  
 Ternaque transferint Rutulis hyberna subactis. 270  
 At puer Ascanius, cui nunc cognomen Iulo  
 Additur, (Ilus erat, dum res stetit Ilia regno)

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BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 35

Yet with his colonies, secure he came,  
Rais'd Padua's walls, and gave the realms a name. 330

Then fix'd his Trojan arms; his labours cease;

And now the hoary monarch reigns in peace.

But we, your progeny, ordain'd to rise,

And share th' eternal honours of the skies,

To glut the rage of ohe, our vessels lost, 335

Barr'd by her vengeance, from the promis'd coast.

Are these the palms that virtue must obtain?

And is our empire thus restor'd again?

The fire of men and gods, superior, smil'd

On the sad queen, and gently kiss'd his child. 340

Then, with those looks that clear the clouded skies,

And calm the raging tempest, he replies.

Daughter, dismiss your fears; by doom divine

Fixt are the fates of your immortal line.

Your eyes Lavinium's promis'd walls shall see, 345

And here we ratify our first decree.

Your son, the brave Æneas, soon shall rise,

Himself a god; and mount the starry skies.

To sooth your care, these secrets I relate

From the dark volumes of eternal fate: 350

The chief fair Italy shall reach, and there

With mighty nations wage a dreadful war,

New cities raise, the savage natives awe,

And to the conquer'd kingdoms give the law.

The fierce Rutulians vanquish'd by his sword, 355

Three years shall Latium own him sovereign lord.

Your dear Ascanius then, the royal boy,

(Now call'd Iulus, since the fall of Troy)



Triginta magnos volvendis mensibus orbes  
 Imperio explebit, regnumque ab sede Lavini  
 Transferet, et longam multa vi muniet Albam. 275  
 Hic jam tercentum totos regnabitur annos  
 Gente sub Hectorea; donec regina sacerdos  
 Marte gravis, geminam partu dabit Iliam prolem.  
 Inde lupae fulvo nutricis tegmine laetus  
 Romulus excipiet gentem, et Mavortia condet. 280  
 Moenia, Romanosque suo de nomine dicet.  
 His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono:  
 Imperium sine fine dedi, quin aspera Juno,  
 Quae mare nunc terrasque metu coelumque fatigat,  
 Consilia in melius referet, mecumque fovebit. 285  
 Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.  
 Sic placitum. veniet, lustris labentibus, aetas,  
 Cum domus Aëtarum Phthiam claraeque Mycenae  
 Servitio premet, ac victis dominabitur Argis.  
 Nascetur pulchra Trojanus origine Caesar, 290  
 Imperium oceano, famam qui terminet astris,  
 Julius, a magno demissum nomen Iulo.  
 Hunc tu olim coelo, spoliis orientis onustum,

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BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

37

While thirty rolling years their orbs compleat,  
 Shall wear the crown, and from Lavinium's feat 360  
 Transfer the kingdom; and, of mighty length  
 Raise tow'ring Alba, glorying in her strength.  
 There, shall the Trojan race enjoy the pow'r,  
 And fill the throne three hundred winters more.  
 Ilia, the royal priestess, next shall bear 365  
 Two lovely infants to the god of war.  
 Nurst by a tawny wolf, her eldest son,  
 Imperial Romulus, shall mount the throne;  
 From his own name, the people Romans call,  
 And from his father Mars, his rising wall. 370  
 No limits have I fixt, of time, or place,  
 To the vast empire of the godlike race.  
 Ev'n haughty Juno shall the nation love,  
 Who now alarms earth, seas, and heav'n above;  
 And join her friendly counsels to my own, 375  
 With endless fame the sons of Rome to crown,  
 The world's majestic lords, the nation of the gown. }  
 This word be fate---an hour shall wing its way,  
 When Troy in dust shall proud Mycenæ lay.  
 In Greece, Assaracus, his sons shall reign, 380  
 And vanquish't Argos wear the victor's chain.  
 Then Cæsar, call'd by great Iulus' name,  
 (Whose empire ocean bounds, the stars his fame)  
 Sprung from the noble Trojan line, shall rise  
 Charg'd with his Eastern spoils, and mount the skies. 385  
 Him, shall you see, advanc'd to these abodes;  
 Ador'd by Rome; a god among the gods.

38 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Accipies secura. vocabitur hic quoque votis.  
 Aspera tum positis mitescent saecula bellis. 295  
 Cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus,  
 Jura dabunt: dirae ferro et compagibus arctis  
 Claudentur belli portae: Furor impius intus  
 Saeva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus ahenis  
 Post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento. 300  
 Haec ait, et Maja genitum demittit ab alto:  
 Ut terrae, utque novae pateant Carthaginis arces  
 Hospitio Teucris: ne fati nescia Dido  
 Finibus arceret. volat ille per aëra magnum  
 Remigio alarum, ac Libyae citus adstitit oris. 305  
 Et jam iussa facit: ponuntque ferocia Poeni

389. *The age grow mild*] Here it might have been expected that the poet should have enlarged upon Augustus; whom it was his great business to praise. So an ordinary poet would have done. But Virgil is so far from it, that he does not here say one word about him; hints at his reign, but says nothing of his person; nay immediately breaks off when he comes to that period. This is surprizing, and leaves the mind in suspense. Virgil very well knew the force of Horace's rule,

Pleraque differat, et praefens in tempus omittat.

he had two more proper places for that subject, and for them he reserved it. TRAPP.

394. *Within the same dire fury.*] As the ancients enjoyed no small privilege above us, in knowing the persons hinted at in several of their authors; so they received a great advantage, in seeing often the pictures and images that are frequently described in many of their poets. When Phidias had carved out his Jupiter, and the spectators stood astonished at so awful and majestic a figure, he surprized them more by telling them it was a copy: and to make his words true, shew'd them the original in that magnificent description of Jupiter, towards the latter end of the first Iliad: the comparing both together, probably discovered secret graces in each of them, and gave new beauty to their performances.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 39

From that blest hour all violence shall cease,  
 The age grow mild; and soften into peace.  
 With righteous Rhemus shall Quirinus reign, 390  
 Old faith, and Vesta, shall return again;  
 With many a solid hinge, and brazen bar,  
 Shall Janus close the horrid gates of war.  
 Within the fane dire fury shall be bound,  
 With a huge heap of shatter'd arms around; 395  
 Wrapt in an hundred chains, beneath the load  
 The fiend shall roar, and grind his teeth in blood.

The thund'rer said; and down th' ærial way  
 Sent with his high commands the son of May;  
 That Carthage may throw wide her friendly tow'rs, 400  
 And grant her guests the freedom of her shores:  
 Left Dido, blind to fate, and Jove's decree,  
 Should shut her ports, and drive them to the sea.  
 Swift on the steerage of his wings he flies,  
 And shoots the vast expansion of the skies. 405  
 Arriv'd, th' almighty's orders he performs,  
 Charm'd by the god, no more the nation storms

formances. Thus in Virgil's first Æneid, where we see the representation of rage bound up, and chain'd in the temple of Janus:

—Furor impius in his  
 Sacra sedens super arma, & centum vinctus anenis  
 Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento:

tho' we are much pleas'd with so wonderful a description, how must the pleasure double on those who could compare the poet and the statuary together; and see which had put most horror and distraction in his figure. But we, who live in these lower ages of the world, are such entire strangers to this kind of diversion, that we often mistake the description of a picture for an allegory, and don't so much as know when it is hinted at. ADDISON.



Corda, volente deo. in primis regina quietum  
Accipit in Teucros animum mentemque benignam.

At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima volvens,  
Ut primum lux alma data est, exire, locosque 310  
Explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras;  
Qui teneant (nam inculta videt) hominesne, feraene,  
Quaerere constituit, sociisque exacta referre.  
Classiem in convexo nemorum, sub rupe cavata,  
Arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris,  
Occulit: ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate,  
Bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro.  
Cui mater media sese tulit obvia sylva,  
Virginis os habitumque gerens, et virginis arma  
Spartanae: vel qualis equos Threïssa fatigat 320  
Harpalyce, volucremque fuga praevertitur Hebrum.  
Namque humeris de moreabilem suspenderat arcum  
Venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis;  
Nuda genu, nodoque sinus collecta fluentes.  
Ac prior: heus, inquit, juvenes, monstrate mearum  
Vidistis si quam hic errantem forte sororum, 329

420. *As thro' the wilds the chief.*] This is a most entertaining and delightful scene. A great prince thrown by a tempest upon a strange coast, doubtful of its inhabitants, nay doubtful whether it has any inhabitants or no, is wandering in a wood; meets a person whom he knows not, but who appears to be a beautiful virgin. (He supposes her a nymph or a goddess) in that lovely romantic dress.)

Namque humeris

She tells him a most surprizing story relating to the place in which she finds him, gives him advice and comfort; afterwards appears to be indeed a goddess, and not only so, but his own mother, and then leaves him in suspense and anxiety.

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With jealous rage, in chief the queen inclin'd  
To peace, and mild benevolence of mind.

All night involv'd in cares *Æneas* lay, 410  
But rose impatient at the dawn of day,  
To view the coast, the country to explore,  
And learn if men, or beasts, possess the shore,  
(For wide around the gloomy waste extends)

And bear the tidings to his anxious friends. 415

Beneath a shelving rock his fleet dispos'd,  
With waving woods and awful shades inclos'd,  
Two glitt'ring spears he shook with martial pride,  
And forth he march'd; *Achates* at his side.

As thro' the wilds the chief his course pursu'd, 420

He meets his goddess-mother in the wood;

In show, an huntress she appear'd, array'd

In arms and habit like a spartan maid;

Or swift *Harpalyce* of Thrace; whose speed

Out-flew the wings of winds, and tir'd the rapid steed.

Bare was her knee; and with an easy pride

Her polish'd bow hung graceful at her side.

Close, in a knot, her flowing robes she drew;

Loose to the winds her wanton tresses flew,

Ho! gentle youths, she cry'd, have you beheld 430

One of my sisters wand'ring o'er the field,

iety. The solitude of the recess, the unexpectedness of the meeting, the surprizing adventure, all conspire to fill the soul with ideas of pleasing melancholy, and impatient expectation of the event. TRAPP.

426. *Bare was her knee*] This attitude is very graceful: Virgil had in his eye a passage of Homer where he makes *Minerva* appear to *Ulysses*, but he has undoubtedly here excelled the Greek poet.

42 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Succinctam pharetra et maculosae tegmine lyncis,  
 Aut spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem.  
 Sic Venus : at Veneris contra sic filius orsus :  
 Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque visa sororum 330  
 O (quam te memorem !) virgo : namque haud tibi vultus  
 Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat. O dea, certe,  
 An Phoebi soror, an nympharum sanguinis una ?  
 Sis felix, nostrumque leves quaecunque laborem :  
 Et quo sub coelo tandem, quibus orbis in oris 335  
 Jactemur, doceas. ignari hominumque locorumque  
 Erramus, vento huc vastis et fluctibus acti.  
 Multa tibi ante aras nostra cadet hostia dextra.  
 Tunc Venus : haud equidem tali me dignor honore :  
 Virginibus Tyriis mos est gestare pharetram, 340  
 Purpureoque alte furas vincere cothurno.  
 Punica regna vides, Tyrios et Agenoris urbem :  
 Sed fines Libyci, genus intractabile bello.  
 Imperium Dido Tyria regit urbe profecta,  
 Germanum fugiens. longa est injuria, longae 345  
 Ambages : sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.  
 Huic conjux Sichaeus erat, ditissimus agri  
 Phoenicum, et magno miserae dilectus amore :

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 43

Girt with a speckled lynx's vary'd hide,  
A painted quiver rattling at her side?  
Or have you seen her with an eager pace  
Urge with full cries the foaming boar in chace? 435

None of your charming sisterhood (he said)  
Have we beheld, or heard, oh! beauteous maid.  
Your name, oh! nymph, or oh! fair goddess, say?  
A goddess, sure, or sister of the day,  
You draw your birth from some immortal line, 440

Your looks are heav'nly, and your voice divine.  
Tell me, on what new climate are we thrown?  
Alike the natives and the lands unknown;  
By the wild waves, and swelling surges tost,  
We wander strangers on a foreign coast. 445

Then will we still invoke your sacred name,  
And with fat victims shall your altars flame.

No goddess' awful name, she said, I bear;  
For know, the Tyrian maids, by custom, here,  
The purple buskin, and a quiver wear. 450

Your eyes behold Agenor's walls aspire;  
The Punick realms; a colony from Tyre.  
See! wide around, waste Libya's bounds appear,  
Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war.

From her fierce brother's vengeance, o'er the main, 455  
From Tyre, fled Dido, and enjoys the reign:

The tale is intricate, perplex'd, and long;  
Hear then, in short, the story of her wrong.

Sichæus was her lord, beyond the rest  
Of the Phœnician race, with riches blest; 460



Cui pater intactam dederat, primisque jugarat  
 Ominibus: sed regna Tyri germanus habebat. 350  
 Pygmalion, scelere ante alios immanior omnes.  
 Quos inter medius venit furor. ille Sichaeum,  
 Impius ante aras, atque auri caecus amore,  
 Clam ferro incautum superat, securus amorum  
 Germanae: factumque diu celavit, et aegram, 355  
 Multa malus simulans, vana spe lusit amantem.  
 Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago  
 Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris:  
 Crudeles aras, trajectaque pectora ferro  
 Nudavit, caecumque domus scelus omne retexit. 360  
 Tum celerare fugam, patriaque excedere suadet,  
 Auxiliumque viae, veteres tellure recludit  
 Thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus et auri.  
 His commota, fugam Dido sociosque parabat.  
 Conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni, 365  
 Aut metus acer erat: naves, quae forte paratae,  
 Corripiunt, onerantque auro. portantur avari  
 Pygmalionis opes pelago. dux foemina facti.  
 Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes 369  
 Moenia, surgentemque novae Carthaginis arcem:

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BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 45

Much lov'd by Dido, whom her father led  
 Pure, and a virgin, to his nuptial bed.  
 Her brother, fierce Pygmalion, fill'd the throne  
 Of Tyre, in vice unrivall'd and alone.  
 Ev'n at the sacred altar in a strife, 465  
 By stealth, the tyrant shed his brother's life;  
 Blind with the charms of gold, his faulchion drove,  
 Stern, and regardless of his sister's love.  
 Then, with fond hopes, deceiv'd her for a time,  
 And forg'd pretences to conceal the crime. 470  
 But her unbury'd lord, before her sight,  
 Rose in a frightful vision of the night;  
 Around her bed he stalks; grim! ghastly! pale!  
 And, staring wide, unfolds the horrid tale  
 Of the dire altars, dash'd with blood around; 475  
 Then bares his breast, and points to every wound;  
 Warns her to fly the land without delay;  
 And, to support her thro' the tedious way,  
 Shews where, in massy piles, his bury'd treasure lay. }  
 Rous'd, and alarm'd, the wife her flight intends, 480  
 Obeys the summons, and convenes her friends:  
 They meet, they join, and in her cause engage,  
 All, who detest, or dread the tyrant's rage.  
 Some ships, already rigg'd, they seiz'd, and stow'd  
 Their sides with gold; then launch'd into the flood. 485  
 They sail; the bold exploit a woman guides:  
 Pygmalion's wealth is wasted o'er the tides.  
 They came, where now you see new Carthage rise,  
 And yon' proud citadel invade the skies.

46 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam,  
 Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.  
 Sed vos qui tandem, quibus aut venistis ab oris,  
 Quove tenetis iter? quaerenti talibus ille  
 Suspirens, imoque trahens a pectore vocem: 375  
 O dea, si prima repetens ab origine pergam,  
 Et vacet annales nostrorum audire laborum;  
 Ante diem clauso componet vesper Olympo.  
 Nos Troja antiqua, si vestras forte per aures  
 Trojae nomen iit, diversa, per aequora vestos, 380  
 Forte sua Libycis tempestas appulit oris.  
 Sum pius Aeneas, raptos qui ex hoste penates  
 Classe veho mecum, fama super aethera notus.  
 Italiam quaero patriam: et genus ab Jove summo,  
 Bis denis Phrygium conscendi navibus aequor. 385  
 Matre dea monstrante viam, data fata secutus:

504. *The good Aeneas am I* Modern critics may perhaps be disgusted at Aeneas's praising himself: but the antients entertained different notions concerning self-commendation. Homer's Ulysses (as Mr. SPENCE observes) calls himself the wisest of the Grecians, as his Achilles does not scruple to represent himself the best and most valiant of them; and that too in a council of all the princes: Virgil has given us his approbation of both the one and the other, in making Aeneas talk frequently of his own piety and valour. Socrates in Plato, is always brought in to his advantage; he himself quotes the oracle, which pronounced him to be the wisest of men. Xenophon represents Cyrus, upon his death-bed, as taking notice of the greatest beauty of his own character, his humanity; in a piece which every one knows was designed for the character of a perfect prince. Caesar and the great Jewish writer of his own life frequently commend themselves: the greatest critic, as well as the greatest among the Romans, who so often reckons modesty among the things which are most necessary toward rendering a man great in his profession; how open and frequent is he in praising himself, and setting his own merit in a true light? But what

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 47

The wand'ring exiles bought a space of ground 490  
Which one bull-hide inclos'd and compass'd round;  
Hence Byrsa nam'd: but now, ye strangers, say,  
Who? whence you are? and whither lies your way?

Deep, from his soul, he draws a length of sighs,  
And, with a mournful accent, thus replies. 495

Shou'd I, o goddess, from their source relate,  
Or you attend the annals of our fate,  
The golden sun would sink, and ev'ning close,  
Before my tongue could tell you half our woes.

By Grecian foes expell'd, from Troy we came, 500  
From ancient Troy (if e'er you heard the name)

Thro' various seas; when lo! a tempest roars,  
And raging drives us on the Lybian shores.

The good ÆNEAS am I call'd; my fame,  
And brave exploits, have reach'd the starry frame: 505

From Grecian flames I bear my rescu'd gods,  
Safe in my vessels, o'er the stormy floods.

In search of antient Italy I rove,  
And draw my lineage from all-mighty Jove.

A goddess-mother and the fates, my guides, 510  
With twenty ships I plough'd the Phrygian tides,

what puts this beyond dispute (and shews at the same time,  
That a just commendation of one's self may be very con-  
sistent with the greatest modesty) it is to be found in the sacred  
writings, in which Moses says of himself, that he was the  
meekest man upon earth.

Essay on Pope's Odyssey, Part i. 52.



48. VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Vix septem convulsae undis euroque supersunt.  
 Ipse ignotus, egens, Libyae deserta peragro,  
 Europa atque Asia pulsus, nec plura querentem  
 Passa Venus, medio sic interfata dolore est: 390  
 Quisquis es, haud, credo, invisus coelestibus auras  
 Vitales carpis, Tyriam qui advenieris urbem.  
 Perge modo, atque hinc te reginae ad limina perfer.  
 Namque tibi reduces socios classemque relatum  
 Nuncio, et in tutum versis aquilonibus actam: 395  
 Ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes.  
 Aspice bis senos lactantes agmine cygnos,  
 Aetherea quos lapsa plaga Jovis ales aperto  
 Turbatat coelo: nunc terras ordine longo  
 Aut capere, aut captas jam despectare videntur. 400  
 Ut reduces illi ludum stridentibus alis,  
 Et coetu cinxere polum, cantusque dedere;  
 Haud aliter puppesque tuae pubesque tuorum,  
 Aut portum tenet, aut pleno subit ostia velo.  
 Perge modo, et qua te ducit via, dirige gressum. 435  
 Dixit, et avertens roscas cervice refulsit,  
 Ambrosiaeque comae divinum vertice odorem

535. *She said and turning round,*] As Phidias is said to have conceived his sublime idea of majesty from Homer's description of Jupiter, why may we not imagine that Raphael Urbia borrowed his idea of that grace, for which he is so famous, from Virgil's Venus? Mr. Addison has observed that our poet is never better pleased than when he is describing what is beautiful; and I think we may apply to his muse, that most elegant and polite compliment of Tibullus to his Mistress,

Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit,  
 Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.

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BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 49

Scarce sev'n of all my fleet are left behind,  
Rent by the waves, and shatter'd by the wind.  
My self, from Europe and from Asia cast,  
A helpless stranger, rove the Libyan waste. 515

No more could Venus hear her son bewail  
His various woes, but interrupts his tale.  
Whoe'er you are, arriv'd in these abodes,  
No wretch I deem abandon'd by the gods;  
Hence then, with haste, to yon' proud palace bend 520  
Your course, and on the gracious queen attend.  
Your friends are safe, the winds are chang'd again,  
Or all my skill in augury is vain!

See those twelve swans, a flock triumphant, fly,  
Whom lately, shooting from th' etherial sky, 525  
Th' imperial bird of Jove dispers'd around,  
Some hov'ring o'er, some settling on the ground.

As these returning clap their sounding wings,  
Ride round the skies, and sport in airy rings;  
So have your friends and ships possess the strand, 530  
Or with full-bellied sails approach the land.

Haste to the palace then, without delay,  
And, as this path directs, pursue your way.  
She said, and turning round, her neck she show'd,  
That with celestial charms divinely glow'd. 535

Her waving locks immortal odours shed,  
And breath'd ambrosial scents around her head.

Spiravere: pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,  
 Et vera incessu patuit dea. ille, ubi matrem  
 Agnovit, tali fugientem est voce secutus: 410

Quid natum toties crudelis tu quoque falsis

Ludis imaginibus? cur dextrae jungere dextram

Non datur, ac veras audire et reddere voces?

Talibus inculsat, gressumque ad moenia tendit.

At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepit,

Et multo nebulae circum dea fudit amictu:

Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere posset,

Molirive moram, aut veniendi poscere causas.

Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit

Laeta suas: ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo 420

Ture calent arae, fertisque recentibus halant.

Corripuere viam interea, qua semita monstrat.

Jamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi

Imminet, adversasque aspectat desuper arces.

Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam: 425

Miratur portas, strepitumque, et strata viarum.

Instant ardentes Tyrii: pars ducere muros,

Molirique arcem, et manibus subvolvere saxa;

Pars aptare locum tecto, et concludere sulco.

563. *These roll,*] Observe the buildings which Virgil hath selected, to make a particular mention of; 1. A temple for public worship. 2. A senate house to dispense justice. 3. Walls and a citadel for defence. 4. Houses of particular inhabitants. 5. A theatre for public spectacles Pausanias adds, to compleat the perfection of a great city, an academy for youth, and a reservoir of Water for the use of the public.

CATROU.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

51

Her sweeping robe trail'd pompous as she trod,  
And her majestick port confess'd the god.

Soon as he knows her thro' the coy disguise, 540  
He thus pursues his mother as she flies.

Must never, never more our hands be join'd?  
Are you, like heaven, grown cruel and unkind?  
Why must those borrow'd shapes delude your son?  
And why, ah! why those accents not your own? 545

He said; then fought the town; but Venus shrouds  
And wraps their persons in a veil of clouds;  
That none may interpose, to cause delay,  
Nor fondly curious ask them of their way.

Thro' air sublime the queen of love retreats 550  
To Paphos' stately tow'rs, and blissful seats;  
Where to her name an hundred altars rise,  
And gums, and flow'ry wreaths, perfume the skies.

Now o'er the lofty hill they bend their way,  
Whence all the rising town in prospect lay, 555  
And tow'rs and temples; for the mountain's brow  
Hung bending o'er, and shaded all below.

Where late the cottage stood, with glad surprize  
The prince beholds the stately palace rise;  
On the pav'd streets, and gates, looks wond'ring down,  
And all the crowd and tumult of the town. 561

The Tyrians ply their work; with many a groan  
These roll, or heave some huge unweildy stone;  
Those bid the lofty citadel ascend;  
Some in vast length th' embattled walls extend; 565

Others for future dwellings choose the ground,  
Mark out the spot, and draw the furrow round.



Jura, magistratusque legunt, sanctumque senatum,  
 Hic portus alii effodiunt: hic alta theatri 431  
 Fundamenta locant alii, immanesque columnas  
 Rupibus excidunt, scenis decora alta futuris.  
 Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura  
 Exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos 435  
 Educunt foetus; aut cum liquentia mella  
 Stipant, et dulci distendunt nectare cellas;  
 Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto  
 Ignavum fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent.  
 Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella. 440  
 O fortunati, quorum jam moenia surgunt!  
 Aeneas ait, et fastigia suspicit urbis.  
 Infert se septus nebula, mirabile dictu,  
 Per medios, miscetque viris; neque cernitur ulli.  
 Lucus in urbe fuit media, laetissimus umbrae, 445  
 Quo primum jactati undis et turbine Poeni

574. This simile is borrowed from one of Homer's on the same subject: and Scaliger, according to his usual method, very much prefers it to that of the Greek poet, and in particular extols the harmony and sweetness of the versification above that of Homer; against which censure (says Mr. Pope) we need only appeal to the ears of the reader.

ΗΥΤΕ ΕΘΝΕΑ ΕΙΣΙ ΜΕΛΙΣΣΑΩΝ ΑΔΙΝΑΩΝ,  
 ΠΕΤΡΗΣ ΕΚ ΓΛΑΦΥΡΗΣ ΑΙΘΙ ΝΕΟΝ ΕΡΧΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ,  
 ΒΟΤΡΥΔΟΝ ΔΕ ΠΕΠΟΝΤΑΙ ΕΠ' ΑΝΘΕΣΙΝ ΕΙΣΑΡΙΝΟΙΤΙΝ  
 ΑΙ ΜΕΝ Τ' ΕΝΘΑ ΑΛΙΣ ΠΕΠΟΝΤΑΙ, ΑΙ ΔΕ ΤΕ ΕΝΘΑ.

But Scaliger was unlucky in his choice of this particular comparison; there is a very fine one in the sixth Aeneid, v. 707. that better agrees with Homer's: and nothing is more evident, than that the design of these two is very different. Homer intended to describe the multitude of Greeks pouring out of the ships; Virgil the diligence and labour of the builders of Carthage. And Macrobius, who observes this difference Sat. l. v. c. 11. should also have found that therefore the

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Some, useful laws propose, and some the choice  
Of sacred senates, and elect by voice.

These sink a spacious mole beneath the sea, 570

Those a huge theatre's foundation lay;

Hew massy columns from the mountain's side,

Of future scenes an ornamental pride.

Thus to their toils, in early summer, run

The clust'ring bees, and labor in the sun; 575

Led forth, in colonies, their buzzing race,

Or work the liquid sweets, and thicken to a mass.

The busy nation flies from flow'r to flow'r,

And hoards, in curious cells, the golden store;

A chosen troop before the gate attends, 580

To take the burdens, and relieve their friends;

Warm at the fragrant work, in bands, they drive

The drone, a lazy robber, from the hive.

The prince surveys the lofty tow'r's, and cries,

Blest, blest are you, whose walls already rise: 585

Then strange, to tell, he mingled with the crowds,

And past, unseen, involv'd in mantling clouds.

Amid the town, a stately grove display'd

A cooling shelter, and delightful shade.

Here, tost by winds and waves, the Tyrians found 590

A courser's head within the sacred ground;

similes ought not to be compared together. The beauty of Homer's is not inferiour to Virgil's, if we consider with what exactness it answers to its end. Thus far Mr. Pope. I will take this opportunity of assuring the reader, that in these notes, I shall be very cautious of lessening the character of Homer and advancing Virgil's, by any invidious comparisons (as some of Virgil's translators and commentators have done) for no other reason but because I am at present engaged in publishing the latter of these writers.

Effodere loco signum, quod regia Juno  
 Monstrarat, caput acris equi: sic nam fore bello  
 Egregiam, et facilem victu per saecula gentem.  
 Hic templum Junoni ingens Sidonia Dido 450  
 Condebat, donis opulentum et numine divae:  
 Aerea cui gradibus surgebant limina, nexaeque  
 Aere trabes; foribus cardo stridebat ahenis.  
 Hoc primum in luco nova res oblata timorem  
 Leniit: hic primum Æneas sperare salutem  
 Ausus, et afflictis melius confidere rebus.  
 Namque, sub ingenti lustrat dum singula templo  
 Reginam opperiens, dum, quae fortuna sit urbi,  
 Artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem  
 Miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas, 460  
 Bellaque jam fama totum vulgata per orbem;  
 Atridas, Priamumque, et saevum ambobus Achillem.  
 Constitit; et lacrymans, Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate,  
 Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

585. *Blest, blest are you, &c.*] There is something very natural and affecting in this exclamation of Æneas: it likewise artfully fixes our thoughts on the grand subject of this poem, viz. The founding a colony.

598. *Brass were the steps &c.*] This was not uncommon in the temples of the ancients. The doors to the Rotonda at Rome are covered with brass, and turn on brass-hinges. The portico was covered with the same formerly; and it rested on brass beams, fasten'd on with brass nails or pins of the same metal. There is one of these very nails, which I have seen in the great duke's gallery so large, that it weighs above forty seven pounds.

SPENCE.

608. *Amid the story'd walls,*] The Trojan war was with great propriety represented in a temple dedicated to Juno; for that goddess excited the war, and was the cause of the destruction of the City. 'Tis observable that Vitruvius, in his architecture, mentions the Trojan war as one of the finest subjects

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An omen sent by Juno, to declare  
 A fruitful soil, and race renown'd in war.  
 A temple here Sidonian Dido rais'd  
 To heav'n's dread empress, that with riches blaz'd; 595  
 Unnumber'd gifts adorn'd the costly shrine,  
 By her own presence hallow'd and divine.  
 Brass were the steps, the beams with brass were strong,  
 The lofty doors, on brazen hinges, rung.  
 Here, a strange scene before his eyes appears, 600  
 To raise his courage, and dispel his fears;  
 Here first, he hopes his fortunes to redress:  
 And finds a glimmering prospect of success.  
 While for the queen he waited, and amaz'd,  
 O'er the proud shrine and pompous temple gaz'd; 605  
 While he the town admires, and wond'ring stands  
 At the rich labours of the artist's hands;  
 Amid the story'd walls, he saw appear,  
 In speaking paint, the tedious Trojan war;  
 The war, that fame had blaz'd the world around, 610  
 And every battle fought on Phrygian ground.  
 There Priam stood, and Agamemnon here,  
 And Peleus' wrathful son, to both severe.  
 Struck with the view, oh! friend, the hero cries,  
 (Tears, as he spoke, came starting from his eyes) 615  
 Lo! the wide world our miseries employ;  
 What realm abounds not with the woes of Troy?

subjects painting could afford, for the ornament of a palace  
 or magnificent building.

CATROU.

Virgil in a few verses selects the most striking and beautiful pictures of the Iliad; he has shewn his art in selecting those that are most proper for painting, as well as poetic description.



En Priamus. sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi ; 465  
 Sunt lacrymae rerum ; et mentem mortalia tangunt.  
 Solve metus : feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem.  
 Sic ait, atque animum pictura pascit inani,  
 Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum.  
 Namque videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum 470  
 Hac fugerent Graii, premeret Trojana juvenus ;  
 Hac Phryges, instaret curru cristatus Achilles.  
 Nec propul hinc Rhesi niveis tentoria velis  
 Agnoscit lacrymans ; primo quae prodita somno  
 Tydides multa vastabat caede cruentus : 475  
 Ardentesque avertit equos in castra, prius quam  
 Pabula gustassent Trojae Xanthumque bibissent.  
 Parte alia fugiens amissis Troilus armis,

628. *By plum'd Achilles with his dreadful spear,*] The art of Virgil is extremely delicate in this passage ; every epithet he uses is picturesque ; and strongly descriptive of the manner in which each particular person was painted ; Virgil's description of itself would be a sufficient direction for any painter to work after. Let us particularly review each expression.

Cristatus Achilles. Niveis velis. Tydides cruentus. Pulvis inscribitur hasta. Crinibus passis.—Diva solo fixos oculos averſa tenebat. Tendentemque manus Priamum. Nigri Memnonis arma. Lunatis peltis. Exertae mammae. Aurea cingula.

As to the moving picture of poor Troilus, give me leave to borrow the words of a critic of exquisite taste and judgment.

"This is certainly as fine a piece as any drawn by the great hand of Virgil !"

——Amissis Troilus armis

Infelix puer, atque impar congressus Achilli,  
 Fertur equis, curruque haeret resupinus inani,  
 Lora tenens tamen ; huic cervique comaeque trahuntur  
 Per terram, et versa pulvis inscribitur hasta.

How

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

57

See ! where the venerable Priam stands !  
 See virtue honour'd in the Libyan sands !  
 For Troy, the generous tears of Carthage flow ; 620  
 And Tyrian breasts are touch'd with human woe.  
 Now banish fear, for since the Trojan name  
 Is known, we find our safety in our fame.

Thus while his soul the moving picture fed,  
 A show'r of tears the groaning heroë shed. 625  
 For here, the fainting Greeks in flight he view'd ;  
 And there, the Trojans to their walls pursu'd  
 By plum'd Achilles, with his dreadful spear,  
 Whirl'd on his kindling chariot thro' the war.  
 Not far from thence, proud Rhæsus' tents he knows 630  
 By their white veils, that match'd the winter snows,  
 Betray'd and stretch'd amidst his slaughter'd train,  
 And, while he slept, by fierce Tydides slain ;  
 Who drove his coursers from the scene of blood,  
 E'er the fierce steeds had tasted Trojan food 635  
 Or drank divine Scamander's fatal flood.

There Troilus flies disarm'd (unhappy boy !)  
 From stern Achilles, round the fields of Troy ;  
 How beautiful does this look in the poem and in the picture ?  
 Yes, the painter and the poet have one and the same art ; or  
 rather one and the same power of creating.

Aut utramque putabis esse pictam :

Aut utramque putabis esse veram.

SPENCE on Pope's *Odyssey*, Part ii. page 195.

Infelix puer, atque impar congressus Achilli,  
 Fertur equis, curruque haeret resupinus inani, 480  
 Lora tenens tamen. huic cervixque comaeque trahuntur  
 Per terram, et versa pulvis inscribitur hasta.  
 Interea ad templum non aequae Palladis ibant  
 Crinibus Iliades passis, peplumque ferebant  
 Suppliciter tristes, et tunsae pectora palmis. 485  
 Diva solo fixos oculos averſa tenebat.  
 Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hecſtora muros,  
 Exanimumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.  
 Tum vero ingentem gemitum dat pectore ab imo,  
 Ut spolia, ut currus, utque ipsum corpus amici, 490  
 Tendentemque manus Priamum conſpexit inermes.  
 Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis,  
 Eoasque acies, et nigri Memnonis arma.  
 Ducit Amazonidum lunatis agmina peltis  
 Pentheſilea furens, mediisque in millibus ardet, 495  
 Aurea ſubnectens exertae cingula mammae  
 Bellatrix, audetque viris concurrere virgo.

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Unequal he! to such an arm in war!  
 Supine, and trailing from his empty car, 640  
 Still, tho' in death, he grasps the flowing reins,  
 His startled courfers whirl him o'er the plains;  
 The spear, inverted, streaks the dust around;  
 His snowy neck and tresses sweep the ground.  
 Mean time a pensive supplicating train 645  
 Of Trojan Matrons, to Minerva's fane  
 In sad procession with a robe repair,  
 Beat their white breasts, and rend their golden hair.  
 Unmov'd with pray'rs, disdainfully she frown'd,  
 And fix'd her eyes, relentless, on the ground, 650  
 Achilles here, his vengeance to enjoy,  
 Thrice drag'd brave Hector round the walls of Troy:  
 Then to the mournful fire, the victor fold  
 The breathless body of his son, for gold.  
 His groans now deepen'd, and new tears he shed, 655  
 To see the spoils, and chariot of the dead,  
 And Priam both his trembling hands extend,  
 And, gash'd with wounds, his dear disfigur'd friend.  
 Mix'd with the Grecian peers, and hostile train,  
 Himself he view'd, conspicuous in the plain: 660  
 And swarthy Memnon, glorious to behold,  
 His eastern hosts, and arms that flame with gold.  
 All furious led Penthesilea there,  
 With moony shields, her Amazons to war;  
 Around her breast her golden belt she threw; 665  
 Then thro' the thick-embattled squadrons flew;  
 Amidst the thousands stood the dire alarms,  
 And the fierce maid engag'd the men in arms.



Haec dum Dardanio Aeneae miranda videntur,  
 Dum stupet, obtutuque haeret defixus in uno;  
 Regina ad templum forma pulcherrima Dido 500  
 Incessit, magna juvenum stipante caterva.  
 Qualis in Eurotae ripis, aut per juga Cynthi  
 Exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutae  
 Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetram  
 Fert humero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnes:  
 Latonae tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus. 506  
 Talis erat Dido: talem se laeta ferebat  
 Per medios, instans operi regnisque futuris.

670. *And fix'd with wonder*] Monsieur Segrain observes, that an objection has been made to this incident of Æneas's meeting with the pictures of the Trojan war. How could the Trojan history (say some) be in so short a time so particularly known to the Carthaginians? And if it were, had they no exploits of themselves or ancestors, to adorn their temples with, but were they forced to fetch them from Greece and Troy? The answer is in substance as follows: Seven years had passed since the conclusion of that war, according to Virgil's account: nothing in the world had been ever so renowned; the gods and religion of these nations were the same: there might be, nay Virgil hints that there were, other decorations of the temple, besides this: tho' none of them was so likely to detain the eye of Æneas.

671. *Fair Dido*] A modern poet would have minutely and particularly described, the shape, the eyes, the hair, the cheeks, &c. of this beautiful queen. But Virgil by a single epithet (*pulcherrima Dido*) like a masterly painter with one stroke of his pencil, gives one a fuller idea of her beauty, than all the florid expressions which Tasso has bestowed on his Armida. See the sixteenth book of Godfrey of Bulloign, as it is admirably translated by Mr. Fairfax: particularly page 356 of the last edition, printed correctly with some judicious emendations in the year 1749.

673. *As on Eurota's banks*] The height of Diana's stature is frequently marked out by the poets; and that generally by

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 61

Thus, while the Trojan heroes stood amaz'd,  
 And, fixt in wonder, on the picture gaz'd, 670  
 With all her guards, fair Dido, from below,  
 Ascends the dome, majestically flow.  
 As on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' heads,  
 A thousand beauteous nymphs Diana leads,  
 While round their quiver'd queen the quires advance,  
 She tow'rs majestic, as she leads the dance; 676  
 She moves in pomp superior to the rest,  
 And secret transports touch Latona's breast.  
 So pass'd the graceful queen amidst her train,  
 To speed their labours and her future reign. 680

by comparing her with her nymphs: I wish we could now enjoy the sight of that famous picture of this goddess, by Apelles, in which this was so finely expressed. Pliny says that Apelles formed his idea of it from a celebrated passage in Homer; (*Odyssey* 108.) and that he even surpassed his original. Virgil has imitated the very same description in his *Æneid*. What a pleasure might it have been to have compared the copies of two such scholars as Apelles and Virgil, with the work of so great a master as Homer? at least how much more pleasing, than to fall a disputing (as several of the critics have done) whether Homer or Virgil have given the finest strokes on this occasion? This Diana both in the picture, and in the descriptions was the Diana Venatrix; tho' she was not represented either by Virgil, or Apelles, or Homer, as hunting with her nymphs; but as employed with them in that sort of dances, which of old were regarded as very solemn acts of devotion.

Polymetis, Dialogue viii. p. 102.

A reader, that is curious in such kind of criticisms, may find in the ninth book of Gellius's *Noctes Atticæ*, that Valerius Probus was of opinion that Virgil had failed more in this imitation of Homer, than he had in any other. Scaliger affirms quite the contrary with his usual dogmatical bitterness. See the fifth book of his *Poetics*.

62 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Tum foribus divae, media testudine templi,  
 Septa armis folioque alte subnixa, resedit. 510  
 Jura dabat legesque viris; operumque laborem  
 Partibus aequabat justis, aut sorte trahebat:  
 Cum subito Aeneas concursu accedere magno  
 Anthea Sergestumque videt fortemque Cloanthum,  
 Teucrorumque alios: ater quos aequore turbo 515  
 Dispulerat, penitusque alias avexerat oras.  
 Obstupuit simul ipse, simul perculsus Achates  
 Laetitiaque metuque, avidi conjungere dextras  
 Ardebant: sed res animos incognita turbat.  
 Dissimulant, et nube cava speculantur amicti, 520  
 Quae fortuna viris, classem quo litore linquant,  
 Quid veniant: cunctis nam lecti navibus ibant,  
 Orantes veniam, et templum clamore petebant.  
 Postquam introgressi, et coram data copia fandi;  
 Maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore coepit: 525  
 O regina, novam cui condere Jupiter urbem,  
 Justitiaque dedit gentes fraenare superbas;  
 Troës te miseri, ventis maria omnia vecti,  
 Oramus: prohibe infandos a navibus ignes;

682. *Beneath,*] The ancient architects called the dome or cupola of a building, testudo.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 63

Then with her guards furrounded, in the gate,  
Beneath the spacious dome, sublime she sate.

She shares their labours, or by lots she draws ;  
And to the crowd administers the laws.

When lo ! Æneas brave Cloanthus spies, 685

Antheus, and great Sergestus, with surprize,  
Approach the throne, attended by a throng  
Of Trojan friends, that pour'd in tides along ;  
Whom the wild whistling winds and tempests bore,  
And widely scatter'd on a distant shore. 690

Lost in his hopes and fears, amaz'd he stands,

And with Achates longs to join their hands:

But doubtful of th' event, he first attends,

Wrapt in the cloud, the fortune of his friends ;

Anxious, and eager till he knew their state, 695

And where their vessels lay, and what their fate.

With cries, the royal favour to implore,

They came, a train selected, from the shore :

Then, leave obtain'd, Ilioneus begun,

And, with their common suit, address the throne. 700

Oh ! queen, indulg'd by Jove, these lofty tow'rs

And this proud town to raise on Libyan shores,

With high commands, a savage race to awe,

And to the barb'rous natives give the law,

We wretched Trojans, an abandon'd race, 705

Toft round the seas, implore your royal grace ;

Oh ! check your subjects, and their rage reclaim,

Ere their wild fury wrap our fleet in flame.

Oh ! save a pious race ; regard our cry ;

And view our anguish with a melting eye. 710



Parce pio generi, et propius res aspice nostras. 530

Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penates

Venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere praedas :

Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis.

Est locus, Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt,

Terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glebae : 535

Oenotri coluere viri ; nunc fama, minores

Italiam dixisse, ducis de nomine, gentem.

Huc cursus fuit :

Cum subito assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion

In vada caeca tulit, penitusque procacibus auftris 440

Perque undas, superante salo, perque invia faxa

Dispulit. huc pauci vestris adnavimus oris.

Quod genus hoc hominum, quaeve hunc tam barbara  
morem

Permittit patria ? hospitio prohibemur arenae.

Bella cient, primaque vetant consistere terra. 545

Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma ;

At sperate deos memores fandi atque nefandi.

Rex erat Aeneas nobis, quo justior alter

Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major et armis :

Quem si fata virum servant, si vescitur aura 550

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VOL. I

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 53

We come not, mighty queen, an hostile band,  
With sword and fire, and, ravaging the land,  
To bear your spoils triumphant to the shore:  
No ---- to such thoughts the vanquish'd durst not soar.  
Once by Ænetrians till'd, there lies a place, 715  
'Twas call'd Hesperia by the Grecian race,  
(For martial deeds and fruits, renown'd by fame)  
But since Italia, from the leader's name;  
To that blest shore we steer'd our destin'd way,  
When sudden, dire Orion rous'd the sea; 720  
All charg'd with tempests rose the baleful star,  
And on our navy pour'd his wat'ry war;  
With sweeping whirlwinds cast our vessels wide,  
Dash'd on rough rocks, or driving with the tide:  
The few sad relicks of our navy bore 725  
Their course to this inhospitable shore.  
What are the customs of this barbarous place?  
What more than savage this inhuman race?  
In arms they rise, and drive us from the strand;  
From the last verge, and limits of the land. 730  
Know, if divine and human laws you slight;  
The gods, the gods will all our wrongs requite;  
Vengeance is theirs; and their's to guard the right. }  
Æneas was our king, of high renown;  
Great, good, and brave; and war was all his own. 735  
If still he lives, and breathes this vital air,  
Nor we, his friends and subjects, shall despair;  
Nor you, great queen, repent, that you employ  
Your kind compassion in the cause of Troy.

66 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Aetherea, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris;  
 Non metus, officio nec te certasse priorem  
 Poeniteat. sunt et Siculis regionibus urbes,  
 Armaque, Trojanoque a sanguine clarus Acestes.  
 Quassatam ventis liceat subducere classem, 555  
 Et sylvis aptare trabes, et stringere remos.  
 Si datur Italiam, fociis et rege recepto,  
 Tendere, ut Italiam, laeti Latiumque petamus.  
 Sin absumpta salus, et te, pater optime Teucrûm,  
 Pontus habet Libyae, nec spes jam restat Iûli; 560  
 At freta Sicaniae saltem, sedesque paratas,  
 Unde huc advecti, regemque petamus Acestem.  
 Talibus Ilioneus. cuncti simul ore fremebant  
 Dardanidae.  
 Tum breviter Dido, vultum demissa, profatur: 565  
 Solvite corde metum, Teucri; secludite curas.  
 Res dura, et regni novitas me talia cogunt  
 Moliri, et late fines custode tueri.  
 Quis genus Aeneadum, quis Trojae nesciat urbem,  
 Virtutesque, virosque, et tanti incendia belli? 570  
 Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni:  
 Nec tam averfus equos Tyria sol jungit ab urbe.

754. *He spoke*] This harangue of Ilioneus is one of the finest pieces of eloquence in the whole *Aeneid*: it accordingly produced the desired effects in its hearers. Virgil, who constantly keeps up to the characters of each person he introduces in his poem, always employs this Ilioneus, being a fine speaker, in embassies. Mr. Segrais informs us, that he omitted translating the words

Nec spes jam restat Iûli, ver. 560.  
 because it did not appear to him that Dido was obliged to know who this Iûlus was. Perhaps this may be one of those little oversights which Virgil would have corrected, had he lived to make this poem as perfect as the *Georgics*.

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BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

67

Besides, on high the Trojan ensigns soar, 740

And Trojan cities grace Sicilia's shore ;

Where great Acestes, of the Dardan strain,

Deriv'd from antient Teucer, holds his reign.

Permit us, from your woods, new planks and oars

To fell, and bring our vessels on your shores ; 745

That, if our prince and friends return again,

With joy, for Latium, we may plow the main.

But if those hopes are vanish'd quite away,

If lost, and swallow'd in the Libyan sea,

You lie, great guardian of the Trojan state, 750

And young Iulus shares his father's fate ;

Oh ! let us seek Sicilia's shores again,

And fly from hence to good Acestes' reign.

He spoke ; a loud assent ran murmuring thro' the train. }

Thus then, in short, the gracious queen replies, 755

While on the ground she fixt her modest eyes :

Trojans, be bold ; against my will, my fate,

A throne unsettled, and an infant state,

Bid me defend my realms with all my pow'rs,

And guard with these severities my shores. 760

Lives there a stranger to the Trojan name,

Their valour, arms, and chiefs of mighty fame ?

We know the war that set the world on fire ;

Nor are so void of sense the sons of Tyre ;

For here his beams indulgent Phœbus sheds, 765

And rolls his flaming chariot o'er our heads.



68 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Seu vos Hesperiam magnam, Saturniaque arva;  
Sive Erycis fines, regemque optatis Acesten;  
Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque juvabo. 575  
Vultis et his mecum pariter confidere regnis?  
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est. subducite naves.  
Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.  
Atque utinam rex ipse, noto compulsus eodem  
Afforet Aeneas! equidem per litora certos 580  
Dimittam, et Libyae lustrare extrema jubebo;  
Si quibus ejectus sylvis aut urbibus errat.

His animum arrecti dictis, et fortis Achates,  
Et pater Aeneas, jamdudum erumpere nubem  
Ardebant. prior Aeneam compellat Achates: 585  
Nate dea, quae nunc animo sententia surgit?  
Omnia tuta vides: classem, sociosque receptos.  
Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi  
Submersum: dictis respondent caetera matris.  
Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repente 590  
Scindit se nubes, et in aethera purgat apertum.  
Restitit Aeneas, claraque in luce refulsit,  
Os humerosque deo similis: namque ipsa decoram  
Caesariem nato genitrix, lumenque juventae  
Purpureum, et laetos oculis afflarat honores. 595

791. *Radiant in open view Aeneas stood*] This discovery is extremely beautiful. It equally surprizes and delights the reader. I shall scarce ever forget the pleasure I felt upon first reading it. One may affirm that Aristotle, who appears so fond of surprizes and discoveries in his Poetics, would have been charmed with it.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 69

Seek you, my friends, the blest Saturnian plains,  
Or fair Trinacria, where Acestes reigns ?  
With aids supply'd, and furnish'd from my stores,  
Safe will I send you from the Libyan shores. 770

Or would you stay to raise this growing town ?  
Fix here your seat ; and Carthage is your own.  
Haste, draw your ships to shore ; to me the same,  
Your Troy and Tyre shall differ but in name.  
And oh ! that great Æneas had been tost, 775

By the same storm, on the same friendly coast !  
But I will send, my borders to explore,  
And trace the windings of the mazy shore.

Perchance, already thrown on these abodes,  
He roams the towns, or wanders thro' the woods. 780  
Rais'd in their hopes the friend and hero stood ;  
And long'd to break, transported, from the cloud.

Oh ! goddess-born ! cry'd brave Achates, say,  
What are your thoughts, and why this long delay ?  
All safe you see ; your friends and fleet restor'd : 785  
One (whom we saw) the whirling gulf devour'd.  
Lo ! with the rest your mother's words agree,  
All but Orontes 'scap'd the raging sea.

Swift as he spoke, the vapours break away,  
Dissolve in æther, and refine to day. 790  
Radiant, in open view, Æneas stood,  
In form and looks, majestic as a god.  
Flush'd with the bloom of youth, his features shine,  
His hair in ringlets waves with grace divine.

The queen of love the glance divine supplies, 795  
And breathes immortal spirit in his eyes.

Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo  
 Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.  
 Tum sic reginam alloquitur, cunctisque repente  
 Improvisus ait: Coram, quem quaeritis, adsum  
 Troïus Aeneas, Libycis creptus ab undis. 600  
 O sola infandos Trojae miserata labores,  
 Quae nos, relinquias Danaum, terraeque marisque  
 Omnibus exhaustos jam casibus, omnium egenos,  
 Urbe, domo, focias. grates persolvere dignas  
 Non opis est nostrae, Dido: nec quicquid ubique est  
 Gentis Dardaniae, magnum quae sparsa per orbem. 606  
 Dî tibi, si qua pios respectant numina, si quid  
 Usquam iustitiae est, et mens sibi conscia recti,  
 Praemia digna ferant. quae te tam laeta tulerunt  
 Saecula? qui tanti talem genuere parentes? 610  
 In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae  
 Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet:  
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt:  
 Quae me cunque vocant terrae. sic fatus, amicum  
 Ilionea petit dextra, laevaue Sereestum: 615

797. *Like Parian marble*] This comparison contains a beauty which we are by no means so sensible of as a Roman reader might be; for the ancient statues both of marble and ivory were polished to such an extreme degree, that there was even something luminous and shining on their surfaces, and which dazzled the eyes of their beholders. The *Vultus nimium lubricus aspici*, of Horace, might probably allude to this appearance in statues. SPENCE.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

71

Like Parian marble, beauteous to behold,  
Or silver's milder gleam in burnish'd gold,  
Or polish'd iv'ry, shone the godlike man :  
All stood surpriz'd ; and thus the prince began. 800

Æneas, whom you seek, you here survey ;  
Escap'd the tempest of the Libyan sea,  
O Dido, gracious queen, who make alone  
The woes, and cause, of wretched Troy your own ;  
And shelter in your walls, with pious care, 805  
Her sons, the relicks of the Grecian war ;  
Who all the forms of misery have bore,  
Storms on the sea, and dangers on the shore ;  
Nor we, nor all the Dardan nation, hurl'd  
Wide o'er the globe, and scatter'd round the world, 810  
But the good gods, with blessings, shall repay  
Your bounteous deeds, the gods and only they ;  
(If pious acts, if justice they regard ;)  
And your clear conscience stands its own reward.  
How blest this age that has such virtue seen ? 815  
How blest the parents of so great a queen ?  
While to the sea the rivers roll, and shades  
With awful pomp surround the mountain heads ;  
While æther shines, with golden planets grac'd,  
So long your honour, name, and praise shall last : 820  
Whatever realm my fortune has assign'd,  
Still will I bear your image in my mind.

This said, the pious chief of Troy extends  
His hands around, and hails his joyful friends :  
His left Sergestus grasp'd with vast delight, 825  
To great Ilioneus he gave the right.



72 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Post alios, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum,  
 Obstupuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido,  
 Casu deinde viri tanto; et sic ore locuta est:  
 Quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula casus  
 Insequitur? quae vis immanibus applicat oris? 620  
 Tunc ille Aeneas, quem Dardanio Anchisae  
 Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoëntis ad undam?  
 Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire,  
 Finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem  
 Auxilio Beli. genitor tum Belus opimam 625  
 Vastabat Cyprum, et victor ditione tenebat.  
 Tempore jam ex illo casus mihi cognitus urbis  
 Trojanae, nomenque tuum, regesque Pelasgi.  
 Ipse hostis Teucros insigni laude ferebat,  
 Seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum a stirpe volebat. 630  
 Quare agite, o tectis, juvenes, succedite nostris.  
 Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores  
 Jactatam, hac demum voluit consistere terra.  
 Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.  
 Sic memorat. simul Aeneas in regia ducit 635  
 Tecta; simul divum templis indicit honorem.  
 Nec minus interea fociis ad litora mittit

829. *Dido gaz'd him o'er*] Here was the beginning of that violent passion Dido afterwards felt for Aeneas

835. *And now I call to mind*] It is a very artful stroke in the poet to make Dido know something of Aeneas's family and actions, which renders his good reception from a stranger more natural; and inclined her to a favourable opinion of him at first sight. The sentiment with which she concludes her speech, *non ignara mali*, &c. is founded on the truest knowledge of human nature; for the passion of pity is ever most strongly felt by those who have been unfortunate.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 73

Cloanthus, Gyas, and the Dardan train,  
All, in their turns, embrac'd the prince again.

Charm'd with his presence, Dido gaz'd him o'er,  
Admir'd his fortune much, his person more. 830

What fate, O goddess-born, she said, has tost  
So brave a hero on this barbarous coast?

Are you Æneas, who in Ida's grove  
Sprung from Anchises and the queen of love  
By Simois' streams? and now I call to mind, 835

When Teucer left his native shores behind;  
The banisht prince to Sidon came, to gain  
Great Belus' aid, to fix him in his reign;  
Then the rich Cyprian isle, my warlike fire  
Subdu'd, and ravag'd wide with sword and fire. 840

From him I learnt the Grecian kings of fame,  
The fall of Ilium, and your glorious name:  
He on your valour, tho' a foe, with joy  
Would dwell, and proudly trace his birth from Troy.  
Come to my palace then, my royal guest, 845

And, with your friends, indulge the genial feast,  
My wand'rings and my fate resembling yours,  
At length I settled on these Libyan shores;  
And, touch'd with miseries myself have known,  
I view, with pity, woes so like my own. 850

She spoke, then leads him to her proud abodes,  
Ordains a feast, and offerings to the gods.

851. *She spoke*] Bossu has many excellent remarks on what the critics call the intrigue of the epic poem, or in other words, the obstacles [that are flung in the hero's way to retard him from prosecuting his main design. The conduct of Virgil, says he, in the intrigues he forms, has the simplicity of

74 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum  
Terga suum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos :  
Munera, laetitiamque dei. 640

At domus interior regali splendida luxu  
Instruitur, mediisque parant convivia tectis.  
Arte laboratae vestes, ostroque superbo :  
Ingens argentum mensis, coelataque in auro  
Fortia facta patrum, series longissima rerum, 645  
Per tot ducta viros antiquae ab origine gentis.

Aeneas (neque enim patrius consistere mentem  
Passus amor) rapidum ad naves praemittit Achaten,  
Ascanio ferat haec, ipsumque ad moenia ducat.  
Omnis in Ascanio chari stat cura parentis. 650

Munera praeterea, Iliacis erepta ruinis,  
Ferre jubet, pallam signis auroque rigentem,  
Et circumtextum croceo velamen acantho,  
Ornatus Argivae Helenae ; quos illa Mycenis,  
Pergama cum peteret, inconcessosque Hymenaeos, 655

of Homer in it. The tempests are made use of in the first part of the *Aeneid* just as in the *Odyssey*. In this very part of the *Aeneid*, Virgil suits himself to the humour and character of his hero, just as Homer suits himself to the humour of Achilles. For as he is passionate, warm, and easily provoked, Agamemnon provokes him and urges him by the most sensible affronts. Aeneas was of a soft and mild disposition ; therefore with the utmost propriety the poet makes use of good and benevolent offices, kind treats and entertainments, and the most melting, and most endearing passions, to engage him to stay at Carthage.

855. *A hundred boars*] A feast suited to the simplicity of ancient times.

864. *Eager love*] Tenderness being the characteristic of Aeneas, the poet takes all opportunities of displaying it.

866. *He sends Achates*] The character of Achates suggests to us an observation we may often make, on the intimacies of great men, who frequently chuse their compa-

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BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 75

Twice fifty bleating lambs and ewes she sends,  
And twice ten brawny oxen to his friends:  
A hundred bristly boars, and monstrous swine; 855  
With Bacchus' gifts, a store of generous wine.

The inner rooms in regal pomp display'd,  
The splendid feasts in ample halls are made;  
Where, labour'd o'er with art, rich carpets lie,  
That glow refulgent with the purple dye. 860

The boards are pil'd with plate of curious mould;  
And their forefathers' deeds, in times of old,  
Blaz'd round the bowls, and charg'd the rising gold. 865

No more the prince his eager love suppress,  
All the fond parent struggled in his breast. 870

He sends Achates to inform his son,  
And guide the young Ascanius to the town;  
(On his Ascanius turn his fear and joy,  
The father's cares are center'd in the boy;)  
To bring rich presents to the queen of Tyre, 875  
And relicks, rescu'd from the Trojan fire.

A mantle wrought with saffron foliage round;  
And a stiff robe with golden figures crown'd;  
Fair Helen's dress, when, fir'd with lawless joy,  
She left her native walls to ruin Troy, 880

nions, rather for the qualities of the heart than those of the head; and prefer fidelity in an easy, inoffensive, complying temper, to those endowments which make a much greater figure among mankind. I do not remember that Achates, who is represented as the first favourite, either gives his advice, or strikes a blow, thro' the whole Æneid.

Spectator, No. 385.

874. *Fair Helen's dress*] Our hero's presents to Dido are all chosen with great elegance and propriety. And there is even something of gallantry in sending her a robe formerly worn by the beautiful Helen, and the sceptre of Ilione.



75 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Extulerat, matris Ledaë mirabile donum.  
Praeterea sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim,  
Maxima natarum Priami, colloque monile  
Baccatum, et duplicem gemmis auroque coronam.  
Haec celerans, iter ad naves tendebat Achates. 660

At Cytherea novas artes, nova pectore versat  
Confilia : ut faciem mutatus et ora Cupido  
Pro dulci Ascanio veniat, donisque furentem  
Incendat reginam, atque ossibus implicet ignem :  
Quippe domum timet ambiguum, Tyriosque bilingues.  
Urit atrox Juno, et sub noctem cura recurfat.  
Ergo his aligerum dictis affatur amorem :  
Nate, meae vires, mea magna potentia, solus,  
Nate, patris summi qui tela Typhoea temnis :  
Ad te confugio, et supplex tua numina posco. 670  
Fratr ut Aeneas pelago tuus omnia circum  
Litora jactetur, odiis Junonis iniquae,  
Nota tibi : et nostro doluisti saepe dolore.  
Hunc Phoenissa tenet Dido, blandisque moratur  
Vocibus : et vereor, quo se Junonia vertant 675

884. *But beauteous Venus*] That the chief divinity who guides the holy, wise, and brave Aeneas, should be Venus, is somewhat unlucky. She well might tutor Paris, and favour all the Trojans, who had their seraglio's even then; but it required great discretion to make her act in the Aeneid with any propriety. And after all, however we may be charm'd with the delicacy of her appearance, and the pomp of the description, I don't know but she is introduc'd as a mere person, divine indeed, and of great power; but without any regard to her character and inclinations. It was hard to make her appear in a virtuous cause, or direct the enterprizes of the pious hero, in any other capacity than his traditional parent; except she had condescended to accompany him when he went a hunting, and conducted him into the cave with Dido.

Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, p. 217.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 77

(Her mother's present in the bridal hour ;)  
 With gold a shining sceptre studded o'er,  
 That wont Ilione's fair hand to grace,  
 The eldest nymph of Priam's beauteous race ;  
 Her necklace, strung with pearls ; her crown, that glows  
 Instarr'd with gems and gold in double rows. 881  
 To bring the splendid gifts, without delay,  
 Swift to the fleet, Achates bends his way.

But beauteous Venus in her breast design'd  
 New wiles, and plann'd new counsels in her mind, 885  
 That winged Cupid to the court should come  
 Like sweet Ascanius, in Ascanius' room ;  
 With the rich gifts the Tyrian queen inspire,  
 And kindle in her veins the raging fire.  
 Her dread of Juno's arts, who guards the place, 890  
 Her just suspicions of the treach'rous race,  
 Break, each revolving night, her golden rest :  
 And thus the suppliant queen the god address.

Oh son ! my strength ! supreme in heav'n above !  
 Whose arrows triumph o'er the bolts of Jove : 895  
 To thee I fly, thy succour to implore,  
 Court thy protection, and thy pow'r adore.  
 To tell how Juno's restless rage has tost  
 Your brother round the seas, and ev'ry coast,  
 Is but to mention what too well you know, 900  
 Who sigh'd my sighs, and wept a mother's woe.  
 Him, in her town, the Tyrian queen detains,  
 With soft seducements, from the Latian plains.  
 But much I fear that hospitable place,  
 Where Juno reigns the guardian of the race : 905

78 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Hospitia. haud tanto cessabit cardine rerum.  
 Quocirca capere ante dolis et cingere flamma  
 Reginam meditor; ne quo se numine mutet;  
 Sed magno Aeneae mecum teneatur amore.  
 Qua facere id possis, nostram nunc accipe mentem.  
 Regius, accitu chari genitoris, ad urbem 681  
 Sidoniam puer ire parat, mea maxima cura,  
 Dona ferens, pelago et flammis restantia Trojae.  
 Hunc ego sopitum somno, super alta Cythera,  
 Aut super Idalium, sacrata fede recondam: 685  
 Ne qua scire dolos, mediussve occurrere possit.  
 Tu faciem illius, noctem non amplius unam,  
 Falle dolo, et notos pueri puer indue vultus:  
 Ut, cum te gremio accipiet laetissima Dido,  
 Regales inter menfas laticemque Lyaeum, 690  
 Cum dabit amplexus atque oscula dulcia figet,  
 Occultum inspiret ignem, fallasque veneno.  
 Paret amor dictis charae genetricis, et alas  
 Exuit, et gressu gaudens incedit Iuli.  
 At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem  
 Irrigat, et fotum gremio dea tollit in altos 696  
 Idaliae lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum  
 Floribus et dulci aspirans, complectitur umbra.

934. *Wrapt in a flow'ry bed*] In the original, "Surround-  
 ed him with sweet marjoram;" which would not sound  
 gracefully in English. Nothing, says Catrou, escapes the  
 vast learning of Virgil: One may think at first sight that he  
 uses sweet marjoram in this passage, indifferently for any  
 other odoriferous herb. 'Tis no such thing. It is because  
 the marjoram of Cyprus had a power to drive away scor-  
 pions, which were so much to be feared during sleep. Pliny  
 confirms this—Amaracus in Cypro Scorpionibus adver-  
 satur.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 79

And lest this fair occasion she improve,  
 Know, I design to fire the queen with love;  
 A love, beyond the cure of pow'rs divine;  
 A love as strong, and violent as mine.  
 But how the proud Phœnician to surprize 910  
 With such a passion, hear what I advise.  
 The royal youth, Ascanius, from the port,  
 Hastes, by his father's summons, to the court;  
 With costly presents charg'd, he takes his way,  
 Sav'd from the Trojan flames, and stormy sea; 915  
 But to prevent suspicion, will I steep  
 His temples in the dews of balmy sleep,  
 Then to Cythera's sacred seats remove,  
 Or softly lay him in th' Idalian grove.  
 This one revolving night, thyself a boy, 920  
 Wear thou the features of the youth of Troy;  
 And when the queen, transported with thy charms,  
 Amidst the feast, shall strain thee in her arms,  
 The gentle poison by degrees inspire  
 Thro' all her breast; then fan the rising fire, 925  
 And kindle all her soul. The mother said,  
 With joy the god her soft commands obey'd.  
 Aside his quiver, and his wings he flung,  
 And, like the boy Iulus, tript along.

Mean time the goddess on Ascanius throws 930  
 A balmy slumber and a sweet repose;  
 Lull'd in her lap to rest, the queen of love  
 Convey'd him to the high Idalian grove.  
 There on a flow'ry bed her charge she laid,  
 And, breathing round him, rose the fragrant shade. 935



30 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II

Jamque ibat dicto parens, et dona Cupido  
 Regia portabat Tyriis, duce laetus Achate. 700  
 Cum venit, aulaeis jam se regina superbis  
 Aurea composuit sponda, mediamque locavit.  
 Jam pater Aeneas et jam Trojana juvenus  
 Conveniunt, stratoque super discumbitur ostro.  
 Dant famuli manibus lymphas, Cereremque canistris  
 Expediunt, tonsisque ferunt mantelia villis. 706  
 Quinquaginta intus famulae; quibus ordine longo  
 Cura penum struere, et flammis adolere penates.  
 Centum aliae, totidemque pares aetate ministri,  
 Qui dapibus mensas onerent, et pocula ponant. 710  
 Necnon et Tyrii per limina laeta frequentes  
 Convenere, toris jussi discumbere pictis.  
 Mirantur dona Aeneae; mirantur lulum,  
 Flagrantisque dei vultus, simulataque verba,  
 Pallamque, et pictum croceo velamen acantho. 715  
 Praecipue infelix, pesti devota futurae,  
 Expleri mentem nequit, ardescitque tuendo  
 Phoenissa, et puero pariter donisque movetur.  
 Ille, ubi complexu Aeneae colloque pependit,  
 Et magnum falsi implevit genitoris amorem, 720  
 Reginam petit. haec oculis, haec pectore toto

939. *The queen majestic,*] In the arrangement of the guests Dido takes place of Aeneas (se mediam locavit) for the middle was the most honourable place among the Africans. Sallust has expressly marked this; Ne medius ex tribus, says he, quod apud Numidas honori ducitur Jugurtha foret. Farther, the queen's couch was of gold, that of Aeneas and the Trojans of purple only. Dido being a woman did not give the upper place to her guest. A good poet should observe even these trifling decorums. CATROU.

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Now Cupid, pleas'd his orders to obey,  
 Brought the rich gifts; Achates led the way.  
 He came, and found on costly carpets spread  
 The queen majestic midst her golden bed.  
 The great Æneas and the Trojans lie 940  
 On pompous couches stain'd with Tyrian dye:  
 Soft towels for their hands th' attendants bring,  
 And limpid water from the crystal spring.  
 They wash; the menial train the tables spread;  
 And heap in glitt'ring canisters the bread. 945  
 To dress the feast, full fifty handmaids join,  
 And burn rich incense to the pow'rs divine;  
 A hundred boys and virgins stood around,  
 The banquet marshall'd, and the goblet crown'd.  
 To fill th' embroider'd beds the Tyrians come 950  
 Rank behind rank; and crowd the regal room.  
 The guests the gorgeous gifts and boy admire,  
 His voice, and looks, that glow with youthful fire;  
 The veil and foliage wond'ring they behold,  
 And the rich robe that flam'd with figur'd gold: 955  
 But chief the queen, the boy and presents move,  
 The queen, already doom'd to fatal love.  
 Infatiate in her joy, she sate amaz'd,  
 Gaz'd on his face, and kindled as she gaz'd.  
 First, his dissembled father he carest, 960  
 Hung round his neck, and play'd upon his breast;  
 Next to the queen's embraces he withdrew;  
 She look'd, and sent her soul at ev'ry view:

Haeret, et interdum gremio fovet: inscia Dido,  
 Infidat quantus miserae deus: at memor ille  
 Matris Acidaliae, paullatim abolere Sichaeum  
 Incipit, et vivo tentat praevertere amore 725  
 Jampridem refides animos defuetaque corda.

Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaeque remotae;  
 Crateras magnos statuunt, et vina coronant.  
 Fit strepitus tectis, vocemque per ampla volutant  
 Atria: dependent lychni laquearibus aureis 730  
 Incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.  
 Hic regina gravem gemmis auroque poposcit,  
 Implevitque mero pateram: quam Belus, et omnes  
 A Belo soliti. tum facta silentia tectis:  
 Jupiter (hospitibus nam te dare jura loquuntur) 735  
 Hunc laetum Tyriisque diem Trojaque profectis  
 Esse velis, nostrosque hujus meminisse minores.  
 Adsit laetitiae Bacchus dator, et bona Juno:  
 Et vos o coetum Tyrii celebrate faventes.  
 Dixit, et in mensam laticum libavit honorem, 740  
 Primaque libato summo tenus attigit ore.

734. Orig. A Belo soliti (sunt implere.)—is understood.

970. *The living for the dead.* Vivo amore (in the original,) that is no doubt with the love of a living man instead of a dead one as Sichaeus was; not amore vehementi, as some would have it. Praevertere, i. e. with respect to any design of Juno's.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 83

Then took him on her lap, devour'd his charms ;  
Nor knew poor Dido, blind to future harms, 965  
How great a god she fondled in her arms.

But he, now mindful of his mother, stole  
By slow degrees Sichæus from her soul ;  
Her soul, rekindling, in her husband's stead  
Admits the prince ; the living for the dead. 970

Soon as the banquet paus'd, to raise their souls  
With sparkling wine they crown the massy bowls.  
Thro' the wide hall the rolling echo bounds,  
The palace rings, the vaulted dome resounds.  
The blazing torches, and the lamps display, 975  
From golden roofs, an artificial day.

Now Dido crowns the bowl of state with wine,  
The bowl of Belus, and the regal line.  
Her hands aloft the shining goblet hold,  
Pond'rous with gems, and rough with sculptur'd gold. 980  
When silence was proclaim'd, the royal fair  
Thus to the gods address her fervent pray'r.

Almighty Jove ! who plead'st the stranger's cause ;  
Great gaurdian god of hospitable laws !  
Oh ! grant this day to circle still with joy, 985  
Thro' late posterity ,to Tyre and Troy.  
Be thou, O Bacchus ! god of mirth, a guest ;  
And thou, O Juno ! grace the genial feast.  
And you, my lords of Tyre, your fears remove,  
And shew your guests benevolence and love. 990  
She said, and on the board, in open view,  
The first libation to the gods she threw :



Tum Bitiae dedit increpitans : ille impiger hausit  
 Spumantem pateram, et pleno se prouit auro.  
 Post alii proceres. cithara crinitus Iopas  
 Personat aurata, docuit quae maximus Atlas. 745  
 Hic canit errantem lunam, solisque labores ;  
 Unde hominum genus, et pecudes ; unde imber, et  
 ignes ;

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones :  
 Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles  
 Hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet. 750  
 Ingeminant plausum Tyrii, Troësque sequuntur.

993. *Then sip'd the wine,*] Virgil often describes the incidents in his poem in allusion to the Roman customs. The ladies of Rome never drank wine but at religious ceremonies, the laws of that city punished with death, those who drank it any other time. Thus Dido does not drink it here but as at a ceremony, and does no more than touch her lips with it.

CATROU.

999. *With curling tresses grac'd,*] I cannot but fancy some celebrated master complimented under the name of Iopas the philosophical musician at Dido's banquet ; for methinks the epithet, Crinitus, is so wholly foreign to the purpose, that it perfectly points at some particular person ; who perhaps (to pursue a wandering guess) was one of the Grecian performers then in Rome ; for besides that they were the best musicians and philosophers, the termination of the name belongs to their language, and the epithet is the same (*Καρινιόταυρος*;) that Homer gives to his countrymen in general.

Thus far Mr. Addison : but Mr. Spence hath given a better interpretation to this passage.

As the Romans must have been so familiarly acquainted with the dress of the Festal Apollo, his long robe which he always wore then, and his full-dressed hair ; Virgil's applying the epithet Crinitus (the known epithet of Apollo) to Iopas on this occasion, might imply to them, that he was dressed out like the Festal Apollo ; in a long magnificent robe, and with his hair all flowing down his back ; this by the way, is a strong instance of the use of being acquainted

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 Dido give  
 the first,

Then sip'd the wine, and gave to Bitias' hand :

He rose, obedient to the queen's command ;

At once the thirsty Trojan swill'd the whole, 995

Sunk the full gold, and drain'd the foaming bowl.

Then thro' the peers, with sparkling nectar crown'd,

The goblet circles, and the health goes round.

With curling tresses grac'd, and rich attire,

Iopas stands, and sweeps the golden lyre ; 1000

The truths, which antient Atlas taught, he sings,

And nature's secrets, on the sounding strings.

Why Cynthia changes ; why the sun retires,

Shorn of his radiant beams, and genial fires ;

From what originals, and causes, came 1005

Mankind and beasts, the rain, and rising flame ;

Arcturus, dreadful with his stormy star ;

The wat'ry Hyads, and the northern car ;

Why suns in summer the slow night detain,

And rush so swift in winter to the main. 1010

With shouts the Tyrians praise the song divine,

And in the loud applause the Trojans join.

ed with the ancient Roman Customs, and with the appearances their gods used to make, on such and such occasions, towards understanding their poets. Had the author of a piece published a few years ago, under a name that would make every body fond of reading it, been aware of this, methinks he never could have called Crinitus here, an epithet so wholly foreign to the purpose. POLYMETIS, page 193.

1011. *The truths which antient Atlas taught,*] An entertaining and sprightly Frenchman makes the following remark. The banquet which Alcinous gives to Ulysses in the Odyssey, is well contrived, very proper and gallant ; nevertheless men only are present at it : The banquet which Dido gives to Æneas is not conducted with propriety : in the first, were sung the gallantries and adventures of the

Necnon et vario noctem sermone trahebat  
 Infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem;  
 Multa super Priamo rogicans, super Hectore multa:  
 Nunc, quibus aurorae venisset filius armis: 755  
 Nunc quales Diomedis equi: nunc, quantus Achilles.  
 Immo age, et a prima dic, hospes, origine nobis  
 Insidias, inquit, Danaûm, casusque tuorum.  
 Erroresque tuos: nam te jam septima portat  
 Omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus aestas. 760

gods, and other matters agreeable and gay: in the last, were sung the course of the stars, the causes of eclipses, and other philosophical matters. Carry the banquet of Alcinous to the court of Carthage, and that of Dido to the island of the Pheacians, and all will be in it's proper order.

Melanges de Vigneul Marville, Tom. iii.

Dr. Trapp will furnish us with an answer to M. Vigneul Marville's objection. "To put so much natural philosophy into a song, may seem strange to a mere modern. Yet how much more grand and noble is it than a silly story of Chloris and Phyllis; and such like frothy trifles, which are the subjects of songs in our times! By the way, how pretty would have been an opera or masquerade, to entertain Æneas and his friends, upon this occasion? What pity it is, the ancients were not so polite and judicious as we are!"

1017. *What arms adorn'd*] 'Tis worth observing how natural and proper for a woman these questions of Dido are. Quibus armis! Quantus Achilles! Quales Diomedis equi! These are such strokes of nature as escape common-readers, but are infinitely beautiful. Our Shakespear abounds in them beyond any other author whatever.

1021. *Nay, but at large, my godlike guest, relate,*] The sudden change of persons from the poet to the queen; the natural sliding in of that immo age &c. and stealing the inquit, into the second line, as it were out of the way, and in a place where we can scarce observe it; the passing from those scatter'd particular questions, to the general request in form and solemnity, preparatory to the noble narrative which follows upon it; the art of the poet being like that of musicians, who sport themselves with little warbling essays and flourishes while they are preparing to begin a grand and full concert; and

The queen, in various talk, prolongs the hours,  
 Drinks deep of love, and ev'ry word devours;  
 This moment longs of Hector to enquire, 1015  
 The next of Priam, his unhappy fire;  
 What arms adorn'd Aurora's glorious son;  
 How high, above his hosts, Achilles shone;  
 How brave Tydides thunder'd on his car;  
 How his fierce courfers swept the ranks of war. 1020  
 Nay, but at large, my godlike guest, relate  
 The Grecian wiles, she said, and Ilion's fate;  
 How far your course around the globe extends,  
 And what the woes and fortunes of your friends:  
 For, since you wander'd every shore and sea, 1025  
 Have sev'n revolving summers roll'd away.

and lastly the concluding the book with that request, and so leaving the mind of the reader in the most earnest expectation: are all of them circumstances marvellously beautiful; and the more they are consider'd, the more beautiful they will appear.

TRAPP.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.



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THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
*VIRGIL's*  
ÆNEID.

THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
NIRGALA  
ENDING

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Aeneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixt resolution he had taken not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.*



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P. VIRGILII MARONIS  
AENEIDOS

## LIBER II.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant.

Inde toro pater Aeneas sic orfus ab alto :

The destruction of an ancient, populous city, with all those scenes of devastation, sorrow, and misery that must attend it, is one of the most striking objects in the world. Virgil accordingly chose it, as the properest subject imaginable to move the passions of pity and terror, and surely he hath succeeded to his wish. One cannot but think, that he was particularly pleased with this subject, as it happened to be left untouched by Homer. Our poet however hath borrowed many fine hints and affecting circumstances from two tragedies of Euripides, the Troades, and the Hecuba. Virgil, in general, seemeth to have been a great reader and lover of the works of this noble tragedian. And indeed these two writers seem to have nearly resembled each other in their genius and manner: Both were remarkable for brevity, and an elegant simplicity of style, both were of a tender temper, and particularly skilled in moving the passions.

I must not neglect to observe, that Virgil recited this second book to the emperor Augustus, in order to give his great patron a taste of the rest of his *Aeneid*. The versification of this book is extremely beautiful, and it is in general the most correct piece of the whole poem.

V. 1. *All gaz'd,*] An ingenious critic hath lately made some just observations on this second book: Let us conceive an objector to put the following query: "Supposing the au-

"thor

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# VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE

## SECOND BOOK.

ALL gaz'd in silence, with an eager look,  
Then from the golden couch the hero spoke.

Ah mighty queen! you urge me to disclose,  
And feel, once more, unutterable woes;

“thor of the Æneis to have related, in the natural order, the destruction of Troy, would not the subject have been, to all intents and purposes, as much one, as it is, under its present form; in which that event is told, in the second book, by way of episode?” I answer, by no means. The reason is taken from the nature of the work, and from the state and expectations of the reader.

1. The nature of an epic or narrative poem is this, that it lays the author under an obligation of shewing any event, which he formally undertakes in his own person, at full length, and with all its material circumstances. Every figure must be drawn in full proportion, and exhibited in strong, glowing colours. Now had the subject of the second book of the Æneis been related, in this extent, it must not only have taken up one, but many books. By this faithful and animated drawing, and from the time it must necessarily have to play upon the imagination, the event would have grown into such importance, that the remainder could only have passed for a kind of appendix to it.

2. The same conclusion is drawn from considering the state of the reader. For, hurried away by an instinctive impatience, he pursues the proposed event with eagerness and rapidity.

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem;  
 Trojanas ut opes et lamentabile regnum  
 Eruerint Danaï; quaeque ipse miserrima vidi, 5  
 Et quorum pars magna fui. quis, talia fando,  
 Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssæi,  
 Temperet a lacrimis? et jam nox humida coelo  
 Praecipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.  
 Sed, si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros, 10  
 Et breviter Trojae supremum audire laborem;  
 Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit,

pidity. So circumstantial a detail, as was supposed, of an intermediate action not necessarily connected with it, breaks the course of his expectations, and throws back the point of view to an immoderate distance. In the mean time the action, thus interposed and presented to his thoughts, acquires by degrees, and at length ingrosses his whole attention. It becomes the important theme of the piece; or, at least, what follows sets out with the disadvantage of appearing to him, as a new and distinct subject.

But now being related by way of episode, that is, as a succinct, summary narration, not made by the poet himself, but coming from the mouth of a person, necessarily engaged in the progress of the action, it serves for a short time to interrupt, and, by that interruption to sharpen the eager expectation of the reader. It holds the attention, for a while from the point of view; yet not long enough to destroy that impatient curiosity, which looks forward to it. And thus it contributes to the same end, as a piece of miniature, properly introduced into a large picture. It amuses the eye with something relative to the painter's design, yet not so, as to withhold its principal observation from falling on the greater subject. The parallel will not hold very exactly, because the painter is, of necessity, confined to the same instant of time; but it may serve for an illustration of my meaning. Suppose the painter to take, for his subject, that part of *Aeneas's* story, where, with his Penates, his father, and his son, he is preparing to set sail for Italy. To draw *Troy* in flames, as a constituent part of this picture, would be manifestly absurd.

It

How vengeful Greece with victory was crown'd,  
 And Troy's fair empire humbled to the ground;  
 Those direful scenes I saw on Phrygia's shore,  
 Those wars in which so large a part I bore,  
 The fiercest Argive would with tears bewail,  
 And stern Ulysses tremble at the tale:  
 And lo! the night precipitates away;  
 The stars, grown dim before the dawning day,  
 Call to repose; but since you long to know,  
 And curious listen to the story'd woe;  
 Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell,  
 But with a bleeding heart, how Ilion fell.

It would be painting two subjects, instead of one. And perhaps Troja incensa might seize the attention before,

Ascanium Anchisenque patrem Teucrosque Penates.

But a distant perspective of burning Troy, might be thrown into a corner of the piece, that is episodically, with good advantage; where instead of distracting the attention, and breaking the unity of the subject, it would center, as it were, with the great design, and have an effect in augmenting the distress of it. HURD's notes on Horace's art of poetry.

11. *And lo! the night precipitates away;*] Notwithstanding these words contain a good reason to excuse Æneas from the task desired of him; yet I much mistake, if that was the only reason why the poet inserted them: The idea of the night-scene adds very much to the solemnity and awfulness of the relation. Indeed the whole disposition of the scene and the concomitant circumstances is admirable in every respect. A great prince, driven by a storm to a strange coast, entertained by a great queen, in a numerous assembly of princes and nobility and guards, and attendants supposed to be listening at a distance, after a magnificent banquet, in the large hall of a stately palace, hung round with tapers and flambeaus, in the dead of night, relates to her, at her request, such a surprising history of wars, distresses, and travels as was never before heard of.

TRAPP.



Incipiam. Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi  
 Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,  
 Instar montis equum, divina Palladis arte 15  
 Aedificant : sectaque intexunt abiete costas.  
 Votum pro reditu simulant. ea fama vagatur.  
 Huc delecta virûm fortiti corpora furtim  
 Includunt caeco lateri, penitusque cavernas  
 Ingentes, utrumque armato milite complent. 20  
 Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama  
 Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant ;  
 Nunc tantum sinus, et statio male fida carinis :

20. *A steed that tow'ring, &c.*] Servius observes, that when Virgil speaks of the building this horse, he makes use of the terms which belong to the shipwright's trade. Pausanias says, that every one must either allow that this horse was an engine made to batter the walls of Troy, or that the Trojans were most strangely infatuated. Tubero and Hyginus, according to Servius on this passage, were likewise of opinion, that it was such an engine as the ram or the testudo, invented for the purpose mentioned by Pausanias, which Propertius (says Mr. Merric) seems to allude to when he says,

Aut quis equo pulsas abiegnos nosceret arces ?

But that it was expressly the same as the battering ram is asserted only on the authority of Pliny, whose words are as follows: Equum, qui nunc Aries appellatur, in muralibus machinis, Epeum ad Trojam invenisse dicunt. Lib. vii. c. 56. But no historical authority can be produced that is reconcilable with Pliny's assertion.

Though the original of this story of the Trojan horse be thus uncertain, yet it can scarce be imagined that the fiction could have been raised so early, and spread so universally without some foundation in history. Several therefore have been inclined to believe the account which is given of it by Palaephatus, whose testimony carries with it the greater weight on account of his antiquity, as he is thought to have lived before Homer. It is reported, says this author, that the Greeks took Troy, by enclosing themselves in a wooden

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VOL.

The Grecian kings, (for many a rolling year,  
Repell'd by fate, and harrafs'd by the war ;)  
By Pallas' aid, of season'd fir compose  
A steed, that tow'ring like a mountain rose ; 20  
This they pretend their common vow, to gain  
A safe return, and measure back the main :  
Such the report ; but guileful Argos hides  
Her bravest heroes in the monster's sides ;  
Deep, deep within, they throng'd the dreadful gloom, 25  
And half a host lay ambush'd in the womb.

An isle, in antient times renown'd by fame,  
Lies full in view, and Tenedos the name ;  
Once blest with wealth, while Priam held the sway,  
But now a broken, rough, and dang'rous bay : 30

wooden horse. But the truth of the story is, that they built a horse of so large a size, that it could not be drawn within the city walls. In the mean while the chief of them, lay concealed in a hollow place near the city, which is to this day called *αγγελων λοχος*, the Grecian ambuscade. Sinon upon this deserted to the Trojans, and persuaded them to admit the horse within the city, assuring them that the Greeks would not return to molest them any more. The Trojans believing him, make a breach in their walls to let in the horse, thro' which the enemy entered at night, while the inhabitants were feasting, and sacked the town. *Palæphatus, de Incredilibus.*

It is observable, that this relation agrees in many particulars with that which the poets have given us ; and as to that remarkable circumstance of the Grecian ambuscade, it seems to be obscurely hinted at, in a tradition mentioned by Servius ; namely, that the Greeks lay in ambush behind a hill called Hippius, and from thence surprized the Trojans. Bonifacio, an Italian, joins with Aldus in supposing, that this hill not only took its name from the Greek word for a horse, but was likewise in the figure of one ; the same author observes, that the Italians to this day make use of a rampart, which they call *Cavalliero*.

Huc se proVecti deserto in litore conduunt.  
 Nos abiisse rati, et vento petiisse Mycenae. 25  
 Ergo omnis longo solvit se Teucra luctu :  
 Panduntur portae : juvat ire, et Dorica castra,  
 Desertosque videre locos, litusque relictum.  
 Hic Dolopum manus, hic saevus tendebat Achilles ;  
 Classibus hic locus ; hic acies certare solebant. 30  
 Pars stupet innuptae donum exitiale Minervae,  
 Et molem mirantur equi : primusque Thymoetes  
 Duci intra muros hortatur, et arce locari ;  
 Sive dolo, seu jam Trojae sic fata ferebant.  
 At Capys, et quorum melior sententia menti, 35  
 Aut pelago Danaum insidias suspectaque dona,  
 Praecipitare jubent, subjectisque urere flammis ;  
 Aut terebrare cavas uteri et tentare latebras.  
 Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.  
 Primus ibi ante omnes, magna comitante caterva, 40  
 Laocoon ardens summa decurrit ab arce.  
 Et procul, O miseri, quae tanta infania, cives ?  
 Creditis avectos hostes ? aut ulla putatis  
 Dona carere dolis Danaum ? sic notus Ulysses ?  
 Aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi, 45

31. *Thither their unsuspected course they bore,*] Mr. Merric, in his learned notes on Tryphiodorus, has observed, that the Menapii, a people bordering on the Rhine, were surprized by the same stratagem, which the Greeks are here described making use of to circumvent the Trojans. The story is related by Caesar, in his history of the Gallic war, Lib. iv. cap. 4.

Thither their unsuspected course they bore,  
 And hid their hosts within the winding shore.  
 We deem'd them sail'd for Greece ; transported Troy  
 Forgot her woes, and gave a loose to joy ;  
 Threw wide her gates, and pour'd forth all her train, 35  
 To view th' abandon'd camp, and empty plain.  
 Here the Dolopian troops their station held ;  
 There proud Achilles' tent o'erlook'd the field ;  
 Here rang'd the thousand vessels stood, and there  
 In conflict join'd the furious sons of war. 40  
 Some view the gift of Pallas with surprize,  
 The fatal monster, and its wondrous size.  
 And first Thymoetes mov'd the crowd to lead  
 And lodge within the tower the lofty steed ;  
 Or, with design, his country to destroy, 45  
 Or fate determin'd now the fall of Troy.  
 But hoary Capys, and the wise, require  
 To plunge the treacherous gift of Greece in fire,  
 Or overwhelm the mighty monster in the tides,  
 Or bore the ribs, and search the cavern'd sides. 50  
 Their own wild will the noisy crowds obey,  
 And vote, as partial fancy points the way ;  
 Till bold Laocoon, with a mighty train,  
 From the high tower rush'd furious to the plain ;  
 And sent his voice from far, with rage inspir'd--- 55  
 What madness, Trojans, has your bosoms fir'd ?  
 Think you the Greeks are sail'd before the wind ?  
 Think you these presents safe, they leave behind ?  
 And is Ulysses banish'd from your mind ?



Aut haec in nostros fabricata est machina muros,  
 Inspectura domos, venturaque desuper urbi;  
 Aut aliquis latet error. equo ne credite, Teucri.  
 Quicquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.  
 Sic fatus, validis ingentem viribus hastam 50  
 In latus, inque feri curvam compagibus alvum  
 Contorsit. stetit illa tremens, utroque recusso  
 Insonuere cavae gemitumque dedere cavernae.  
 Et, si fata deum, si mens non laeva fuisset,  
 Impulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras: 55  
 Trojaque nunc staes, Priamique arx alta maneres.  
 Ecce, manus juvenem interea post terga revinctum  
 Pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant  
 Dardanidae: qui se ignotum venientibus ultro,  
 Hoc ipsum ut strueret, Trojamque aperiret Achivis, 60  
 Obtulerat: fidens animi, atque in utrumque paratus,  
 Seu versare dolos, seu certae occumbere morti.  
 Undique visendi studio Trojana juvenus  
 Circumfusa ruit, certantque illudere capto.  
 Accipe nunc Danaum insidias, et crimine ab uno 65  
 Disce omnes.

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Or this prodigious fabric must inclose, 60  
 Deep in its darksome womb, our ambush'd foes;  
 Or 'tis some engine, rais'd to batter down  
 The tow'rs of Ilion, or command the town;  
 Ah! trust not Greece, nor touch her gifts abhorr'd;  
 Her gifts are more destructive than her sword. 65

Swift as the word, his pond'rous lance he threw;  
 Against the sides the furious javelin flew,  
 Thro' the wide womb a spacious passage found,  
 And shook with long vibrations in the wound.  
 The monster groans, and shakes the distant shore; 70  
 And, round his caverns roll'd, the deep'ning thunders  
 roar.

Then, had not partial fate conspir'd to blind,  
 With more than madness, ev'ry Trojan mind,  
 The crowd the treach'rous ambush had explor'd,  
 And not a Greek had 'scap'd the vengeful sword; 75  
 Old Priam still his empire would enjoy,  
 And still thy tow'rs had stood, majestic Troy!

Meantime, before the king, the Dardan swains,  
 With shouts triumphant, brought a youth in chains,  
 A willing captive to the Trojan hands, 80  
 To open Ilion to the Grecian bands;  
 Bold and determin'd either fate to try;  
 Resolv'd to circumvent, or fix'd to die.  
 The troops tumultuous gather round the foe,  
 To see the captive, and insult his woe. 85  
 Now hear the falsehoods of the Grecian train;  
 All, all in one; a nation in a man.

Namque, ut conspectu in medio turbatus, inermis,  
 Constitit, atque oculis Phrygia agmina circumspexit:  
 Heu, quae nunc tellus, inquit, quae me aequora possunt,  
 Accipere? aut quid jam misero mihi denique restat? 70  
 Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus: et super ipsi  
 Dardanidae infensi poenas cum sanguine poscunt.  
 Quo gemitu conversi animi, compressus et omnis  
 Impetus. hortamur fari, quo sanguine cretus,  
 Quidve ferat, memoret; quae sit fiducia capto. 75  
 Ille haec, deposita tandem formidine, fatur:  
 Cuncta equidem tibi, rex, fuerit quodcunque, fatebor;  
 Vera inquit: neque me Argolica de gente negabo,  
 Hoc primum. nec, si miserum fortuna Sinonem  
 Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget. 80  
 Fando aliquod si forte tuas pervenit ad aures  
 Belidae nomen Palamedis, et inclyta fama  
 Gloria: quem falsa sub proditione Pelasgi  
 Infonstem infando indicio, quia bella vetabat,  
 Demisere neci; nunc cassum lumine lugent. 85  
 Illi me comitem, et consanguinitate propinquum,  
 Pauper in arma pater primis huc misit ab annis.  
 Dum stabat regno incolumis, regumque vigeat  
 Consiliis; et nos aliquod nomenque decusque

103. *Yet Sinon can defy*] Hesychius (says Mr. Merric  
 abovementioned) speaks of a tragedy of Sophocles by the  
 name of Sinon, and Aristotle seems to allude to it in his  
 poetics. Were this performance still extant, we should very  
 probably find Virgil indebted to it for several particulars in  
 the management of this incident.

For while confounded and disarm'd he stands,  
 And trembling views around the Phrygian bands,  
 Alas! what hospitable land, (he cry'd) 90  
 Or oh! what seas a wand'ring wretch will hide?  
 Not only banish'd from the Grecian state;  
 But Troy, avenging Troy, demands my fate.

His melting tears, and moving sighs controul  
 Our rising rage, and soften ev'ry soul. 95  
 We bid him tell his race, and long to know  
 The fate and tidings of a captive foe.  
 At length, encourag'd thus, the youth reply'd,  
 And laid his well-dissembled fears aside.

All, all, with truth, great monarch, I confess, 100  
 And first I own my birth deriv'd from Greece;  
 Wretch as he is, yet Sinon can defy  
 The frowns of fortune, and disdains a lye.  
 You know, perchance, great Palamedes' name,  
 Thro' many a distant realm renown'd by fame; 105  
 Condemn'd, tho' guiltless, when he mov'd for peace,  
 Condemn'd for treason by the voice of Greece.  
 Tho' false the charge, the glorious heroe bled,  
 But now the Greeks deplore the warrior dead.  
 Me, yet a youth, my father sent to share 110  
 With him, my kinsman, in the toils of war.  
 Long as that heroe stood secure from fate,  
 Long as his counsels prop'd the Grecian state,  
 Ev'n I could boast an honourable name,  
 And claim some title to a share of fame: 115



Gessimus. invidia postquam pellacis Ulyssæi 90  
 (Haud ignota loquor) superis concessit ab oris;  
 Afflictus vitam in tenebris luctuque trahebam,  
 Et casum infantis mecum indignabar amici.  
 Nec tacui demens: et me, fors si qua tulisset,  
 Si patrios unquam remeassem victor ad Argos, 95  
 Promisi ultorem, et verbis odia aspera movi.  
 Hinc mihi prima mali labes: hinc semper Ulysses  
 Criminibus terrere novis: hinc spargere voces  
 In vulgum ambiguas, et quaerere conscius arma.  
 Nec requievit enim, donec Calchante ministro— 100  
 Sed quid ego haec autem nequicquam ingrata revolve?  
 Quidve moror? si omnes uno ordine habetis Achivos,  
 Idque audire sat est; jamdudum sumite poenas:  
 Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridae.  
 Tum vero ardemus scitari et quaerere causas, 105  
 Ignari scelerum tantorum artisque Pelasgae.

117. *Ulysses' arts*] Some manuscripts read fallacis instead of pellacis Ulyssæi; but the latter epithet seems the stronger of the two, and more applicable to the seducing Ulysses. Lucretius uses the substantive, placidi pellacia ponti subdola.

130. *At length with Calchas he concert's the scheme*] There is a just observation of Mr. Spence on the great art of the poet in this passage.

Have you not observed (says he) a larger sort of break, which is used artificially in a poem to incite the attention of the reader? I mean, when the narration is dropt in the most engaging parts of it, or just before some very material incident: this adds a double desire of hearing: the audience generally make it their request, that the speaker would go on, and inform them of the sequel. Thus it is in the eleventh Odyssey. Ulysses, in the midst of his account of the infernal regions, makes a feint of concluding: we are immediately told, that the Phæacians were eager to hear him on;

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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 105

But when the prince, (a well-known truth I tell,)  
 By dire Ulysses' arts and envy fell;  
 Soon as he ceas'd to breathe this vital air,  
 I drag'd my days in darkness and despair.  
 And, if kind heav'n shou'd give me back once more 120  
 Safe and triumphant to my native shore,  
 For innocence condemn'd, revenge I vow'd,  
 Mad as I was, and spoke my rage aloud.  
 This mov'd Ulysses' hate, and hence arose  
 My past misfortunes, and my present woes. 125  
 Eager he fought the means, and watch'd the time  
 To charge me too with some pretended crime.  
 For conscious of his guilt, my death he vow'd,  
 And with dark hints amus'd the list'ning crowd.  
 At length with Calchas he concerts the scheme— 130  
 But why, why dwell I on this hateful theme?  
 Or why detain you with a tale of woe?  
 Since you determine ev'ry Greek, a foe.  
 Strike, strike; th' Atrides will my death enjoy,  
 And dire Ulysses thank the sword of Troy. 135

Now blind to Grecian frauds, we burn to know  
 With fond desire the causes of his woe;  
 Who thus, still trembling as he stood, and pale,  
 Pursu'd the moving melancholy tale.

on; and 'tis observable, that the very same break, and the  
 very same sentiment after it, is imitated by Virgil.

Donec Calchante ministro—

Tum vero ardemus scitari.

'Tis indeed improved in the latter; he has all the use of  
 Homer's suspense, without the tediousness of it.

Essay on Pope's Odyssey, Part ii. 43.

Prosequitur pavitans, et ficto pectore satur :  
 Saepe fugam Danaï Troja cupiere relicta  
 Moliri, et longo fessi discedere bello.  
 Fecissentque utinam ! saepe illos aspera ponti 110  
 Interclusit hiems, et terruit auster euntes.  
 Praecipue, cum jam hic trabibus contextus acernis  
 Staret equus, toto sonuerunt aethere nimbi.  
 Suspensi Eurypylum scitatum oracula Phœbi  
 Mittimus ; isque adytis haec tristia dicta reportat. 115  
 Sanguine placastis ventos, et virgine caesa,  
 Cum primum Iliacas Danaï venistis ad oras :  
 Sanguine quaerendi reditus, animaque litandum  
 Argolica. vulgi quae vox ut venit ad aures,  
 Obstupuere animi, gelidusque per ima cucurrit 120  
 Ossa tremor ; cui fata parent, quem poscat Apollo.  
 Hic Ithacus vatem magno Calchanta tumultu  
 Protrahit in medios : quae sint ea numina divum  
 Flagitat. et mihi jam multi crudele canebant  
 Artificis scelus, et taciti ventura videbant. 125  
 Bis quinos filet ille dies, tectusque recusat  
 Prodere voce sua quenquam, aut opponere morti.  
 Vix tandem magnis Ithaci clamoribus actus,  
 Composito rumpit vocem, et me destinat arae.

150.

—Ye calm'd the main

*With blood, ye Grecians, and a virgin slain.]*

This virgin was Iphigenia the daughter of Agamemnon ;  
 whom the oracle declared must be sacrificed, before the  
 Grecian fleet which lay at Aulis, could obtain a favourable  
 wind to carry it to the siege of Troy. One of Euripides's  
 finest tragedies is on this interesting subject ; and it has been  
 imitated, and its principal beauties translated in one of Ra-  
 cine's on the same subject.

Oft' had our hosts determin'd to employ 140  
 Their sails for Greece, and leave untaken Troy,  
 Urg'd to a shameful flight, from deep despair,  
 And the long labours of a ten-year's war.  
 And oh! that they had sail'd!--as oft' the force  
 Of southern winds, and tempests stop'd their course. 145  
 But since this steed was rais'd; strait, bellowing loud,  
 Deep thunders roar'd, and burst from ev'ry cloud.  
 We sent Eurypilus to Phœbus' shrine,  
 Who brought this sentence from the voice divine;  
 When first ye sail'd for Troy, ye calm'd the main 150  
 With blood, ye Grecians, and a virgin slain;  
 And ere you measure back the foamy flood,  
 Know, you must buy a safe return with blood.  
 These awful words to ev'ry Greek impart  
 Surprise and dread, and chill the bravest heart; 155  
 To the dire stroke each thought himself decreed,  
 Himself the victim that for Greece should bleed.  
 Ulysses then, importunate and loud,  
 Produc'd sage Calchas to the trembling crowd,  
 Bade him the secret will of heav'n relate--- 160  
 And now my friends could prophesy my fate;  
 And base Ulysses' wicked arts, they said,  
 Were level'd all at my devoted head.  
 Ten days the prophet from the crowd retir'd,  
 Nor mark'd the victim that the gods requir'd. 165  
 So long besieg'd by Ithacus he stood,  
 And seem'd reluctant to the voice of blood;  
 At length he spoke, and, as the scheme was laid,  
 Doom'd to the slaughter my predestin'd head.



Assensere omnes : et, quae sibi quisque timebat, 130

Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

Jamque dies infanda aderat : mihi sacra parari,

Et falsae fruges, et circum tempora vittae.

Eripui (fateor) leto me, et vincula rupi :

Limosoque lacu per noctem obscurus in ulva 135

Delitui, dum vela darent, si forte dedissent.

Nec mihi jam patriam antiquam spes ulla videndi,

Nec dulces natos, exoptatumque parentem :

Quos illi fors ad poenas ob nostra reposcent

Effugia, et culpam hanc miserorum morte piabunt. 140

Quod te, per superos et conscia numina veri ;

Per, si qua est, quae restat adhuc mortalibus usquam

Intemerata fides, oro, miserere laborum

Tantum ; miserere animi non digna ferentis.

His lacrymis vitam damus, et miserescimur ultro. 145

Ipsè viro primus manicas atque arcta levare

Vincla jubet Priamus ; dictisque ita fatur amicis :

181. *My dear, dear children,*] No wonder the Trojans, who were ignorant of Sinon's design were moved at these verses, when 'tis scarce possible even for us, who know the villany of them, to read them without tears : At least I speak for one ; I have cry'd over them many a time when I was a school-boy, and am not ashamed to own that I am still exceedingly affected by them ; I take it to be one of the most moving passages I ever met with. Virgil, to shew the triumph of his art, will soften us with the tenderest compassion by the mouth of one whom we know to be a perjurd villain. It is not indeed upon the account of him, but of human nature in general : But still the person thro' whom it was convey'd would have prejudic'd us against it ; had not the force of it been irresistible. No hope of ever more seeing his beloved native country, children, father ! that was distressful enough ; but little in comparison of what follows : there

Book II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 109

All prais'd the sentence, and were pleas'd to see 170

The fate that threaten'd all, confin'd to me.

And now the dire tremendous day was come,

When all prepar'd to solemnize my doom;

The salted barley on my front was spread,

The sacred fillets bound my destin'd head: 175

I fled th' appointed slaughter, I confess,

And, till our troops should hoist their sails for Greece,

Swift to a slimy lake I took my flight,

Lay wrapt in flags, and cover'd by the night.

And now these eyes shall view my native shore, 180

My dear, dear children, and my sire no more;

Whom haply Greece to slaughter has decreed,

And for my fatal flight condemn'd to bleed.

But thee, o gracious monarch, I implore

By ev'ry god, by ev'ry sacred pow'r, 185

Who conscious of the facts my lips relate,

With truth inspire me to declare my fate;

By all the solemn sanctions that can bind

In holy ties the faith of human kind;

Have mercy, mercy, on a guiltless foe, 190

O'erwhelm'd and sunk with such a weight of woe!

His life we gave him, and dispell'd his fears,

Touch'd with his moving eloquence of tears;

And, melting first, the good old king commands

To free the captive, and to loose his hands. 195

Then with soft accents, and a pleasing look,

Mild and benevolent the monarch spoke.

there was danger that those dear lives would be sacrificed in  
his absence, and for his sake. TRAPP.

Quisquis es, amissos hinc jam obliviscere Graios;  
 Noster eris: mihiq; haec edissere vera roganti: 149  
 Quo molem hanc immanis equi statuere? quis auctor?  
 Quidve petunt? quae relligio? aut quae machina belli?  
 Dixerat. ille, dolis instructus et arte Pelasga,  
 Sustulit exutas vinclis ad sidera palmas:  
 Vos, aeterni ignes, et non violabile vestrum  
 Testor numen, ait: vos arae ensesque nefandi, 155  
 Quos fugi; vittaeque deum, quas hostia gessi:  
 Fas mihi Graiorum sacrata resolvere jura;  
 Fas odisse viros, atque omnia ferre sub auras,  
 Siqua tegunt: teneor patriae nec legibus ullis.  
 Tu modo promissis maneat, servataque serves 160  
 Troja fidem: si vera feram, si magna rependam.  
 Omnis spes Danaum, et coepta fiducia belli,  
 Palladis auxiliis semper stetit. impius ex quo  
 Tydides sed enim scelerumque inventor Ulysses,  
 Fatale aggressi sacrato avellere templo 165  
 Palladium, caesis summae custodibus arcis,  
 Corripuere sacram effigiem, manibusque cruentis  
 Virgineas ausi divae contingere vittas:  
 Ex illo fluere, ac retro sublapsa referri  
 Spes Danaum: fractae vires, aversa deae mens. 170

Henceforth let Greece no more thy thoughts employ,  
 But live a subject and a son of Troy;  
 With truth and strict sincerity proceed, 200  
 Say, to what end they fram'd this monstrous steed;  
 Who was its author, what his aim, declare;  
 Some solemn vow? or engine of the war?  
 Skill'd in the frauds of Greece, the captive rears  
 His hands unshackled to the golden stars; 205  
 You, ye eternal splendors! he exclaims,  
 And you divine inviolable flames,  
 Ye fatal swords and altars, which I fled,  
 Ye wreaths that circled this devoted head;  
 All, all, attest! that justly I release 210  
 My sworn allegiance to the laws of Greece,  
 Renounce my country, hate her sons, and lay  
 Their inmost counsels open to the day.  
 And thou, O Troy, by Sinon snatch'd from fate,  
 Spare, spare the wretch, who saves the Phrygian state.  
 Greece on Minerva's aid rely'd alone, 215  
 Since first the labours of the war begun.  
 But from that execrable point of time,  
 When Ithacus, the first in ev'ry crime,  
 With Tydeus' impious son, the guards had slain, 220  
 And brought her image from the Phrygian fane,  
 Distain'd her sacred wreaths with murderous hands,  
 Still red and reeking from the slaughter'd bands;  
 Then ceas'd the triumphs of the Grecian train,  
 And their full tide of conquest sunk again; 225  
 Their strength decay'd, and many a dreadful sign  
 To trembling Greece proclaim'd the wrath divine.



Nec dubiis ea signa dedit Tritonia monst'ris.  
 Vix positum castris simulacrum; arfere coruscae  
 Luminibus flammae arrectis, falsusque per artus  
 Sudor iit, terque ipsa solo, mirabile dictu,  
 Emicuit, parmamque ferens hastamque trementem. 175  
 Extemplo tentanda fuga canit aequora Calchas:  
 Nec posse Argolicis excindi Pergama telis;  
 Omnia ni repetant Argis, numenque reducant,  
 Quod pelago et curvis secum advexere carinis.  
 Et nunc quod patrias vento petiere Mycenae, 180  
 Arma deosque parant comites, pelagoque remenso  
 Improvisi aderunt. ita digerit omnia Calchas.  
 Hanc pro Palladio moniti, pro numine laeso,  
 Effigiem statuere, nefas quae triste piaret.  
 Hanc tamen immensam Calchas attollere molem 185  
 Roboribus textis, coeloque educere jussit:  
 Ne recipi portis, aut duci in moenia possit;  
 Neu populum antiqua sub relligione tueri.  
 Nam si vestra manus violasset dona Minervae;  
 Tum magnum exitium, quod Dî prius omen in ipsum  
 Convertant! Priami imperio Phrygibusque futurum. 191

240. *With more auspicious signs.*] It is certain that Virgil often attributes to the Greeks the customs of the Romans. Perhaps indeed they were the same in Greece that they afterwards were in Rome. At least it appears to be certain, that the Roman generals always returned to Rome after an unfortunate expedition, and never returned to the same enterprise till they had taken new auspices. Livy assures us of this, H. l. 10. and l. 23. They called this ceremony *Redauspicari*.

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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 113

Scarce to the camp the sacred image came,  
 When from her eyes she flash'd a living flame;  
 A briny sweat bedew'd her limbs around, 230  
 And thrice she sprung indignant from the ground;  
 Thrice was she seen with martial rage to wield  
 Her pond'rous spear, and shake her blazing shield.  
 With that, sage Calchas mov'd the trembling train  
 To fly, and measure back the deeps again; 235  
 That 'twas not giv'n our armies to destroy  
 The Phrygian empire, and the tow'rs of Troy,  
 Till they should bring from Greece those favouring gods,  
 Who smil'd indulgent, when they plow'd the floods;  
 With more auspicious signs repass the main; 240  
 And with new omens take the field again.  
 Now to their native country they repair,  
 With gather'd forces to renew the war;  
 The scheme of Calchas! but their vanish'd host  
 Will soon return to waste the Phrygian coast. 245  
 All Greece, atoning dire Ulysses' deed,  
 To Pallas' honour rais'd this wound'rous steed;  
 But Calchas order'd this enormous size,  
 This monstrous bulk, that heaves into the skies,  
 Lest Troy should lead it thro' her opening gate, 250  
 And by this new palladium guard her state.  
 For oh! ye Phrygians, had your rage profan'd  
 This gift of Pallas with an impious hand,  
 Some fate (which all ye pow'rs immortal shed  
 With all your vengeance on its author's head!) 255  
 In one prodigious ruin would destroy  
 Thy empire, Priam, and the sons of Troy.

Sin manibus vestris vestram ascendisset in urbem;  
 Ultro Asiam magno Pelopeia ad moenia bello  
 Venturam, et nostros ea fata manere nepotes.  
 Talibus insidiis, perjurique arte Sinonis, 195  
 Credita res; captique dolis, lacrymisque coactis,  
 Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissaeus Achilles,  
 Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinae.  
 Hic aliud majus miseris multoque tremendum  
 Objicitur magis, atque improvida pectora turbat. 200  
 Laocoon, ductus Neptuno sorte sacerdos,  
 Sollemnes taurum ingentem mactabat ad aras.  
 Ecce autem, gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta,  
 Horresco referens, immensis orbibus angues  
 Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad litora tendunt: 205  
 Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta, jubaque  
 Sanguineae exsuperant undas; pars caetera, pontum  
 Pone legit, sinuantque immensa volumine terga.  
 Fit sonitus, spumante salo: jamque arva tenebant,  
 Ardentesque oculos suffecti sanguine et igni, 210  
 Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.

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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 115

But would you join within your walls to lead  
 This pledge of heav'n, this tutelary steed ;  
 Then, with her hosts, all Asia shall repair, 260  
 And pour on Pelops' walls a storm of war ;  
 Then Greece shall bleed, and perish in her turn ;  
 Her future sons ; her nations yet unborn.

Thus did the perjurd Sinon's art prevail ;  
 Too fondly we believ'd the study'd tale ; 265  
 And thus was Troy, who bravely could sustain  
 Achilles' fury, when he swept the plain,  
 A thousand vessels, and a ten years war,  
 Won by a sigh, and vanquish'd by a tear.

Here a more dreadful object rose to sight, 270  
 And shook our souls with horror and affright.  
 Unblest Laocoon, whom the lots design  
 Priest of the year, at Neptune's holy shrine  
 Slew on the sands, beside the rolling flood,  
 A stately steer, in honour of the god. 275

When, horrid to relate ! two serpents glide  
 And roll incumbent on the glassy tide,  
 Advancing to the shore ; their spires they raise  
 Fold above fold, in many a tow'ring maze.  
 Beneath their burnish'd breasts the waters glow, 280  
 Their crimson crests inflame the deeps below ;  
 O'er the vast flood extended long and wide,  
 Their curling backs lay floating on the tide ;  
 Lash'd to a foam the boiling billows roar,  
 And now the dreadful monsters reach'd the shore ; 285  
 Their hissing tongues they darted, as they came,  
 And their red eye-balls shot a sanguine flame.



116 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Diffugimus visu exangues. illi agmine certo  
 Laocoonta petunt : et primum parva duorum  
 Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque  
 Implicat, et miseros morfu depascitur artus. 215  
 Post ipsum, auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem,  
 Corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus : et jam  
 Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum  
 Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis.  
 Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos, 220  
 Perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno.  
 Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit :  
 Quales mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram  
 Taurus, et incertam excussit cervice securim.  
 At gemini lapsu delubra ad summa dracones 225  
 Effugiunt, saevaeque petunt Tritonidis arcem :  
 Sub pedibusque deae, clypeique sub orbe teguntur.  
 Tum vero tremefacta novus per pectora cunctis  
 Insinuat pavor : et scelus expendisse merentem  
 Laocoonta ferunt ; sacrum qui cuspide robur 230  
 Laeferit, et tergo sceleratam intorsit hastam.  
 Ducendum ad sedes simulacrum, orandaque divae  
 Numina conclamant.

290. *And first in curling fiery volumes*] There is now in Rome a very ancient statue entangled in a couple of marble serpents, which admirable groupe of figures is said to be the work of Phidias. Pliny the elder tells us he had seen it in the palace of Titus. But the poet has the advantage of the statuary.

The statuary can take but one point of time ; the poet can describe any action successively. Here you have the whole suite. You first see the serpents on the sea ; then on the shore ; then killing the two sons of Laocoon ; and lastly killing Laocoon himself. This may make almost every parti-  
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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 117

Pale at the sight, we fled in dire dismay;  
 Strait to Laocoon they direct their way;  
 And first in curling fiery volumes bound 290

His two young sons, and wrapt them round and round,  
 Devour'd the children in the father's view;  
 Then on the miserable father flew,

While to their aid he runs with fruitless haste;  
 And all the man in horrid folds embrac'd: 295

Twice round his waist, and round his neck they rear  
 Their winding heads, and hiss aloft in air.

His sacred wreaths the livid poisons stain,  
 And, while he labours at the knots in vain,  
 Stung to the soul, he bellows with the pain. 300

So, when the ax has glanc'd upon his skull,  
 Breaks from the shrine, and roars the wounded bull.

But each huge serpent now retires again,  
 And flies for shelter to Minerva's fane;  
 Her buckler's orb the goddess wide display'd, 305  
 And screen'd her monsters in the dreadful shade.

Then, a new fear the trembling crowd possess,  
 A holy horror pants in every breast;  
 All judge Laocoon justly doom'd to bleed,  
 Whose guilty spear profan'd the sacred steed. 310

We vote to lead him to Minerva's tow'r,  
 And supplicate, with vows, th' offended pow'r.

cular in this description of Laocoon's death, different from  
 the famous groupe of it in the Vatican, except his own atti-  
 tude, and the air of his head; which are like enough to be  
 copied, the one from the other. SPENCE.

118 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Dividimus muros, et moenia pandimus urbis.  
 Accingunt omnes operi, pedibusque rotarum 235  
 Subjiciunt lapsus, et stupea vincula collo  
 Intendunt : scandit fatalis machina muros,  
 Foeta armis : pueri circum innuptaeque puellae  
 Sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent.  
 Illa subit, mediaeque minans illabitur urbi. 240  
 O patria ! o divum domus Ilium, et inclyta bello  
 Moenia Dardanidum ! quater ipso in limine portae  
 Substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere.  
 Instamus tamen immemores caecique furore,  
 Et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce. 245  
 Tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris  
 Ora, dei jussu non unquam credita Teucris.  
 Nos delubra deum miseri, quibus ultimus esset  
 Ille dies, festa velamus fronde per urbem.  
 Vertitur interea coelum, et ruit Oceano nox, 250  
 Involvens umbra magna terramque polumque,

331. *Cassandra too, inspir'd,*] Virgil does but just mention Cassandra on this occasion, without giving us the particulars of her prophecy. All he says of her is included in two lines:

Tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris  
 Ora, Dei jussu non unquam credita Teucris.

It had been very injudicious in Virgil to have put a long harangue into her mouth, since whatever she could have said, would have been little else but a repetition of what Laocoon had said at the beginning of the book. The death of Laocoon, which immediately follows his speech (verse 41) together with the amazing circumstances attending it, were admirably contrived by Virgil, (or perhaps Sophocles, who is said

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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 119

All to the fatal labour bend their care,  
 Level the walls, and lay the bulwarks bare;  
 Some round the lofty neck the cables tye, 219  
 Some to the feet the rolling wheels apply?  
 The tow'ring monster, big with Ilion's doom,  
 Mounts o'er the wall; an army in the womb;  
 Around the moving pile the children join  
 In shouts of transport, and in songs divine; 320  
 They run, they pull the stretching cords with joy,  
 And lend their little hands to ruin Troy!  
 In one loud peal th' enormous horse rolls down,  
 And thund'ring gains the center of the town.  
 Oh Troy, renown'd in war! oh bright abodes! 325  
 Oh glorious Troy! the labour of the gods!—  
 Thrice stop'd unmov'd the monster in the gate,  
 And clashing arms thrice warn'd us of our fate;  
 But we, by madness blinded and o'ercome,  
 Lodge the dire monster in the sacred dome. 330  
 Cassandra too, inspir'd, our fate declares  
 (So Phœbus doom'd) to unregarding ears;  
 We, thoughtless wretches! deck the shrines, and waste  
 In sports the day, which heav'n decreed our last.  
 Now had the sun roll'd down the beamy light, 335  
 And from the caves of Ocean rush'd the night;  
 With one black veil her spreading shades suppress  
 The face of nature, and the frauds of Greece.  
 (said to have written a tragedy on that subject) and were suf-  
 ficient to confirm the Trojans in their belief of Sinon's story.  
 MERRIC'S notes on Tryphiodorus, page 71.



120 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Myrmidonumque dolos : fusi per moenia Teucris

Conticuere : sopor fessos complectitur artus.

Argiva phalanx instructis navibus ibat

A Tenedo, tacitae per amica silentia lunae, 255

Litora nota petens : flammæ cum regia puppis

Extulerat ; fatisque deum defensus iniquis,

Inclusos utero Danaos, et pinea furtim

Laxat claustra Sinon : illos patefactus ad auras

Reddit equus, lactique cavo se robore promunt ; 260

Thessandrus Sthenelusque duces, et dirus Ulysses,

Demissum lapsi per funem, Acamasque, Thoasque,

Pelidesque Neoptolemus, primusque Machaon,

Et Menelaus, et ipse doli fabricator Epæus,

Invadunt urbem somno vinoque sepultam. 265

Caeduntur vigiles, portisque patentibus omnes

Accipiunt socios, atque agmina conscia jungunt.

Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus aegris

Incipit, et dono divum gratissima serpit.

In somnis, ecce, ante oculos moestissimus Hector 270

Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus ;

Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, aterque cruento

Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes.

Hei mihi, qualis erat ! quantum mutatus ab illo

Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis, 275

Vel Danaum Phrygios jaculatus puppibus ignes !

Squalentem barbam, et concretos sanguine crines,

BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 121

The Trojans round their walls in silence lay,  
And lost in sleep the labours of the day. 340  
When lo ! their course the Grecian navy bore,  
New-rigg'd and arm'd, and reach'd the well-known  
shore,

By silent Cynthia's friendly beams convey'd;  
And the proud admiral a flame display'd.  
Then Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods, 345  
Unlocks the mighty monster's dark abodes;  
His peopled caves pour forth in open air  
The heroes, and the whole imprison'd war.  
Led by the guiding cord, alight with joy  
Th' impatient princes, in the midst of Troy; 350  
Machaon first, then great Achilles' heir,  
Ulysses, Thoas, Acamas, appear;  
A crowd of chiefs with Menelaus succeed;  
Epeus last, who fram'd the fraudulent steed.  
Strait they invade the city, bury'd deep 355  
In fumes of wine, and all dissolv'd in sleep;  
They slay the guards, they burst the gates, and join  
Their fellows, conscious to the bold design.

'Twas now the time when first kind heav'n bestows  
On wretched man the blessings of repose; 360  
When, in my slumbers, Hector seem'd to rise  
A mournful vision ! to my closing eyes.  
Such he appear'd, as when Achilles' car  
And fiery courfers whirl'd him thro' the war;  
Drawn thro' his swelling feet the thongs I view'd, 365  
His beauteous body black with dust and blood.

122 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Vulneraque illa gerens, quae circum plurima muros  
 Acepit patrios. ultro flens ipse videbar  
 Compellare virum, et moestas expromere voces : 280  
 O lux Dardaniae, spes o fidissima Teucrûm,  
 Quae tantae tenuere morae? quibus Hector ab oris  
 Expectate venis? ut te post multa tuorum  
 Funera, post varios hominumque urbisque labores  
 Defessi aspicimus? quae causa indigna serenos 285  
 Foedavit vultus? aut cur haec vulnera cerno?  
 Ille nihil: nec me quaerentem vana moratur;  
 Sed graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens:  
 Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis.  
 Hostis habet muros, ruit alto a culmine Troja : 290  
 Sat patriae Priamoque datum. si Pergama dextra  
 Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.  
 Sacra, suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates:  
 Hos cape fatorum comites: his moenia quaere,  
 Magna pererrato statues quae denique ponto. 295  
 Sic ait, et manibus vittas, Vestamque potentem,  
 Aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.

BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 123

Ye gods ! how chang'd from Hector ! who with joy  
Return'd in proud Achilles' spoils to Troy ;  
Flung at the ships, like heav'n's almighty fire,  
Flames after flames, and wrapt a fleet in fire. 370  
Now gash'd with wounds that for his Troy he bore,  
His beard and locks stood stiffen'd with his gore,  
With tears and mournful accents I began,  
And thus bespoke the visionary man !

Say, glorious prince, thy country's hope and joy, 375  
What cause so long detains thee from thy Troy ?  
Say, from what realms, so long desir'd in vain,  
Her Hector comes, to bless her eyes again ?  
After such numbers slain, such labours past,  
Thus is our prince ! ah ! thus return'd at last ? 380  
Why stream these wounds ? or who could thus disgrace  
The manly charms of that majestic face ?

Nought to these questions vain the shade replies,  
But from his bosom draws a length of sighs ;  
Fly, fly, oh ! fly the gathering flames ; the walls 385  
Are won by Greece, and glorious Ilion falls ;  
Enough to Priam and to Troy before  
Was paid ; then strive with destiny no more ;  
Could any mortal hand prevent our fate,  
This hand, and this alone, had sav'd the state. 390  
Troy to thy care commends her wand'ring gods ;  
With these pursue thy fortunes o'er the floods  
To that proud city, thou shalt raise at last,  
Return'd from wand'ring wide the watry waste.  
This said, he brought from Vesta's hallow'd quire 395  
The sacred wreaths, and everlasting fire.



Diverſo interea miſcentur moenia luſtu :

Et magis atque magis, quanquam ſecreta parentis  
 Anchifae domus, arboribuſque obteſta receſſit, 300  
 Clareſcunt ſonitus, armorumque ingruit horror.  
 Excutior ſomno, et ſummi faſtigia tecti  
 Aſcenſu ſupero, atque arreſtis auribus adſto.  
 In ſegetem veluti cum flamma furentibus auſtris  
 Incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens 305  
 Sternit agros, ſternit fata laeta boumque labores,  
 Praecipiteſque trahit ſylvas ; ſtupet inſcius alto  
 Accipiens ſonitum ſaxi de vertice paſtor.  
 Tum vero manifeſta fides, Danaûmque pateſcunt  
 Inſidiae. jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam, 310  
 Vulcano ſuperante, domus : jam proximus ardet  
 Ucalegon : Sigea igni freta lata relucent.

397. *Round the walls ariſe,*] This puts me in mind of a line in Lucretius that is marvellouſly fine, where that poet (who had the warmeſt imagination of all the Roman writers,) unites together in one verſe all the dreadful images of war, which he ſays is carried on,

Vulneribus, clamore, fugâ, terrore, tumultu.

Lib. v. 1335.

405. *Thus o'er the corn*] Upon the occaſion of Æneas's making this ſimile, I cannot forbear hazarding an obſervation for which perhaps ſome critics may ſeverely cenſure me. However that may be, it appears to me, that Virgil is injudicious in putting theſe comparifons into the mouth of Æneas. The hero in this and ſome other paſſages, is by far too great a poet. Virgil ſeems to forget that Æneas is ſpeaking, and not himſelf. What can be more unnatural and offenſive to propriety, than for Æneas to ſtop in a narration, where he is deſcribing the deſolation of his own city, to make

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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 125

Meantime tumultuous round the walls arise  
 Shrieks, clamours, shouts, and mingle in the skies.  
 And (tho' remote my father's palace stood,  
 With shades furrounded, and a gloomy wood) 400  
 Near, and more near, approach the dire alarms ;  
 The voice of woe ; the dreadful din of arms.  
 Rous'd at the deaf'ning peal that roars around,  
 I mount the dome, and listen to the sound.  
 Thus o'er the corn, while furious winds conspire, 405  
 Rolls on a wide-devouring blaze of fire ;  
 Or some big torrent, from a mountain's brow,  
 Bursts, pours, and thunders down the vale below,  
 O'erwhelms the fields, lays waste the golden grain,  
 And headlong sweeps the forests to the main ; 410  
 Stun'd at the din, the swain with list'ning ears  
 From some steep rock the sounding ruin hears.

Now Hector's warning prov'd too clear and true,  
 The wiles of Greece appear'd in open view ;  
 The roaring flames in volumes huge aspire, 415  
 And wrap thy dome, Deiphobus, in fire ;  
 Thine, sage Ucalegon, next strow'd the ground,  
 And stretch'd a vast unmeasur'd ruin round,  
 Wide o'er the waves the bright reflection plays ;  
 The surges redden with the distant blaze. 420

make a laboured comparison of five or six lines about a fire  
 seizing a field of corn, or a shepherd listening to the roarings  
 of a torrent? In short, I think all the similes Æneas uses in  
 this second and the third book, during the time he is relating  
 his story and adventures to Dido, are as injudicious, and as  
 ill-placed as those laboured comparisons are with which the  
 acts of several celebrated modern tragedies are concluded.

126 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIS. II.

Exoritur clamorque virum, clangorque tubarum.  
 Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis :  
 Sed glomerare manum bello. et concurrere in arcem  
 Cum sociis ardent animi. furor iraque mentem 316  
 Praecipitant, pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis.  
 Ecce autem, telis Pantheus elapsus Achivum,  
 Pantheus Othryades, arcis Phœbique sacerdos ;  
 Sacra manu, victosque deos, parvumque nepotem 320  
 Ipse trahit, cursuque amens ad limina tendit.  
 Quo res summa loco, Pantheu ? quam prendimus arcem ?  
 Vix ea fatus eram gemitu cum talia reddit :  
 Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus  
 Dardaniae. fuimus Troës ; fuit Ilium, et ingens 325  
 Gloria Teucrorum. ferus omnia Jupiter Argos

421. *Then shouts and trumpets*] It is the observation of Mons. Dacier, that Virgil hath been guilty of a mistake in this particular, of describing the trumpet as used in the sack- ing of Troy.

Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.

And he likewise celebrates Misenus as the trumpeter of Æneas : but as Virgil wrote at a time very remote from those heroic ages, perhaps this liberty may be excused. However, a poet had better confine himself to customs and manners like a good painter ; and it is equally a fault in either of them to ascribe to times and nations any thing with which they were unacquainted.

This hath been a rock on which many a poet hath struck, and made himself highly ridiculous to the judicious and discerning ; preposterously and unnaturally mixing modern with antient manners and customs. A practice as absurd, to use Voltaire's allusion, as it was for certain Italian and Flemish painters to represent the virgin Mary with a chaplet of beads hanging

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Then shouts and trumpets swell the dire alarms;  
 And, tho' 'twas vain, I madly flew to arms:  
 Eager to raise a band of friends, and pour  
 In one firm body, to defend the tow'r;  
 Rage and revenge my kindling bosom fire, 425  
 Warm, and in arms, to conquer or expire.  
 But lo! poor Pantheus, Phœbus' priest appears,  
 Just scap'd the foe, distracted with his fears,  
 The sage his vanquish'd gods and reliques bore,  
 And with his trembling grandson fought the shore, 430  
 Say, Pantheus, how the fate of Ilion stands?  
 Say, if a tow'r remains in Trojan hands?  
 He thus with groans;—Our last sad hour is come,  
 Our certain, fixt, inevitable doom.  
 Troy once was great, but oh! the scene is o'er, 435  
 Her glory vanish'd! and her name no more!  
 For partial Jove transfers her past renown  
 To Greece, who triumphs in her burning town;

hanging at her girdle, to place Swift guards at the door of the apartment of Pharaoh; and to mix cannons and carabines with the antient arrows in the battle of Joshua.

435. *Troy once was great*] Virgil had his eye undoubtedly on a passage in the Troades of Euripides, where Andromache and Hecuba speak, as follows,

Ανδρ.—Πεῖν πολὺ ἡμεν.

Εκαθ.—Βεβαιον ολβος, βεβαιον Τροια.

449. *While Pantheus' words*] There is a very majestic and solemn air of lamentation in this speech of Pantheus; and its being put into the mouth of the priest of Phœbus, adds a dignity and importance to it.



Transtulit. incensa Danaï dominantur in urbe.  
 Arduus armatos moediis in moenibus adstans  
 Fundit equus, victorque Sinon incendia miscet  
 Insultans. portis alii bipatientibus adfunt, 330  
 Millia quot magnis nunquam venere Mycenis.  
 Obsedere alii telis angusta viarum  
 Oppositi: stat ferri acies mucrone corusco  
 Stricta, parata neci: vix primi praelia tentant  
 Portarum vigiles, et caeco Marte resistunt. 335  
 Talibus Othryadae dictis et numine divum  
 In flammās et in arma feror: quo tristis Erinnys,  
 Quo fremitus vocat, et sublatus ad aethera clamor.  
 Addunt se socios Ripheus, et maximus annis 339  
 Iphitus, oblatis per lunam, Hypanisque, Dymasque;  
 Et lateri agglomerant nostro: juvenisque Choroebus  
 Mygdonides. illis ad Trojam forte diebus  
 Venerat, infano Cassandrae incensus amore;  
 Et gener auxilium Priamo Phrygibusque ferebat:  
 Infelix, qui non sponsae praecepta furentis 345  
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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 129

And the huge monster from his op'ning side ;  
Pours forth her warriors in an endless tide ; 440  
With joy proud Sinon sees the flames aspire,  
Heaps blaze on blaze, and mingles fire with fire ;  
Here thousands pouring through the gates appear,  
Far more than proud Mycenæ sent to war.  
Some seize the passes ; groves of spears arise, 445  
That thirst for blood, and flash against the skies.  
The guards but just maintain a feeble fight  
With their fierce foes, amidst the gloomy night.

While Pantheus' words, while ev'ry god inspires,  
I flew to arms ; and rush'd amidst the fires, 450  
Where the loud furies call, where shouts and cries  
Ring round the walls, and thunder in the skies.  
Now faithful Ripheus on my side appears,  
With hoary Iphitus, advanc'd in years ;  
And valiant Hypanis and Dymas, known 455  
By the pale splendors of the glimm'ring moon ;  
With these Chorcebus, Mygdon's generous boy,  
Who came, ill-fated, to the wars of Troy ;  
Fir'd with the fair Cassandra's blooming charms,  
To aid her fire with unavailing arms ; 460  
Ah ! brave unhappy youth !---he would not hear  
His bride inspir'd, who warn'd him from the war !

These when I saw, with fierce collected might,  
Breathing revenge, and crowding to the fight ;  
With warmth I thus address'd the gen'rous train : 465  
Ye bold, brave youths, but bold and brave in vain !  
If by your dauntless souls impell'd, you dare  
With me to try th' extremities of war ;

Quos ubi confertos audere in praelia vidi,  
 Incipio super his: juvenes, fortissima frustra  
 Pectora, si vobis audentem extrema cupido est  
 Certa sequi; quae sit rebus fortuna, videtis. 350  
 Excessere omnes adytis arisque relictis  
 Di, quibus imperium hoc steterat: succurritis urbi  
 Incensae: moriamur, et in media arma ruamus.  
 Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem.  
 Sic animis juvenum furor additus. inde, lupi ceu 355  
 Raptores atra in nebula, quos improba ventris  
 Exegit caecos rabies, catulique relictis  
 Faucibus expectant ficcis: per tela, per hostes  
 Vadimus haud dubiam in mortem, mediaeque tenemus  
 Urbis iter, nox atra cava circumvolat umbra. 360  
 Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando  
 Explicet; aut possit lacrymis aequare labores?  
 Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos:  
 Plurima perque vias sternuntur inertia passim  
 Corpora, perque domos, et relligiosa deorum 365  
 Limina. nec soli poenas dant sanguine Teucris:  
 Quondam etiam victis redit in praecordia virtus,  
 Victoresque cadunt Danaï. crudelis ubique  
 Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.  
 Primus se, Danaum magna comitante caterva, 370

488. *Majestic Troy, lay level'd*] This description is sublime and pathetic; but how infinitely is it excelled by a passage in the prophet Isaiah, where he is speaking of the destruction of Babylon? "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there, neither shall

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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 131

You see our hopeless state ; how every god,  
Who guarded Troy, has left his old abode ; 470

You aid a town already sunk in fire ;  
Fly, fly to arms, and gloriously expire ;  
Let all rush on, and, vanquish'd as we are,  
Catch one last beam of safety from despair.

Thus while my words inflame the list'ning crew, 475  
With rage redoubled to the fight they flew.

As hungry wolves, while clouds involve the day,  
Rush from their dens ; and, prowling wide for prey,  
Howl to the tempest, while the savage brood,  
Stretch'd in the cavern, pant and thirst for blood ; 480

So thro' the town, determin'd to expire,  
Through the thick storm of darts, and smoke and fire,  
Wrapt and surrounded with the shades of night,  
We rush'd to certain death, and mingled in the fight.

What tongue the dreadful slaughter could disclose ? 485  
Or oh ! what tears could answer half our woes ?

The glorious empress of the nations round,  
Majestic Troy, lay level'd with the ground ;  
Her murder'd natives crowded her abodes,  
Her streets, her domes, the temples of her gods. 490  
Nor Ilion bled alone : her turn succeeds ;

And then she conquers, and proud Argos bleeds ;  
Death in a thousand forms destructive frown'd,  
And woe, despair, and horror rag'd around.

shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts  
of the desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of  
doleful creatures ; and the wild beasts of the islands shall  
cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant  
palaces." Chap. xiii.



132 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Androgeos offert nobis, socia agmina credens,  
 Inscius ; atque ultro verbis compellat amicus :  
 Festinate viri ; nam quae tam fera moratur  
 Segnities ? alii rapiunt incensa feruntque  
 Pergama : vos celsis nunc primum a navibus itis ? 375  
 Dixit : et extemplo, neque enim responsa dabantur  
 Fida satis, sensit medios delapsus in hostes :  
 Obstupuit, retroque pedem cum voce repressit.  
 Improvisum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem  
 Pressit humi nitens, trepidusque repente refugit 380  
 Attollentem iras, et coerula colla tumentem :  
 Haud secus Androgeos visu tremefactus abibat.  
 Irruimus, densis et circumfundimur armis :  
 Ignarosque loci, passim, et formidine captos  
 Sternimus. aspirat primo fortuna labori. 385  
 Atque hic successu exultans animisque Choroebus :  
 O focii, qua prima, inquit, fortuna salutis  
 Monstrat iter, quaque ostendit se dextra, sequamur.  
 Mutemus clypeos, Danaûmque insignia nobis  
 Aptemus. dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat ? 390

505. *So the pale swain,*] This fine simile, remarkable for its justness and propriety, is copied and imitated from one of Homer, in the third book of his Iliad. Mr. Pope makes this curious remark on it. " It may be said to the praise of " Virgil, that he has applied it upon an occasion where it has " an additional beauty." Paris, upon the sight of Menelaus's approach, is compared to a traveller who sees a snake shoot on a sudden towards him : but the surprize and danger of Androgeus is more lively, being just in the reach of his enemies before he perceived it : and the circumstance of the serpent rousing his crest,

(Attollentem iras, et caerula colla tumentem.)

which brightens with anger, finely images the shining of their arms in the night time, as they were just lifted up to  
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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 133

And first Androgeos, whom a train attends, 495  
 With stile familiar hail'd us as his friends ;  
 Haste, brave associates, haste ; what dull delay  
 Detains you here, while others seize the prey ?  
 In flames your friends have laid all Ilion waste,  
 And you come lagging from your ships the last. 500

Thus he ; but soon from our reply he knows  
 His fatal error, compass'd round with foes ;  
 Restrains his tongue, and, meditating flight,  
 Stops short ;---and startles at the dreadful sight.  
 So the pale swain, who treads upon a snake 505  
 Unseen, and lurking in the gloomy brake,  
 Soon as his swelling spires in circles play,  
 Starts back, and shoots precipitate away.

Fierce we rush in, the heedless foes surround,  
 And lay the wretches breathless on the ground : 510  
 New to the place, with sudden terror wild ;  
 And thus at first our flatt'ring fortune smil'd.

Then, by his courage and success inspir'd,  
 His warlike train the brave Chorcæbus fir'd ;  
 Lo ! friends, the road of safety you survey ; 515

Come, follow fortune, where she points the way ;  
 Let each in Argive arms his limbs disguise,  
 And wield the bucklers, that the foe supplies ;

destroy him. Scaliger criticises on the needless repetition of the words in Homer, *παλινορσο*, and *ανεχωρησεν*, which is avoided in the translation. But it must be observed in general, that little exactnesses are what we should not look for in Homer ; the genius of his age was too incorrect, and his own too fiery to regard them.

Notes on the third book of the Iliad, l. 47.

134 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Arma dabunt ipsi. sic fatus, deinde comantem  
 Androgei galeam, clypeique insigne decorum  
 Induitur : laterique Argivum accommodat enssem.  
 Hoc Ripheus, hoc ipse Dymas, omnisque juvenis  
 Laeta facit ; spoliis se quisque recentibus armat. 395  
 Vadimus immixti Danaïs, haud numine nostro,  
 Multaque per caecam congressi praelia noctem  
 Conserimus ; multos Danaûm demittimus Orco.  
 Diffugiunt alii ad naves, et litora cursu  
 Fida petunt : pars ingentem formidine turpi 400  
 Scandunt rursus equum, et nota conduntur in alvo.  
 Heu, nihil invitis fas quenquam fidere divis !  
 Ecce trahebatur passis Priameia virgo  
 Crinibus a templo Cassandra adytisque Minervae,  
 Ad coelum tendens ardentia lumina frustra ; 405  
 Lumina : nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.

537. *For lo ! Cassandra, lo ! the royal fair*] This is a beautiful and moving picture of the lovely prophetess in distress. A reader of taste will not be displeased to see her story in the words of Mr. Thompson, taken from his noble tragedy of Agamemnon, a play written in the true taste of the ancients, and enriched with many excellent imitations and translations from the Greek tragedies.

This Priam's fairest daughter,  
 Is a young princess of engaging beauty  
 Rais'd by distress ; of noble sense and spirit  
 But by poetic visions led astray,  
 She dreamt Apollo lov'd her, and the gift  
 Of prophecy bestowed to gain her promise :  
 The gift once hers, the chafly-faithless maid  
 Deceiv'd the God ; who therefore in revenge  
 Since he could not recall it, made it useless,  
 For ever doom'd to meet with disregard.

Act. iv. scene i.

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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 135

For if success an enemy attends,  
 Who asks, if fraud or valour gain'd his ends? 520  
 This said, Androgeos' crested helm he wore;  
 Then, on his arm, the ponderous buckler bore  
 With beauteous figures grac'd, and warlike pride;  
 The starry sword hung glitt'ring at his side.  
 Like him, bold Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest, 525  
 Their manly limbs in hostile armour drest.  
 With gods averse, we follow to the fight,  
 And, undistinguish'd in the shades of night,  
 Mix with the foes, employ the murd'ring steel,  
 And plunge whole squadrons to the depths of hell. 530  
 Some, wild with fear, precipitate retreat,  
 Fly to the shore, and shelter in the fleet;  
 Some climb the monstrous horse, a frighted train,  
 And there lie trembling in the sides again.  
 But, heav'n against us, all attempts must fail, 535  
 All hopes are vain, nor courage can prevail;  
 For lo! Cassandra, lo! the royal fair  
 From Pallas' shrine with loose dishevel'd hair  
 Dragg'd by the shouting victors;---to the skies  
 She rais'd, but rais'd in vain, her glowing eyes; 540  
 Her eyes---she could no more---the Grecian bands  
 Had rudely manacled her tender hands;

541. *Her eyes--she could no more--*] The only gesture described by Homer, as used by the ancients in the invocation of the gods, is the lifting up their hands to heaven. Virgil frequently alludes to this passage; particularly in the second book there is a passage, the beauty of which is much raised by this consideration.

Pope's notes. Iliad vi.

There is a fine Cassandra in the Florentine collection, in this attitude of distress,



336 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Non tulit hanc speciem furiata mente Choroebus,  
 Et sese medium injecit moriturus in agmen.  
 Consequimur cuncti, et densis incurrimus armis.  
 Hic primum ex alto delubri culmine telis 410  
 Nostrorum obruimur, oriturque miserrima caedes,  
 Armorum facie, et Grajarum errore jubarum.  
 Tum Danaï, gemitu atque ereptae virginis ira,  
 Undique collecti invadunt; acerrimus Ajax,  
 Et gemini Atridae, Dolopumque exercitus omnis. 415  
 Adversî rupto ceu quondam turbine venti  
 Confligunt, zephyrusque, notusque, et laetus eois  
 Euris equis: stridunt sylvae, saevitque tridenti  
 Spumeus, atque imo Nereus ciet aequora fundo.  
 Illi etiam, si quos obscura nocte per umbam 420  
 Fudimus insidiis, totaque agitavimus urbe,  
 Apparent: primi clypeos mentitaque tela  
 Agnoscunt, atque ora sono discordia signant.  
 Illicet obruimur numero: primusque Choroebus  
 Penelei dextra divae armipotentis ad aram 425  
 Procumbit: cadit et Ripheus, justissimus unus  
 Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus aequi.  
 Dis aliter visum. pereunt Hypanisque, Dymasque,

BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 137

Choræbus could not bear that scene of woes,  
But, fir'd with fury, flew amidst the foes ;  
As swift we follow to redeem the fair, 545  
Rush to his aid, and thicken to the war.  
Here from the temple on our troop descends  
A storm of javelins from our Trojan friends,  
Who from our arms and helmets deem'd us foes ;  
And hence a dreadful scene of slaughter rose. 550  
Then all the Greeks our slender band invade,  
And pour enrag'd to seize the rescu'd maid ;  
Ajax with all the bold Dolopians came,  
And both the kings of Atreus' royal name.  
So when the winds in airy conflict rise, 555  
Here south and west charge dreadful in the skies ;  
There louder Eurus, to the battle borne,  
Mounts the swift coursers of the purple morn ;  
Beneath the whirlwind roar the bending woods ;  
With his huge trident Neptune strikes the floods : 560  
Foams, storms, and tempesting the deeps around,  
Bares the broad bosom of the dark profound.  
Those too, we chas'd by night, a scatter'd train,  
Now boldly rally, and appear again.  
To them our Argive helms and arms are known, 565  
Our voice and language diff'ring from their own.  
We yield to numbers. By Peneleus' steel  
First at Minerva's shrine Choræbus fell.  
Next Ripheus bled, the justest far of all  
The sons of Troy ; yet heav'n permits his fall. 570  
The like sad fate brave Hypanis attends  
And hapless Dymas, slaughter'd by their friends.

Confixi a fociis : nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,  
 Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula textit. 430  
 Iliaci cineres, et flamma extrema meorum,  
 Testor, in occasu vestro, nec tela, nec ullas  
 Vitavisse vices Danaûm ; et, si fata fuissent  
 Ut caderem, meruisse manu, divellimur inde ;  
 Iphitus et Pelias mecum : quorum Iphitus aevo 435  
 Jam gravior, Pelias et vulnere tardus Ulyssæi.  
 Protinus ad sedes Priami clamore vocati,  
 Hic vero ingentem pugnam, ceu caetera nusquam  
 Bella forent, nulli tota morerentur in urbe :  
 Sic Martem indomitum, Danaosque ad tecta ruentes 440  
 Cernimus, obsessumque acta testudine limen.  
 Haerent parietibus scalae, postesque sub ipsos  
 Nituntur gradibus, clypeosque ad tela sinistris  
 Protecti objiciunt, prensant fastigia dextris.  
 Dardanidae contra turres ac tecta domorum 445  
 Culmina convellunt, his se, quando ultima cernunt,  
 Extrema jam in morte parant defendere telis :  
 Auratasque trabes, veterum decora alta parentum,  
 Devolyunt. alij strictis mucronibus imas  
 Obsedere fores ; has servant agmine denso, 450

589. *Shield lock'd*] The testudo was properly a figure which the soldiers cast themselves into ; so that their targets should close altogether above their heads, and defend them from the missive weapons of the enemy ; as if we suppose, the first rank to have stood upright on their feet, and the rest to have stoop'd lower and lower by degrees, till the last rank kneel'd down upon their knees : so that every rank covering with their target, the heads of all in the rank before them, they resembled a tortoise's shell, or a sort of pent-house.

KENNETT's Antiq. B. iv.

BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 139

Nor thee, sage Pantheus ! Phoebus' wreaths could save,  
Nor all thy shining virtues from the grave.

Ye dear, dear ruins ! and thou, Troy ! declare 575  
If once I trembled or declin'd the war :

Midst flames and foes a glorious death I fought,  
And well deserv'd the death for which I fought.  
Thence we retreat, our brave associates gone,  
Pelias and Iphitus were left alone ; 580

This slow with age and bending to the ground,  
And that more tardy from Ulysses' wound.  
Now from the palace-walls tumultuous ring  
The shouts, and call us to defend the king ;  
There we beheld the rage of fight, and there 585  
The throne of death, and center of the war ;

As Troy, all Troy beside had slept in peace,  
Nor stain'd by slaughter, nor alarm'd by Greece.  
Shield lock'd in shield, advance the Grecian pow'rs,  
To burst the gates, and storm the regal tow'rs ; 590

Fly up the steep ascent where danger calls,  
And fix their scaling engines in the walls.  
High in the left they grasp'd the fenceful shield,  
Fierce in the right the rocky ramparts held ;

Roofs, tow'rs, and battlements the Trojans throw, 595  
A pile of ruins ! on the Greeks below ;  
Catch for defense the weapons of despair,  
In these the dire extremes of death and war.

Now on their heads the pond'rous beams are roll'd,  
By Troy's first monarchs crusted round with gold. 600  
Here thronging troops with glitt'ring fau'chions stand,  
To guard the portals, and the door command.



140 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Instaurati animi, regis succurrere tectis,  
 Auxilioque levare viros, vimque addere victis.  
 Limen erat, caecaeque fores, et pervius usus  
 Tectorum inter se Priami, postesque relictī  
 A tergo: infelix qua se, dum regna manebant, 455  
 Saepius Andromache ferre incommitata solebat  
 Ad foceros, et avo puerum Astryanaëta trahebat.  
 Evado ad summi fastigia culminis; unde  
 Tela manu miseri jactabant irrita Teucrici.  
 Turrim in praecipiti stantem, summisque sub astra 460  
 Eductam tectis, unde omnis Troja videri,  
 Et Danaûm solitae naves, et Achaïca castra,  
 Aggressi ferro circum, qua summa labantes  
 Juncturas tabulata dabant, convellimus altis  
 Sedibus, impulimusque. ea lapsa repente ruinam 465  
 Cum sonitu trahit, et Danaûm super agmina late

605. *A secret portico*] The palace of Priam being strongly beleaguere'd and invested, before Æneas can enter to its relief, he is driven to a necessity of stealing in with his party at a postern, either deserted, or undiscovered: thro' which, they ascend to an old tower, and push the battlements of it down upon the enemy. These are circumstances, of so low a nature in themselves, as not to admit of being embellished, or wrought up to the dignity of heroic poetry. Virgil was conscious of this objection; and happily found the means of heightening, and enlivening, both circumstances by the help of fiction. To elevate the affair of the blind postern, he feigns, that thro' this gate and passage, in the times of her prosperity, Andromache was used to lead her young Astryanax to visit his old grandfire Priam; by this image, noble and elevated in itself, and full of tenderness, the lowness of the circumstance, with regard to the postern, is avoided and lost. To elevate the affair of the old mouldring tower, being pushed down, which conveys but a mean idea, he as happily feigns, that from thence they could take a prospect of all Troy, discover the camp and motions of the enemy, and

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Strait to the palace, fir'd with hopes, I go  
 To aid the vanquish'd, and repell the foe.  
 A secret portico contriv'd behind, 605  
 Great Hector's mansion to the palace join'd,  
 By which his hapless princeſs oft would bring  
 Her royal infant to the good old king.  
 This way the topmoſt battlements I gain,  
 Whence the tir'd Trojans threw their darts in vain. 610  
 Rais'd on a lofty point, a turret rears  
 Her ſtately head unrival'd to the ſtars;  
 From hence we wont all Ilion to ſurvey,  
 The fields, the camp, the fleets, and rolling ſea.  
 With ſteel the yielding timbers we aſſail'd. 615  
 Where looſe the huge diſjointed ſtructure fail'd;  
 Then, tugg'd convulſive from the ſhatter'd walls,  
 We puſh the pile; the pond'rous ruin falls

and ſurvey the extent of their whole fleet. This, again, is giving the old turret a ſignificance which makes its demolition to be conſidered with regret and pity; and quite turns off every thought of ridicule, ariſing from the manner of its tumbling.

SEGRAIS.

613. *From hence*] This landscape which lay in proſpect from the tower, diversifies the ſcenes of fire, and carnage he is deſcribing.

618. *We puſh the pile;*] This is a fine inſtance of the tranſlator's making the ſound of the verſes an echo to the ſenſe. The pauſe is likewise very judicious, and cloſely imitates the original,

—convellimus altis

Sedibus impulimusque.

I ſhall add a paſſage in Leonidas, where the Greeks gather together ſtones of the greateſt bulk and bodies of vaſt trees, and puſh them down from Mount Cæta upon the heads of the Perſians who fought beneath:

—Down—

Incidit. ast alii subeunt; nec saxa, nec ullum  
 Telorum interea cessat genus.  
 Vestibulum ante ipsum primoque in limine Pyrrhus  
 Exultat, telis et luce coruscus athena. 470  
 Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, mala gramina pastus,  
 Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat;  
 Nunc positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventa,  
 Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga  
 Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trifulcis. 475  
 Una ingens Periphas, et equorum agitator Achillis  
 Armiger Automedon; una omnis Scyria pubes  
 Succedunt tecto, et flammæ ad culmina jactant.  
 Ipse inter primos, correpta dura bipenni  
 Limina perrumpit, postesque a cardine vellit 480  
 Aeratos: jamque excisa trabe firma cavavit  
 Robora, et ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram.  
 Apparet domus intus, et atria longa pateſcunt:  
 Apparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum:

—Downward sinks

The nodding pile, stupendous heap of death!  
 Trees roll'd on trees with mingled rock descend  
 Unintermitted ruin. Loud resound  
 The hollow trunks against the mountain's side,  
 Swift bounds each craggy mass.—

The poet then adds a circumstance, which is entirely new  
 and his own, and most strongly conceived.

—The foes beneath

Look up aghast, with horror shrink and die.

Leonidas, book v. 736.

625. *So from his den,*] This comparison is copied from  
 Homer II. X. v. 93. Virgil (says Dr. Theobald) speaks of  
 the serpent, *mala gramina pastus*, as if poisonous herbs were  
 his ordinary and constant diet: Homer, I think with more  
 propriety, and a more intimate knowledge of nature, men-  
 tions

BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 143

Tumbling in many a whirl, with thund'ring sound,  
Down headlong on the foes, and smokes along the  
ground. 620

But crowds on crowds the bury'd troops supply;  
And in a storm the beams and rocky fragments fly.

Full in the portal rag'd with loud alarms  
Brave Pyrrhus, glitt'ring in his brazen arms.  
So from his den, the winter slept away, 625  
Shoots forth the burnish'd snake in open day;  
Who, fed with ev'ry poison of the plain,  
Sheds his old spoils, and shines in youth again;  
Proud of his golden scales rolls tow'ring on,  
And darts his forky sting, and glitters on the sun. 630

To him the mighty Periphas succeeds,  
And the bold † chief who drove his fathers steeds;  
With these the Scyrian bands advance, and aim  
Full at the battlements the missive flame. 635  
Fierce Pyrrhus in the front with forceful sway  
Ply'd the huge ax, and hew'd the beams away;  
The solid timbers from the portal tore,  
And rent from ev'ry hinge the brazen door.  
At last the chief a mighty op'ning made, 640  
And, all th' imperial dome, in all her length display'd:  
The sacred rooms of Troy's first monarchs lie,  
With Priam's pomp, profan'd by every eye;

tions the serpent as having eat poison, just when he meant to lie in wait, and was prepar'd for mischief. *Ανδρα μνησι, Λε-  
Γρωκος κακα φαρμακα.* *Ælian* (Lib. vi. c. 4.] in his history of animals, mentions this custom of the serpent, and says it is alluded to by *Homer*.

† Automedon.



Armatosque vident stantes in limine primo. 485

At domus interior gemitu miseroque tumultu  
 Miscetur, penitusque cavae plangoribus aedes  
 Foemineis ululant. ferit aurea sidera clamor.  
 Tum pavidæ tectis matres ingentibus errant,  
 Amplexæque tenent postes, atque oscula figunt. 490  
 Instat vi patria Pyrrhus; nec claustra, neque ipsi  
 Custodes sufferre valent. labat ariete crebro  
 Janua, et emoti procumbunt cardine postes.  
 Fit via vi: rumpunt aditus, primosque trucidant  
 Immissi Danaï, et late loca milite complent. 495  
 Non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis  
 Exiit, oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,  
 Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnes  
 Cum stabulis armenta trahit. vidi ipse furem 499  
 Caede Neoptolemum, geminosque in limine Atridas:

646. *Now far within,*] The women in Greece, and all over the east (as the custom holds to this day) had their apartments quite distinct from those of men, in the inner and most retired part of the house. For their chambers to be broken open and violated was the most dreadful of calamities. Servius tells us, that all this fine passage is taken from Ennius's description of the siege of Alba; which Livy has so nobly painted in the first book of his history. The custom of kissing beds, columns, and doors, before they were oblig'd to quit them, is mentioned frequently by Sophocles and Euripides.

648. *The roof resounds,*] Ariosto has exactly and minutely imitated this fine description in his Orlando Furioso.

Sonar per gli alti e spatiosi tetti

S' odo gridi, e femminil lamenti:

L' afflitti donne, percotendo i petti,

Corron per casa pallide, e dolenti:

E abbraccian gli usci e i geniali letti,

Che tosto hanno a lasciare astrate genti.

Canto xvii. Stanza 13.

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In arms the centries to the breach repair,  
And stand embody'd, to repell the war.

645

Now far within, the regal rooms disclose,  
Loud and more loud, a direful scene of woes;  
The roof resounds with female shrieks and cries,  
And the shrill echo strikes the distant skies.

The trembling matrons fly from place to place, 650  
And kiss the pillars with a last embrace;

Bold Pyrrhus storms with all his father's fire;  
The barriers burst; the vanquish'd guards retire;  
The shatter'd doors the thund'ring engines ply;  
The bolts leap back; the sounding hinges fly; 655

The war breaks in; loud shout the hostile train;  
The gates are storm'd; the foremost soldiers slain:

Through the wide courts the crowding Argives roam,  
And swarm triumphant round the regal dome.

Not half so fierce the foamy deluge bounds, 660  
And bursts resistless o'er the level'd mounds;

Pours down the vale, and roaring o'er the plain,  
Sweeps herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.

These eyes within the gate th' Atrides view'd,  
And furious Pyrrhus cover'd o'er with blood; 665

'Tis remarkable that Sir J. Harrington has totally omitted this fine passage (as indeed he has many others) in his translation of this celebrated Italian poet. There are a great many passages in Ariosto copied from this second book of Virgil.

DR. THEOBALD'S second book.

665. *And furious Pyrrhus,*] The character of this son of Achilles is all along supported with great spirit. There is a fine passage in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* which from the relation it bears to this second book of the *Æneid* I shall quote at length. Achilles enquires of Ulysses the behaviour

Vidi Hecubam, centumque nurus, Priamumque per aras  
 Sanguine foedantem, quos ipse sacrauerat, ignes.  
 Quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum,  
 Barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi,  
 Procubere. tenent Danai, qua deficit ignis. 505  
 Forſitan et, Priami fuerint quae fata, requiras.  
 Urbis ubi captae caſum, convulſaque vidit  
 Limina teſtorum, et medium in penetralibus hoſtem ;  
 Arma diu ſenior deſueta trementibus aevo  
 Circundat nequicquam humeris, et inutile ferrum 510  
 Cingitur, ac denſos fertur moriturus in hoſtes.  
 Aedibus in mediis, nudoque ſub aetheris axe  
 Ingens ara fuit, juxtaque veterrima laurus  
 Incumbens arae, atque umbra complexa Penates.  
 Hic Hecuba et natae nequicquam altaria circum, 515  
 Praecipites atra ceu tempeſtate columbae,  
 Condensae, et divum amplexae ſimulacra, ſedebant.

of his ſon, ſince he himſelf died: and Ulyſſes, to give him the  
 higheſt idea of Pyrrhus his courage, answers him in the fol-  
 lowing lines :

When Ilion in the hoſe receiv'd her doom,  
 And unſeen armies ambuſh'd in its womb,  
 Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,  
 'Twas mine on Troy to pour th' impriſon'd war:  
 Then when the boldeſt boſom beat for fear,  
 When the ſtern eyes of heroes drop'd a tear ;  
 Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,  
 Fluſh'd in his cheek or ſally'd in his blood ;  
 Indignant in the dark reſeſs he ſtands,  
 Pants for the battle, and the war demands ;  
 His voice breath'd death ; and with a martial air,  
 He graſp'd his ſword, and ſhook his glittering ſpear.  
 Mr. Pope has animated and added fire to the original  
 lines.

Sad they beheld, amid the mournful scene,  
 The hundred daughters with the mother queen,  
 And Priam's self polluting with his gore  
 Those flames, he hallow'd at the shrines before.  
 The fifty bridal rooms, a work divine! 670

(Such were his hopes of a long regal line)  
 Rich in Barbaric gold, with trophies crown'd,  
 Sunk with their proud support of pillars round;  
 And, where the flames retire, the foes possess the ground. }

And now, great queen, you haply long to know 675

The fate of Priam in this general woe.  
 When with sad eyes the venerable sire  
 Beheld his Ilion sunk in hostile fire;

His palace storm'd, the lofty gates laid low,  
 His rich pavillions crowded with the foe; 680

In arms, long since diffus'd, the hoary sage  
 Loads each stiff languid limb, that shook with age;

Girds on an unperforming sword in vain,  
 And runs on death amidst the hostile train.

Within the courts, beneath the naked sky, 685  
 An altar rose; an aged laurel by;

That o'er the hearth and household-gods display'd  
 A solemn gloom, a deep majestic shade:

Hither, like doves, who close-embodiy'd fly  
 From some dark tempest black'ning in the sky, 690

The queen for refuge with her daughters ran,  
 Clung and embrac'd their images in vain.

675. *And now,*] This is the only line, throughout all  
 Æneas's narration, in which he takes notice of his audience.



Ipsum autem sumptis Priamum juvenilibus armis  
 Ut vidit: quae mens tam dira, miserrime conjux,  
 Impulit his cingi telis? aut quo ruis? inquit. 520  
 Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis  
 Tempus eget: non, si ipse meus nunc afforet Hector.  
 Huc tandem concede: haec ara tuebitur omnes:  
 Aut moriere simul. sic ore effata, recepit  
 Ad sese, et sacra longaeuum in sede locavit. 525  
 Ecce autem, elapsus Pyrrhi de caede Polites,  
 Unus natorum Priami, per tela, per hostes  
 Porticibus longis fugit, et vacua atria lustrat  
 Saucius. illum ardens infesto vulnere Pyrrhus 529  
 Insequitur, jam jamque manu tenet, et premit hasta.  
 Ut tandem ante oculos evasit et ora parentum,  
 Concidit, ac multo vitam cum sanguine fudit.  
 Hic Priamus, quanquam in media jam morte tenetur,  
 Non tamen abstinuit, nec voci, iraeque pepercit:  
 At tibi pro scelere, exclamat, pro talibus ausis 535  
 Dî, si qua est coelo pietas, quae talia curet,  
 Perfolvant grates dignas, et praemia reddant  
 Debita: qui nati coram me cernere letum  
 Fecisti, et patrios foedasti funere vultus.

700. *My own dear Hector,*] De la Cerda imagines there is  
 some hidden meaning in her saying *My Hector*, rather than  
 Yours or Ours; as if he were the son of some God: Which  
 conjecture is groundless and very far fetch'd. 'Tis certainly,  
 as Dr. Trapp observes, only a fond, motherly expression, and  
 nothing more.

But when in cumbrous arms the king she spy'd,  
 Alas! my poor unhappy lord! she cry'd,  
 What more than madness, 'midst these dire alarms, 695  
 Mov'd thee to load thy helpless age with arms?  
 No aid like thine this dreadful hour demands,  
 But asks far other strength, far other hands.  
 No! could my own dear Hector arm again,  
 My own dear Hector now would arm in vain. 700  
 Come to these altars; here we all shall have  
 One common refuge, or one common grave.  
 This said, her aged lord the queen embrac'd,  
 And on the sacred seat the monarch plac'd.

When lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons, 705  
 Through darts and foes, from slaught'ring Pyrrhus runs,  
 Wounded he traverses the cloyster'd dome,  
 Darts through the courts, and shoots from room to room;  
 Close, close behind, pursu'd the furious foe,  
 Just grasp'd the youth, and aim'd the fatal blow; 710  
 Soon as within his parents fight he past,  
 Pierc'd by the pointed death, he breath'd his last:  
 He fell; a purple stream the pavement dy'd,  
 The soul comes gushing in the crimson tide.  
 The king, that scene impatient to survey, 715  
 Tho' death surrounds him, gives his fury way;  
 And oh! may ev'ry violated God,  
 Barbarian! thank thee for this deed of blood;  
 (If Gods there are, such actions to regard,)  
 Oh! may they give thy guilt the full reward; 720  
 Guilt, that a father's sacred eyes defil'd  
 With blood, the blood of his dear murder'd child!

At non ille, fatum quo te mentiris, Achilles 540  
 Talis in hoste fuit Priamo; sed jura fidemque  
 Supplicis erubuit, corpusque exangue sepulchro  
 Reddidit Hecstoreum, meque in mea regna remisit.  
 Sic fatus senior, telumque imbelli sine ictu  
 Conjecit: rauco quod protinus aere repulsum, 545  
 Et summo clypei nequicquam umbone pependit.  
 Cui Pyrrhus: Referes ergo haec, et nuncius ibis  
 Pelidae genitori. illi mea tristitia facta,  
 Degeneremque Neoptolemum narrare memento.

723. *Unlike thy fire,*] Achilles in the twenty fourth book of the Iliad, receives old Priam with tenderness and compassion, and restores to him the body of his son Hector.

I fancy this interview between Priam and Achilles would furnish an admirable subject for a painter, in the surprize of Achilles and the other spectators, and the attitude of Priam, and the sorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king. That circumstance of Priam's kissing the hands of Achilles is inimitably fine; "he kiss'd, says Homer, the hands of Achilles, those terrible, murderous hands, that had robb'd him of so many sons." By these two words the poet recalls to our minds, all the noble actions performed by Achilles in the whole Iliad: and at the same time strikes us with the utmost compassion for this unhappy king, who is reduced so low as to be obliged to kiss those hands that had slain his subjects, and ruined his kingdom and family.

POPE'S Iliad, xxiv. 586.

733. *Thou then be first,*] Virgil was too judicious, says Mr. Pope, to imitate Homer in some of his cruel and inhuman speeches, made over the dying and the dead; and is much more reserved in his sarcasms, and insults. There are not above four or five in the whole Aeneid. That of Pyrrhus to Priam in the second book, tho' barbarous in itself, may be accounted for, as intended to raise a character of horror, and render the action of Pyrrhus odious; whereas Homer stains his most favourite characters with these barbarities. That of Ascanius over Numanus in the ninth, was a fair

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Unlike thy fire, Achilles the divine !  
 (But sure Achilles was no fire of thine !)  
 Foe as I was, the heroe deign'd to hear 725  
 The guest's, the suppliant's, king's, and father's pray'r ;  
 To funeral rites restor'd my Hector slain,  
 And safe dismiss'd me to my realm again.  
 This said, his trembling arm essay'd to throw  
 The dull dead javelin, that scarce reach'd the foe ; 730  
 The weapon languishingly lagg'd along,  
 And, guiltless, on the buckler faintly rung.  
 Thou then be first, replies the chief, to go  
 With these sad tidings to his ghost below ;  
 Begone—acquaint him with my crimes in Troy, 735  
 And tell my fire of his degenerate boy.

fair opportunity where Virgil might have indulged the humour of a cruel raillery, and have been excused by the youth and gaiety of the speaker ; yet it is no more than a very moderate answer to the insolencies with which he had just been provoked by his enemy, only retorting two of his own words upon him.

—I, verbis virtutem illude superbis !

Bis capti Phryges haec Rutulis responsa remittunt.

He never suffers his Æneas to fall into this practice, but while he is on fire with indignation after the death of his friend Pallas : That short one is the best that could be said to such a tyrant :

—Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, et illa

Effera vis animi ?——

The worst-natured one I remember (which yet is more excusable than Homer's,) is that of Turnus to Eumedes in the twelfth book,

En, agros et quam bello, Trojane, petisti,

Hesperiam metire jacens : haec praemia, qui me

Ferro ausi tentare, ferunt : sic moenia condunt.

This note is so full of just criticism on so many passages of our author, that it's length does not want any excuse.



Nunc morere. hoc dicens, altaria ad ipsa trementem  
 Traxit, et in multo lapsantem sanguine nati, 551  
 Implicuitque comam laeva; dextraque coruscum  
 Extulit, ac lateri capulo tenus abdidit ensen.  
 Haec finis Priami fatorum: hic exitus illum  
 Sorte tulit Trojam incensam et prolapsa videntem 555  
 Pergama, tot quondam populis terrisque superbum  
 Regnatorem Asiae. jacet ingens litore truncus,  
 Avulsumque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus.  
 At me tum primum saevus circumstitit horror:  
 Obstupui. subiit chari genitoris imago, 560  
 Ut regem aequaeuum crudeli vulnere vidi  
 Vitam exhalantem: subiit deserta Creüsa,  
 Et direpta domus, et parvi casus Iuli.  
 Respicio, et, quae sit me circum copia, lustro.  
 Deseruere omnes defessi, et corpora saltu 565  
 Ad terram misere, aut ignibus aegra dedere.  
 Jamque adeo super unus eram, cum limina Vestae  
 Servantem, et tacitam secreta in sede latentem

745. *Such was the fate,*] There is a passage in Dr. Trapp's poetical lectures, where that judicious critic compares the chaste manner of Virgil's writing with the false and frivolous conceits and witticisms of Seneca and Ovid; and he produces this passage of Virgil as an instance. In Troade Senecae, Hecuba dolens quod Trojae excidio, Priami jaceret inhumatum cadaver, luctum suum sic exprimit:

Ille tot regum parens  
 caret sepulchro Priamus, et flammâ indiget,  
 Ardente Trojâ—  
 Et eodem modo alius;  
 —Priamumque in littore truncum,  
 Cui non Troja rogas.—

Quid frigidius in materiâ tam grandi et sublimi? Quam leve istud dictum flammâ funebri caruisse Priamum, cum Troja flammis nimium abundaret? Quanto melius de re eodem Virgilius! *Haec finis Priami*—Grandia sunt omnia; majestatis plena et argumento congruentia; noluit poeta in re tam seriâ et magnificâ exiguis facetiis ludere.

Die then : he said, and dragg'd the monarch on,  
Thro' the warm blood that issu'd from his son,  
Stagg'ring and sliding in the slipp'ry gore,  
And to the shrine the royal victim bore ; 740  
Lock'd in the left he grasps the silver hairs,  
High in the right the flaming blade he rears,  
Then to the hilt with all his force apply'd,  
He plung'd the ruthless fau'chion in his side.  
Such was the fate unhappy Priam found, 745  
Who saw his Troy lie levell'd with the ground ;  
He, who round Asia sent his high commands,  
And stretch'd his empire o'er a hundred lands ;  
Now lies a headless carcass on the shore,  
The man, the monarch, and the name more ! 750  
Then, nor till then, I fear'd the furious foe,  
Struck with that scene of unexampled woe ;  
Soon as I saw the murder'd king expire ;  
His old compeer, my venerable fire,  
My palace, son, and consort left behind, 755  
All, all, at once came rushing on my mind.  
I gaz'd around, but not a friend was there ;  
My hapless friends, abandon'd to despair,  
Had leap'd down headlong from the lofty spires,  
Tir'd with their toils ; or plung'd amidst the fires. 760  
Thus left alone, and wand'ring, I survey  
Where trembling Helen close and silent lay

754. *Old compeer,*] This circumstance of his being put in mind of his father and family by seeing the lamentable death of old Priam, is very natural and moving. The distress is now work'd up to the height. Æneas is left alone amid all the dangers that surrounded him.

761. *Thus left alone,*] Varius and Tucca, who were appointed to revise the Æneid, are said to have struck out the

Tyndarida aspicio : dant clara incendia lucem  
 Erranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti. 570  
 Illa sibi infestos eversa ob Pergama Teucros,  
 Et poenas Danaûm, et deserti conjugis iras  
 Permetuens, Trojae et patriae communis Erinnyes,  
 Abdiderat sese, atque aris invisâ sedebat.  
 Exarsere ignes animo : subit ira cadentem 575  
 Ulcisci patriam, et sceleratas sumere poenas.  
 Scilicet haec Spartam incolumis patriasque Mycenae  
 Aspiciet, partoque ibit regina triumpho ?  
 Conjugiumque, domumque, patres, natosque videbit,  
 Iliadum turba et Phrygiis comitata ministris ? 580  
 Occiderit ferro Priamus ? Troja arserit igni ?  
 Dardanium toties fudarit sanguine litus ?  
 Non ita : namque etsi nullum memorabile nomen  
 Foeminea in poena est, nec habet victoria laudem ;  
 Extinxisse nefas tamen, et sumpsisse merentis 585  
 Laudabor poenas ; animumque expleisse juvabit

twenty two following verses in the original, as containing  
 some inconsistencies relating to Helen's flight, and some ex-  
 pressions not agreeable to the purity of Virgil's style. Ca-  
 trou is for retrenching them, but Dr. Trapp has defended  
 them at large, and thinks they deserve to stand in their  
 place.

See ADDISON'S travels, p. 425-6.

778. *Drench the Dardan shore,*] In the original, fudarit  
 sanguine tellus, is very strong, and is censured by some  
 critics ; but Virgil had Ennius's authority for it, from whom  
 he has borrow'd many expressions of great force and  
 energy :

—Æs fonat,

Franguntur hastae, terra fudat sanguine.

786. *I saw my mother rise,*] With what pomp and ma-  
 jesty has the poet introduced this piece of machinery ! at the  
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In Vesta's porch; and by the dismal glare  
 Of rolling flames discern the fatal fair;  
 The common plague! by Troy and Greece abhor'd!  
 She fear'd alike the vengeful Trojan sword,  
 Her injur'd country, and abandon'd lord.  
 Fast by the shrine I spy'd the lurking dame,  
 And all my soul was kindled into flame;  
 My ruin'd country to revenge, I stood  
 In wrath resolv'd to shed her impious blood.  
 Shall she, this guilty fair, return in peace,  
 A queen, triumphant, through the realms of Greece,  
 And see, attended by her Phrygian train,  
 Her home, her parents, spouse, and sons again? 775  
 For her curst cause shall raging flames destroy  
 The stately structures of imperial Troy?  
 So many slaughters drench the Dardan shore?  
 And Priam's self lie welt'ring in his gore?  
 No!—she shall die—for tho' the victor gain 780  
 No fame, no triumph for a woman slain;  
 Yet if by just revenge the traitress bleed,  
 The world consenting will applaud the deed:  
 To my own vengeance I devote her head,  
 And the great spirits of our heroes dead. 785  
 Thus while I rav'd, I saw my mother rise,  
 Confess'd a goddess, to my wond'ring eyes,

same time, how great is his art and judgment in bringing in Venus to make Æneas desist from any farther attempts in endeavouring to save the city! nothing but the appearance of this goddess, who plainly shews him the deities that are engaged in destroying Troy, could make Æneas forsake the fight.



Ultricis flammae, et cineres fatiasse meorum.  
 Talia jactabam, et furiata mente ferebar,  
 Cum mihi se, non ante oculis tam clara, videndam  
 Obtulit, et pura per noctem in luce refulsit. 590  
 Alma parens, confessa deam; qualisque videri  
 Coelicolis et quanta solet; dextraque prehensum  
 Continuit, roseoque haec insuper addidit ore:  
 Nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras?  
 Quid furis? aut quonam nostri tibi cura recessit? 595  
 Non prius aspicias, ubi fessum aetate parentem  
 Liqueris Anchisen? superet conjuxne Creüsa,  
 Ascaniusque puer? quos omnes undique Graiae  
 Circum errant acies: et, ni mea cura resistat,  
 Jam flammae tulerint, inimicus et hauserit ensis. 600  
 Non tibi Tyndaridis facies invisa Lacaenae,  
 Culpatusve Paris; verum inclementia divum  
 Has evertit opes, sternitque a culmine Trojam.  
 Aspice (namque omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti  
 Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum 605  
 Caligat, nubem eripiam: tu ne qua parentis  
 Jussa time, neu praeceptis parere recusa)  
 Hic, ubi disiectas moles, avolsaque saxis  
 Saxa vides, mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum,  
 Neptunus muros, magnoque emota tridenti 610

815. *There Neptune's trident*] This imagery is prodigiously sublime; the thought of Venus's clearing his eye, and shewing him the Gods at work in destroying the city, is nobly conceived. I apprehend this to be one of the sublimest passages in Virgil's writings, and indeed it is comparable to any thing in Homer, the greatest commendation that can be given it.

The hint seems to have been given by Homer, *Iliad*. V. 127. And this passage has been imitated by Milton, book xi. 411. and by Tasso, *Canto* xviii. Stanza 93.

BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 137

In pomp unusual, and divinely bright;  
Her beamy glories pierc'd the shades of night;  
Such she appear'd, as when in heav'n's abodes 790  
She shines in all her glories to the gods.  
Just rais'd to strike, my hand she gently took,  
Then from her rosy lips the goddess spoke.

What wrath so fierce to vengeance drives thee on?  
Are we no objects of thy care, my son? 795  
Think of Anchises, and his helpless age,  
Thy hoary fire expos'd to hostile rage;  
Think if thy dear Creüsa yet survive,  
Think if thy child, the young Iulus live;  
Whom, ever hov'ring round, the Greeks inclose, 800  
From every side endanger'd by the foes;  
And, but my care withstood, the ruthless sword  
Long since had slaughter'd, or the flames devour'd.  
Nor beauteous Helen now, nor Paris blame,  
Her guilty charms, or his unhappy flame; 805  
The gods, my son, th' immortal gods destroy  
This glorious empire, and the tow'rs of Troy.  
Hence then retire, retire without delay,  
Attend thy mother, and her words obey;  
Look up, for lo! I clear thy clouded eye 810  
From the thick midst of dim mortality;  
Where yon' rude piles of shatter'd ramparts rise,  
Stone rent from stone, in dreadful ruin lies,  
And black with rolling smoke the dusty whirlwind flies:  
There, Neptune's trident breaks the bulwarks down,  
There, from her basis heaves the trembling town; 816

Fundamenta quatit, totamque a sedibus urbem  
 Eruit. hic Juno Scaëas sæviffima portas  
 Prima terret, sociumque furens a navibus agmen  
 Ferro accincta vocat.

Jam summas arces Tritonia, respice, Pallas 615

Insedit, nimbo effulgens et Gorgone sæva.

Ipsè pater Danaïs animos viresque secundas

Sufficit: ipse deos in Dardana suscitât arma.

Eripe, nate, fugam, finemque impone labori.

Nusquam abero, et tutum patrio te limine sistam. 620

Dixerat; et spissis noctis se condidit umbris.

Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ

Numina magna deûm.

Tum vero omne mihi visum considerare in ignes

Ilium, et ex imo verti Neptunia Troja. 625

817. *Heaven's awful queen, &c.*] In the ancient gems and marbles the Juno Matrona is always represented in a modest and decent dress; as the Juno Regina, and the Juno Moneta, are always in a fine and more magnificent one: Yet when one has formed an idea of Juno, either from the simplicity of the one, or the magnificence of the others, one is still at a loss what to make of Virgil's account of her arms and military chariot in the first *Æneid* (ver. 17.) or of that angry and warlike figure he has given of her in this passage.

At my first considering these warlike descriptions of Juno in Virgil, I saw they did not agree with the most established characters of that goddess among the Romans: I therefore thought, for some time, that Virgil took a good deal of liberty in cases of this nature, and that these were to be reckoned among his negligences. But on a more careful review, I found the fault was in myself; and that Virgil in both those places intended to speak of Juno, not according to the appearances she used to make among the Romans, but according

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Heav'n's awful queen, to urge the Trojan fate,  
 Here storms tremendous at the Scæan gate;  
 Radiant in arms the furious goddess stands,  
 And from the navy calls her Argive bands. 820  
 On yon' high tow'r the martial maid behold,  
 With her dread Gorgon blaze in clouds of gold.  
 Great Jove himself the sons of Greece inspires,  
 Each arm he strengthens, and each soul he fires.  
 Against the Trojans, from the bright abodes, 825  
 See! where the thund'rer calls th' embattled gods.  
 Strive then no more with heav'n;---but oh! retreat,  
 Ourself will guide thee to thy father's feat;  
 Ourself will cover and befriend thy flight.  
 She said, and sunk within the shades of night; 830  
 And lo! the gods with dreadful faces frown'd,  
 And lower'd, majestically stern, around.  
 Then fell proud Ilion's bulwarks, tow'rs and spires;  
 Then Troy, tho' rais'd by Neptune, sunk in fires.

cording to the representations of her in other countries. In the first he certainly speaks of the Carthaginian Juno; and in the second, of the Juno Argiva; or, at least, some particular Juno of the Greeks.

It should, by the rules of propriety, be some Grecian Juno, or other; because she is assisting the Greeks, to overturn the empire of the Asiatics. One of the most celebrated among the Grecian Juno's was the Juno Argiva. She was worshiped under that name even in Italy; and Ovid has a long description of a procession to her at Falisci lib. iii. El. 13.

Helenus had ordered the Romans, by Æneas, to worship Juno most particularly, to get her over to their party. Virgil Æn. iii. ver. 433—439. They did so, and thought that, in time, she came to prefer them to all her most favourite nations, Ovid's Fast. lvi. ver. 45—48.

Polymetis, p. 56.



Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum  
 Cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant  
 Eruere agricolae certatim; illa usque minatur,  
 Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat;  
 Volneribus donec paullatim evicta supremum 630  
 Congemuit, traxitque jugis avolsa ruinam.  
 Descendo, ac ducente deo flammam inter et hostes  
 Expedior. dant tela locum, flammaeque recedunt.  
 Atque ubi jam patriae perventum ad limina sedis,  
 Antiquasque domos; genitor, quem tollere in altos 635

835. *So when an aged ass*] This simile is copied from Homer, whose great advocate Macrobius, gives the preference in this instance to Virgil. The translator has done it justice, and we venture to affirm it has lost no one beauty under his hands. The last line, is an eminent instance of the sound's being an echo to the sense: as is the fourth line

The tall tree trembling—

of a beauty in style much admired, called, the alliteration, or beginning many words that are placed together with the same letter: Waller thought this a beauty, and Dryden was extremely fond of it. Some late writers under the notion of imitating these two great versifiers in this point, run into downright affectation, and are guilty of the most improper and ridiculous expressions, provided there be but an alliteration. 'Tis observable, that there are many instances of this beauty of style in Lucretius, such are,

Verbera ventorum vitare —

Et murmura magna minarum:

but a most charming instance of it is in another passage of this fine old poet, in a line the most soft and smooth imaginable, where speaking of swans, he says,

Et liquidam tollunt lugubri voce querelam.

Lib. iv. 552.

A reader of a musical ear will easily perceive the beauty of so many of the letter L concurring.

'Tis very remarkable, that the affectation of this beauty is ridiculed by Shakespear, in his *Love's Labours Lost*, act ii. where

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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 161

So when an aged ash, whose honours rise 835  
From some steep mountain tow'ring to the skies,  
With many an ax by shouting fwains is ply'd,  
Fierce they repeat the strokes from every side;  
The tall tree trembling, as the blows go round,  
Bows the high head, and nods to every wound: 840  
At last quite vanquish'd, with a dreadful peal,  
In one loud groan rolls crashing down the vale,  
Headlong with half the shatter'd mountain flies,  
And stretch'd out huge in length th' unmeasur'd ruin  
lies.

Now, by the goddess led, I bend my way, 845  
Tho' javelins hiss, and flames around me play;  
With sloping spires the flames obliquely fly,  
The glancing darts turn innocently by.  
Soon as, these various dangers past, I come  
Within my rev'rend father's antient dome, 850

where the pedant Holofernes says, I will something affect the  
letter, for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prickt—

'Tis ridiculed too in Chaucer, in a passage which I believe  
not every reader understands.

The Plowman's tale is written, in some measure, in imi-  
tation of Piers Plowman's visions, and runs chiefly upon some  
one letter, or at least many stanzas have this affected itera-  
tion, as

A full sterne streif is stirrid now—

For some be grete grown on grounde—

When the parson therefore in his order comes to tell his tale,  
which reflected on the clergy, he says,

—I am a southern man,

I cannot jest, rum, ram, ruf, by letter,

And God wote, rime hold I but little better.

UPTON'S letter concerning Spenser, p. 27.

Optabam primum montes, primumque petebam,  
 Abnegat excisa vitam producere Troja  
 Exiliumque pati. Vos o, quibus integer aevi  
 Sanguis, ait, solidaeque suo stant robore vires,  
 Vos agitate fugam.  
 Me si coelicolae voluissent ducere vitam,  
 Has mihi servassent sedes. satis una superque  
 Vidimus excidia, et captae superavimus urbi.  
 Sic, o sic positum affati discedite corpus.  
 Ipse manu mortem inveniam. miserebitur hostis, 645  
 Exuviasque petet. facilis jactura sepulcri.  
 Jampridem, invisus divis et inutilis, annos  
 Demoror; ex quo me divum pater atque hominum<sup>ex</sup>  
 Fulminis afflavit ventis, et contigit igni.  
 Talia perstabat memorans, fixusque manebat. 650  
 Nos contra effusi lacrymis, conjuxque Creusa,  
 Ascaniusque, omnisque domus, ne vertere secum  
 Cuncta pater, fatoque urgenti incumbere vellet.  
 Abnegat, inceptoque et sedibus haeret in isdem.

872. *The mournful family*] The pathetic was never perhaps carried farther than in this moving passage. Old Anchises, in the utmost despair, resolving to die on the spot, and thinking it impossible to try to escape, Creusa and Iulus, and Aeneas, all standing about him, and persuading him to fly, to whose advice he continues inflexible, are most striking circumstances. This would have been a finer subject for Le Brun, than Darius's tent.

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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 163

Whom first I sought, to bear his helpless age  
Safe o'er the mountains, far from hostile rage ;  
An exil'd life disdaining to enjoy,  
He stands determin'd to expire with Troy :  
Fly you, who health, and youth, and strength main-  
tain, 855

You, whose warm blood beats high in every vein ;  
For me had heav'n decreed a longer date,  
Heav'n had preserv'd for me the Dardan state ;  
Too much of life already have I known,  
To see my country's fall prevent my own ; 860  
Think then, this aged corse with Ilion fell,  
And take, oh ! take your solemn last farewell :  
For death---these hands that office yet can do ;  
If not---I'll beg it from the pitying foe.  
At least the soldier for my spoils will come ; 865  
Nor heed I now the honours of a tomb.

Grown to my friends an useless heavy load,  
Long have I liv'd, abhorr'd by every god,  
Since, in his wrath, high heaven's almighty fire  
Blasted these limbs with his avenging fire. 870

Thus he ; and obstinately bent appears :  
The mournful family stand round in tears.  
Myself, my shrieking wife, my weeping son,  
Friends, servants, all, intreat him to be gone, 875  
Nor to the general ruin add his own ;

Bid him be reconcil'd to life once more,  
Nor urge a fate, that flew too swift before.  
Unmov'd, he still determines to maintain  
His cruel purpose, and we plead in vain.



164 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Rursus in arma feror, mortemque miserrimus opto.  
 Nam quod consilium, aut quae jam fortuna dabatur?  
 Mene efferre pedem, genitor, te posse relicto  
 Sperasti? tantumque nefas patrio excidit ore?  
 Si nihil ex tanta superis placet urbe relinqui;  
 Et sedet hoc animo, perituraeque addere Trojae 660  
 Teque tuosque juvat: patet istic janua letho.  
 Jamque aderit multo Priami de sanguine Pyrrhus,  
 Natum ante ora patris, patrem qui obtruncat ad aras.  
 Hoc erat, alma parens, quod me, per tela, per ignes,  
 Eripis; ut mediis hostem in penetralibus, utque 665  
 Ascaniumque, patremque meum, juxtaque Creüsam,  
 Alterum in alterius mactatos sanguine cernam?  
 Arma, viri, ferte arma: vocat lux ultima victos.  
 Reddite me Danais; finite instaurata revisam  
 Praelia. nunquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti. 670  
 Hic ferro accingor rursus, clypeoque sinistram  
 Infertabam aptans, meque extra tecta ferebam.  
 Ecce autem complexa pedes in limine conjux  
 Haerebat, parvumque patri tendebat iulum:

902. *My arms!*] Whoever attentively considers this animated passage, cannot surely think, that either Æneas or Virgil wants spirit and fire.

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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 165

Once more I hurry to the dire alarms, 880  
 To end a miserable life in arms ;  
 For oh ! what measures could I now pursue,  
 When death, and only death, was left in view :  
 To fly the foe, and leave your age alone,  
 Could such a fire propose to such a son ? 885  
 If 'tis by your's and heav'n's high will decreed,  
 That you, and all, with hapless Troy, must bleed :  
 If not her least remains you deign to save ;  
 Behold ! the door lies open to the grave.  
 Pyrrhus will soon be here, all cover'd o'er 890  
 And red from venerable Priam's gore ;  
 Who stab'd the son before the father's view,  
 Then at the shrine the royal father slew.  
 Why, heavenly mother ! did thy guardian care  
 Snatch me from fires, and shield me in the war ? 895  
 Within these walls to see the Grecians roam,  
 And purple slaughter stride around the dome ;  
 To see my murder'd consort, son, and fire,  
 Steep'd in each other's blood, on heaps expire !  
 Arms ! arms ! my friends, with speed my arms supply,  
 'Tis our last hour, and summons us to die ; 901  
 My arms !---in vain you hold me,---let me go---  
 Give, give me back this moment to the foe.  
 'Tis well---we will not tamely perish all,  
 But die reveng'd, and triumph in our fall. 905  
 Now rushing forth, in radiant arms, I wield  
 The sword once more, and gripe the pond'rous shield.  
 When, at the door, my weeping spouse I meet,  
 The fair Creüsa, who embrac'd my feet,

Si periturus abis, et nos rape in omnia tecum : 675

Sin aliquam expertus sumptis spem ponis in armis,

Hanc primum tutare domum. cui parvus Iulus,

Cui pater, et conjux quondam tua dicta relinquitur ?

Talia vociferans gemitu tectum omne replebat :

Cum subitum dictuque oritur mirabile monstrum.

Namque manus inter moestorumque ora parentum,

Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli

Fundere lumen apex, tractuque innoxia molli

Lambere flamma comas, et circum tempora pasci.

Nos pavidi trepidare metu, crinemque flagrantem 685

Excutere, et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignes.

At pater Anchises oculos ad sidera laetus

Extulit; et coelo palmas cum voce tetendit.

Jupiter omnipotens, precibus si flecteris ullis,

Aspice nos, hoc tantum: et, si pietate meremur, 690

911. *Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child,  
And oh! she cries——*

This short speech of Creusa is very moving. and her holding out the little Iulus to his father, is a most tender circumstance. None of the poets (says the excellent Mr. Addison) have touched this passion of grief like Virgil: the generality of other writers, when they attempt to move their readers, offend in this point, that they are too prolix in spinning out their complaints, and think their flood of tears inexhaustible; or else, while they labour to express the greatness of their genius, in the profuseness of their verse, rather raise our admiration at the flowing of their numbers, than excite our pity at the catastrophe of their story. Virgil has carefully avoided both these extremes, and dresses his images of sorrow in their native simplicity; and wherever he touches upon the pathetic, he does it, with a masterly quickness.

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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 167

And clinging round them, with distraction wild, 910

Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child :

And oh ! she cries, if bent on death thou run,

Take, take with thee, thy wretched wife and son ;

Or, if one glimmering hope from arms appear,

Defend these walls, and try thy valour here ; 915

Ah ! who shall guard thy fire, when thou art slain,

Thy child, or me, thy consort once in vain ?

Thus while she raves, the vaulted dome replies

To her loud shrieks, and agonizing cries.

When lo ! a wond'rous prodigy appears, 920

For while each parent kiss'd the boy with tears,

Sudden a circling flame was seen to spread

With beams refulgent round Iulus' head ;

Then on his locks the lambent glory preys,

And harmless fires around his temples blaze. 925

Trembling and pale we quench with busy care

The sacred fires, and shake his flaming hair.

But old Anchises lifts his joyful eyes,

His hands and voice, in transport, to the skies.

Almighty Jove ! in glory thron'd on high, 930

This once regards us with a gracious eye ;

The declamatory writers of long speeches in tragedy, uttered by persons in deep distress, should consider a little this practice of our judicious poet.

V. 920. It is certain (says Catrou) that Virgil borrowed this event from the Roman history ; for a flame appeared upon the head of Servius Tullius, according to the relations of Pliny and Plutarch, whilst he was yet an infant. It was conjectured by that incident, that he would be a king. Anchises, skilled in auguries, judged, by the same prognostic, that a kingdom was promised to his grandson.



168 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Da deinde auxilium, pater, atque haec omnia firma.  
 Vix ea fatus erat senior; subitoque fragore  
 Intonuit laevum, et de coelo lapsa per umbras  
 Stella facem ducens multa cum luce cucurrit.  
 Illam, summa super labentem culmina tecti, 695  
 Cernimus Idaea claram se condere sylva,  
 Signantemque vias: tum longo limite sulcus  
 Dat lucem, et late circum loca sulfure fumant.

Hic vero victus genitor se tollit ad auras,  
 Affaturque deos, et sanctum fidus adorat: 700  
 Jam jam nulla mora est: sequor, et, qua ducitis, adsum.  
 Dî patrii, servate domum, servate nepotem.  
 Vestrum hoc augurium, vestroque in numine Troja est.  
 Cedo equidem, nec, nate, tibi comes ire recuso.  
 Dixerat ille: et jam per moenia clarior ignis 705  
 Auditur, propiusque aestus incendia volvunt.  
 Ergo age, chare pater, cervici imponere nostrae:  
 Ipse subibo humeris, nec me labor iste gravabit.  
 Quo res cunque cadent, unum et commune periculum,  
 Una salus ambobus erit. mihi parvus Iulus 710  
 Sit comes, et longe servet vestigia conjux.

BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 169

If e'er our vows deserv'd thy aid divine,  
Vouchsafe thy succour, and confirm thy sign.  
Scarce had he spoke, when sudden from the pole,  
Full on the left, the happy thunders roll ; 935  
A star shot sweeping through the shades of night,  
And drew behind a radiant trail of light,  
That o'er the palace, gliding from above,  
To point our way, descends in Ida's grove ;  
Then left a long continu'd stream in view, 940  
The track still glittering where the glory flew.  
The flame past gleaming with a bluish glare,  
And smokes of sulphur fill the tainted air.

At this convinc'd, arose my reverend fire,  
Address'd the gods, and hail'd the sacred fire. 945  
Proceed, my friends, no longer I delay,  
But instant follow where you lead the way.  
Ye gods, by these your omens, you ordain  
That from the womb of fate shall rise again,  
To light and life, a glorious second Troy ; 950  
Then save this house, and this auspicious boy ;  
Convinc'd by omens so divinely bright,  
I go, my son, companion of thy flight.  
Thus he --- and nearer now in curling spires  
Through the long walls roll'd on the roaring fires. 955  
Haste then, my fire, I cry'd, my neck ascend,  
With joy beneath your sacred load I bend ;  
Together will we share, where-e'er I go,  
One common welfare, or one common woe.  
Ourself with care will young Iulus lead ; 960  
At safer distance you my spouse succeed ;

170 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II

Vos famuli, quae dicam, animis advertite vestris.  
Est urbe egressis tumulus, templumque vetustum  
Desertae Cereris, juxtaque antiqua cupressus,  
Religione patrum multos servata per annos. 715  
Hanc ex diverso sedem veniemus in unam.

Tu, genitor, cape sacra manu, patriosque Penates.  
Me, bello e tanto digressum et caede recenti,  
Attrectare nefas; donec me flumine vivo  
Abluero. 720

Haec fatus, latos humeros subjectaque colla  
Veste super, fulvique internor pelle leonis,  
Succedoque oneri. dextrae se parvus Iulus  
Implicuit, sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis.  
Pone subit conjux, ferimur per opaca locorum. 725  
Et me, quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant  
Tela, neque adverso glomerati ex agmine Graii,  
Nunc omnes terrent aurae, sonus excitat omnis  
Suspensum, et pariter comitique onerique timentem.

968. *Thou, thou, my fire, our gods and relics bear—*]

As the not taking the true scope of the *Aeneid* has occasioned mistakes to Virgil's disadvantage, concerning the plan and conduct of the poem; so hath it likewise concerning the characters. The piety of *Aeneas*, and his high veneration for the gods, so much offends a celebrated French writer, (Monsieur de St. Evremont) that he says, "the hero was "fitter to found a religion than a monarchy." But he did not know, that the image of a perfect lawgiver is held out to us in *Aeneas*; and had he known that he had perhaps been ignorant, that it was the office of such, to found religions and colleges of priests, as well as states and corporations. And that Virgil tells us this was his,

—Dum conderet urbem

Inferretque Deos latio.—

WARBURTON'S Divine Legation, book ii. sect. 4.  
The reader is desired to bear this excellent observation in his mind, which will serve to clear up a variety of passages and inci-

BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 171

Heed too these orders, ye attendant train;  
 Without the wall stands Ceres' vacant fane,  
 Rais'd on a mount; an aged cypress near,  
 Preserv'd for ages with religious fear; 965  
 Thither, from different roads assembling, come,  
 And meet embody'd at the sacred dome:  
 Thou, thou, my fire, our gods and relicks bear;  
 These hands, yet horrid with the stains of war,  
 Refrain their touch unhallow'd till the day, 970  
 When the pure stream shall wash the guilt away.

Now, with a lion's spoils bespread, I take  
 My fire, a pleasing burthen, on my back;  
 Close clinging to my hand, and pressing nigh,  
 With steps unequal trip'd Iulus by;  
 Behind, my lov'd Creüsa took her way;  
 Through every lonely dark recess we stray:  
 And I, who late th' embattled Greeks could dare,  
 Their flying darts, and whole embody'd war,  
 Now take alarm, while horrors reign around, 980  
 At every breeze, and start at every sound.

incidents throughout the poem; and for want of attending to which, Virgil's aim and meaning have been frequently misinterpreted and misunderstood.

981. *At every breeze,*] Fulvius Urfinus has observed that Virgil had in his eye this verse of Sophocles,

Ἀπαντα γὰρ τοι τῷ φοβέμενῳ ψοφῇ.

There is likewise a fine fragment of Turpilius in a play called Leucadia to this purpose:

Miseram terrent me omnia, maris sonitus, scopuli,  
 Et solitudo, et sanctitudo Apollinis.

After Mackbeth has murdered the king he exclaims,

How is't with me, when ev'ry noise appalls me!

See Dr. THEOBALD's second book of Virgil.



Jamque propinquabam portis, omnemque videbar  
 Evasisse viam; subito cum creber ad aures 731  
 Visus adesse pedum sonitus: genitorque per umbram  
 Prospiciens, Nate, exclamat, fuge nate; propinquant:  
 Ardentēs clypeos atque aera micantia cerno. 734  
 Hic mihi nescio quod trepido male numen amicum  
 Confusam eripuit mentem. namque avia cursu  
 Dum sequor, et nota excedo regione viarum;  
 Heu! misero conjux fatone erepta Creüsa  
 Substitit, erravitne via, seu lassā resedit,  
 Incertum; nec post oculis est reddita nostris: 740  
 Nec prius amissam respexi, animumque reflexi,  
 Quam tupalum antiquae Cereris sedemque sacratam  
 Venimus. hic, demum collectis omnibus, una

987. *And fly, my son, they come,*] This sudden fear and exclamation of his father puts Aeneas into a hurry and agitation and therefore makes his escape thro' devious paths very natural; and for the same reason, the losing Creüsa very probable

994. *I lost my dear Creüsa,*] The address of Virgil in the contrivance of this incident is admirable. For had not Aeneas been supposed to traverse back thro' the ruins of Troy in quest of his wife, we must necessarily have lost the narrative of many thing, that happened in that dreadful night, which he neither could have seen, nor had any knowledge of; as, the pillaging of the palaces and temples, the number of Trojans that were made captives, and the very burning of his own house.

SEGRAIS.

994. *I lost*] Some have imputed it as a fault, it seems, to Aeneas, that he took no more care of his wife: But Aeneas charges himself with the care of his old father, and infant son, as the most weak and helpless persons; and he cautions his wife to follow him, so as neither to be at his heels, nor yet to quit sight of him; that their flight may be the more easily disguised, and that he might the more easily succour her upon occasion: She is lost, because he could not foresee the misfortune, nor look behind him, incumber'd as he was

with

BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 173

With fancy'd fears my busy thoughts were wild  
For my dear father, and endanger'd child.

Now, to the city gates approaching near,  
I seem the sound of trampling feet to hear. 985

Alarm'd my fire look'd forward thro' the shade,  
And, fly my son, they come, they come, he said;

Lo! from their shields I see the splendors stream;  
And ken distinct the helmet's fiery gleam.

And here, some envious god, in this dismay, 990  
This sudden terror, snatch'd my sense away.

For while o'er devious paths I wildly trod,  
Studious to wander from the beaten road;

I lost my dear Creüsa, nor can tell  
From that sad moment, if by fate she fell; 995

Or sunk fatigu'd; or straggled from the train;  
But ah! she never blest these eyes again!

Nor, till to Ceres' antient wall we came,  
Did I suspect her lost, nor miss the dame.

There all the train assembled, all but she, 1000  
Lost to her friends, her father, son, and me.

with his father on his shoulders. Virgil has taken care to prevent the objection, by that great judgment, which he shews upon every emergency. It cannot be inferr'd, that Æneas preferr'd his father to his wife, thro' a want of affection to her: That is answer'd by the great care which he takes to recover her; and the great dangers, which he runs thro', to that end. It is, besides, a fine stroke of art in the poet, to make her say, that her loss, or death, is not without the appointment of the Gods. It was destin'd to Æneas, to go to Italy, and there to marry Lavinia: (for by this alliance the Romans were to descend from the Trojans:) and therefore if Creusa had not been properly disposed of, she must of consequence have been a bar to that match.

SEGRAIS.

174 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Defuit ; et comites, natumque, virumque fefellit.  
 Quem non inculcavi amens hominumque deorumque ?  
 Aut quid in everfa vidi crudelius urbe ? 749  
 Ascanium, Anchisenque patrem, Teucrosque Penates  
 Commendo fociis, et curva valle recondo.  
 Ipse urbem repeto, et cingor fulgentibus armis.  
 Stat casus renovare omnes, omnemque reverti 750  
 Per Trojam, et rursus caput objectare periclis.  
 Principio muros obscuraque limina portae,  
 Qua gressum extuleram, repeto ; et vestigia retro  
 Observata sequor per noctem, et lumine lustrō.  
 Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent. 755  
 Inde domum, si forte pedem, si forte tulisset,  
 Me refero. irruerant Danai, et tectum omne tenebant.  
 Illicet ignis edax summa ad fastigia vento  
 Volvitur ; exuperant flammae ; furit aestus ad auras.  
 Procedo ad Priami sedes, arcemque reviso. 760  
 Et jam porticibus vacuis, Junonis asylo,  
 Custodes lecti Phoenix et dirus Ulysses  
 Praedam asservabant. huc undique Troia gaza  
 Incensis crepta adytis, mensaeque deorum,

1018. *If there, if]*

Si forte pedem, si forte tulisset.

That repetition, expressive of doubt and uncertainty is very elegant, says Dr. Trapp. Mr. Pitt has endeavoured to preserve this beauty.

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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 175

What men, what gods did my wild fury spare?  
 At both I rav'd, and madden'd with despair.  
 In Troy's last ruins did I ever know  
 A scene so cruel! such transcendent woe! 1005  
 Our gods, my son, and father to the train  
 I next commend, and hide them in the plain;  
 Then fly for Troy, and shine in arms again.  
 Resolv'd the burning town to wander o'er,  
 And tempt the dangers that I scap'd before. 1010  
 Now to the gate I run with furious haste,  
 Whence first from Ilion to the plain I past;  
 Dart round my eyes in every place in vain.  
 And tread my former footsteps o'er again.  
 Surrounding horrors all my soul affright; 1015  
 And more, the dreadful silence of the night.  
 Next to my house I flew without delay,  
 If there, if haply there she bent her way.  
 In vain—the conquering foes were enter'd there;  
 High, o'er the dome, the flames emblaze the air; 2020  
 Fierce to devour, the fiery tempest flies,  
 Swells in the wind, and thunders to the skies.  
 Back to th' embattled citadel I ran,  
 And search'd her father's regal walls in vain.  
 Ulysses now and Phoenix I survey, 1025  
 Who guard, in Juno's fane, the gather'd prey:  
 In one huge heap the Trojan wealth was roll'd,  
 Refulgent robes, and bowls of massy gold;  
 A pile of tables on the pavement nods,  
 Snatch'd from the blazing temples of the gods. 1030



176 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Crateresque auro solidi, captivaeque vestis 765

Congeritur. pueri et pavidae longo ordine matres  
Stant circum.

Aufus quinetiam voces jactare per umbram;

Implevi clamore vias, moestusque Creüsam

Nequicquam ingeminans, iterumque iterumque vocavi.

Quaerenti, et tectis urbis sine fine furenti, 771

Infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creüsae

Visa mihi ante oculos, et nota major imago.

Obstupui, steteruntque comae, et vox faucibus haesit.

Tum sic affari, et curas his demere dictis: 775

Quid tantum insano juvat indulgere dolori,

O dulcis conjux? non haec sine numine divum

Eveniunt: nec te comitem asportare Creüsam

Fas: aut ille finit superi regnator Olympi. 779

Longa tibi exilia, et vastum maris aequor arandum.

Ad terram Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius, arva

1034. *And in the shade on dear Creüsa cry,*) The grief and distress with which Æneas says he was o'erwhelmed, at the loss of his wife, his care and diligence in searching for her, and his venturing back again, alone and unassisted, into the thickest of the enemy, to find her; were all a plain indication of his great tenderness, sensibility, and conjugal affection; and as such, must needs make a very deep impression on Dido's Heart. *Profecto, me horror capit atque etiam quatit, ubi videre, atque audire videor, in nocte, inter hostes, fortem simul atque pium virum, etiam clamore carissimam uxorem quaerere.*

SCALIGER.

Si sic—omnia dixisset!

1038. *I saw her shade arise,*] This machine of Creüsa's ghost is judiciously introduced. There was a dignus vindice nodus. No other expedient could be found to stop the further

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A mighty train of shrieking mothers bound,  
Stood with their captive children trembling round.

Yet more—I boldly raise my voice on high,

And in the shade on dear Creüsa cry ;

Call on her name a thousand times in vain, 1035

But still repeat the darling name again.

Thus while I rave and roll my searching eyes,

Solemn and slow I saw her shade arise,

The form enlarg'd majestic mov'd along ;

Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue ;

Thus as I stood amaz'd, the heav'nly fair 1041

With these mild accents sooth'd my fierce despair.

Why with excess of sorrow raves in vain

My dearest Lord, at what the gods ordain ?

Oh ! could I share thy toils !—but fate denies ; 1045

And Jove, dread Jove, the sov'reign of the skies.

In long, long exile, art thou doom'd to sweep

Seas after seas, and plow the watry deep.

Hesperia shall be thine, where Tyber glides

Thro' fruitful realms, and rolls in easy tides. 1050

There shall thy fates a happier lot provide,

A glorious empire, and a royal bride.

Then let your sorrows for Creüsa cease ;

For know, I never shall be led to Greece ;

ther search of Æneas for his wife, and let him return again  
to rejoin his friends in their expedition.

1052. *And a royal bride,*] Æneas relating this prophecy  
of his wife to Dido, thereby informs her, that he was re-  
served by destiny for the bed of Lavinia : and so inforces the  
reasons of his obligation to quit Carthage. Dido therefore  
betrays herself by an indiscreet passion, and is not betray'd  
by any perfidy of Æneas.

SEGRAIS.

Inter opima virum, leni fluit agmine Tybris.  
 Illic res laetae, regnumque, et regia conjux  
 Parta tibi : lacrymas dilectae pelle Creusae. 784  
 Non ego Myrmidonum sedes Dolopumve superbas  
 Aspiciam, aut Graiis servitum matribus ibo,  
 Dardanis, et divae Veneris nurus :  
 Sed me magna deum genitrix his detinet oris,  
 Jamque vale, et nati serva communis amorem.  
 Haec ubi dicta dedit, lacrymantem, et multa volentem  
 Dicere, deseruit, tenuisque recessit in auras. 791  
 Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum ;  
 Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,  
 Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.  
 Sic demum socios, consumpta nocte, reviso. 795  
 Atque hic ingentem comitum affluxisse novorum  
 Invenio admirans numerum ; matresque, virosque,  
 Collectam exilio pubem, miserabile vulgus.  
 Undique convenere, animis opibusque parati,  
 In quascunque velim pelago deducere terras. 800

1055. *Captive's shame,*] Slavery was deemed the greatest of miseries by the ancients. Andromache, to persuade Hector from going to the field of battle in the Iliad, tells him that if he should be slain, she should be made a captive by the Grecians ; as the most powerful motive she could think of, to detain him in the city.

1062. *Our son,*] Thus Alcestes in Euripides, just upon the point of death,

Παιδας χειρος ἐξ ἐμης δεχῆ·

Σὺ νῦν γενεῖ τοιςδ' αὐτ' ἐμῇ μῆτρ' ἑταίρῳ.

1073. *A host of willing exiles,*] The poet by this circumstance

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Nor feel the victor's chain, nor captive's shame, 1055

A slave to some imperious Argive dame.

No!—born a princess, sprung from heav'n above,

Ally'd to Venus, and deriv'd from Jove,

Sacred from Greece, 'tis mine, in these abodes,

To serve the glorious mother of the gods. 1060

Farewell; and to our son thy care approve,

Our son, the pledge of our commutual love.

Thus she; and as I wept, and wish'd to say

Ten thousand things, dissolv'd in air away.

Thrice round her neck my eager arms I threw; 1065

Thrice from my empty arms the phantom flew,

Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,

Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.

Now, day approaching, to my longing train,

From ruin'd Ilion I return again; 1070

To whom, with wonder and surprize, I find

A mighty crowd of new companions join'd;

A host of willing exiles round me stand,

Matrons, and men, a miserable band;

Eager the wretches pour from every side, 1075

To share my fortunes on the foamy tide;

Valiant, and arm'd, my conduct they implore,

To lead and fix them on some foreign shore:

stance signifies how greatly Æneas was belov'd by the Trojans, and the weight and importance of his character.

1077. *Arm'd,*] *Opicus* (in the original) may mean arms, or conveniences, or necessities for their intended expedition, Catrou says that by *velim deducere* (v. 800 in the original) is implied that they elected Æneas their king and leader, after the manner of ancient times.



Jamque jugis summae surgebat Lucifer Idae,  
Ducebatque diem; Danaïque obsessa tenebant  
Limina portarum; nec spes opis ulla dabatur.  
Cessi, et sublato montes genitore petivi.

1084. *And bear the venerable load away.*] This instance of filial piety, a great prince and hero's bearing his old feeble father on his shoulders, is highly pleasing. A modern leader or general would never submit to so laborious a task, but would order their servants or soldiers to undertake it.

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And now, o'er Ida with an early ray  
 Flames the bright star, that leads the golden day. 1080  
 No hopes of aid in view, and every gate  
 Possess'd by Greece, at length I yield to fate.  
 Safe o'er the hill my father I convey.  
 And bear the venerable load away.

The END of the SECOND BOOK.

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The End of the Second Book

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THE  
THIRD BOOK  
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*VIRGIL's*  
ÆNEID.



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### The ARGUMENT.

*Aeneas proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet in which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation? by a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete; his household gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy: he is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.*

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P. VIRGILII MARONIS  
**A E N E I D O S**

L I B E R III.

**P**OSTQUAM res Asiae Priamique evertere gentem  
 Immeritam visum superis, ceciditque superbum  
 Ilium, et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troja ;

IT is the opinion of the judicious M. de Segrain, that this book is the fullest of matter of any in the whole *Æneid*; and that it contains almost the whole *Odyssey*. What *Æneas* here relates, contains the space of seven years : whereas (except the fourth book which describes all that passed after *Æneas* arrived at Carthage till he left that city) each of all the other books contain but a few days. This book is very learned for its geography, and for the description of the manners of the people, in which Virgil shews great knowledge and exactness. Those different nations where he makes his hero land, the adventure of the Harpies, which is an allegory of bad women (or as some say) of the remorse of conscience succeeding bad actions ; the adventure of the Cyclops, which is an image of men whom cruelty, gluttony, and drunkenness, have brutalized ; all these serve excellently to teach us how a wise man ought to conduct himself in the dangers and perils to which human life is exposed. This great abundance of matter is adorned and set off with great eloquence, and there are as many fine passages as in any other book where the poet is so much extolled : nevertheless, this book is one of those, and I believe the very one, of the whole *Æneid*

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# VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE

## THIRD BOOK.

**W**HEN heav'n deſtroy'd, by too ſevere a fate,  
The throne of Priam, and the Phrygian ſtate,  
When Troy, tho' Neptune rais'd her bulwarks round,  
The pride of Aſia, ſmok'd upon the ground;

which is leaſt read and admired. This neglect, I believe, is as much owing to the diſadvantage of its ſituation as to any other reaſon; for the ſecond book, which immediately precedes it, containing the deſtruction and burning of Troy, preſents ſo great an object to the reader, that he diſdains the third: and the fourth is ſo charming and intereſting by the tenderneſs and paſſion which it contains, that one has naturally an impatience to read it. Thus, as it is enough to know, that after the taking of Troy, Æneas arrived at Carthage; this third book is often paſſed over intirely, or if the reader runs over its argument and contents curſorily, yet he diſdains to ſtudy it ſo attentively as the others; nevertheless, it is in this book, (next to the fixth) that there is more to be learnt than in the whole Æneid, as well from this ancient chart, which is very exact, as from the different pictures of civil life, and from thoſe fine monuments of the ancient religious cuſtoms, which are not to be found elſewhere. Thus, what appears to be admirable in this great work, is, that every thing in it is beautiful, but nothing alike.

See SEGRAIS's Remarks on the third book.



Diverſa exilia, et deſertas quaerere terras  
Auguriis agimur divum, claſſemque ſub ipſa 5  
Antandro et Phrygiae molimur montibus Idae;  
Incerti quo fata ferant, ubi ſiſtere detur,  
Contrahimusque viros. vix prima inceperat aeſtas,  
Et pater Anchifeſ dare fatiſ vela jubebat.  
Litora tum patriae, lacrymans, portuſque relinquo, 10  
Et campos ubi Troja fuit. feror exul in altum  
Cum ſociis, natoque, Penatibus, et magnis diſ.  
Terra procul vaſtiſ colitur Mavortia campis,  
Thraces arant, acri quondam regnata Lycurgo;  
Hospitium antiquum Trojae, ſociique Penates, 15  
Dum fortuna fuit. feror huc, et litore curvo  
Moenia prima loco, fatiſ ingreſſuſ iniquiſ;  
Aeneadaſque meo nomen de nomine ſingo.  
Sacræ Dionaeae matri, diviſque ferebam  
Aſpiciſ coeptorum operum: ſuperoque nitentem 20  
Coelicolûm regi maſtabam in litore taurum.  
Forte fuit juxta tumuluſ, quo cornea ſummo  
Virgulta, et denſiſ haſtilibuſ horrida myrtuſ.  
Acceſſi, viridemque ab humo convellere ſylvam  
Conatuſ, ramis tegerem ut frondentibuſ aras; 25

BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

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We fought in vacant regions new abodes, 5

Call'd by the guiding omens of the gods.

Secret, a sudden navy we provide,

Beneath Antandros, and the hills of Ide.

Doubtful, where heav'n would fix our wand'ring train,

Our gather'd pow'rs prepare to plow the main. 10

Scarce had the summer shot a genial ray ;

My fire commands the canvas to display,

And steer wherever fate should point the way. }

With tears I leave the port, my native shore,

And those dear fields, where Ilion rose before. 15

An exil'd wretch, I lead into the floods

My son, my friends, and all my vanquish'd gods.

The warlike Thracians till a boundless plain,

Sacred to Mars, Lycurgus' antient reign ;

Ally'd to Troy, while fortune own'd her cause ; 20

The same their gods and hospitable laws ;

Thither, with fates averse, my course I bore,

And rais'd a town amid the winding shore.

Then from my name the rising city call,

And stretch along the strand th' embattled wall. 25

Here to my mother, and the favouring gods,

I offer'd victims by the rolling floods ;

But slew a stately bull to mighty Jove,

Who reigns the sovereign of the pow'rs above.

Rais'd on a mount, a cornel grove was nigh, 30

And with thick branches stood a myrtle by.

With verdant boughs to shade my altars round,

I came, and try'd to rend them from the ground.

Horrendum et dictu video mirabile monstrum.  
 Nam, quae prima solo ruptis radicibus arbor  
 Vellitur, huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttae,  
 Et terram tabo maculant. mihi frigidus horror  
 Membra quatit, gelidusque coit formidine sanguis. 30  
 Rursus et alterius lentum convellere vimen  
 Insequor, et causas penitus tentare latentes:  
 Alter et alterius sequitur de cortice sanguis.  
 Multa movens animo nymphas venerabar agrestes,  
 Gradivumque patrem, Geticis qui praesidet arvis, 35  
 Rite secundarent visus, omenque levarent.  
 Tertia sed postquam majore hastilia nisu  
 Aggredior, genibusque adversae obluctor arenae;  
 Eloquar, an fileam? gemitus lacrymabilis imo  
 Auditur tumulto, et vox reddita fertur ad aures: 40

34. *When lo! a horrid prodigy*] If there be any instance (says Mr. Addison) in the *Aeneid*, liable to exception, it is in the beginning of the third book, where *Aeneas* is represented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. This circumstance seems to have the marvellous without the probable, because it is represented as proceeding from natural causes, without the interposition of any god, or rather supernatural power, capable of producing it. Mr. Warburton's answer to this objection is admirable: "When this amiable writer, says he, made this remark, he appears not to have recollected what *Aeneas* says on the occasion:

—Nymphas venerabar agrestes,  
 Gradivumque patrem, Geticis qui praesidet arvis,  
 Rite secundarent visus, omenque levarent.

Now these kind of omens, for there were two sorts, were always supposed to be produced by the intervention of a supernatural power; as was the raining of blood so frequently related by the Roman annalists. And the poet was certainly within the bounds of the probable, while he told no more than what the gravest historians recorded in every page of their annals. But this was not done to make us stare. He is, as we observe, in a legislative capacity, and writes to

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51.

When lo! a horrid prodigy I see;  
 For scarce my hands had wrench'd the rooted tree, 35  
 When, from the fibres, drops of crimson gore  
 Ran trickling down, and stain'd the sable shore.  
 Amaz'd, I shook with horror and affright,  
 My blood all curdled at the dreadful fight;  
 Curious the latent causes to explore, 40  
 With trembling hands a second plant I tore;  
 That second wounded plant distill'd around  
 Red drops of blood, and sprinkled all the ground.  
 Rack'd with a thousand fears, devout I bow'd  
 To every nymph, and Thracia's guardian god. 45  
 These omens to avert by pow'r divine,  
 And kindly grant a more auspicious sign.  
 But when once more we tug'd with toiling hands,  
 And eager bent my knees against the sands;  
 Live I to speake it?—from the tomb I hear 50  
 A hollow groan, that shock'd my trembling ear.

possess the people of the interposition of the gods, in omens and prodigies; which was in the method of the old law-givers. So Plutarch tells us, that with divinations and omens, Lycurgus sanctified the Lacedemonians, Numa the Romans, Ion the Athenians, and Deucalion all the Greeks in general; and by hopes and fears kept up in them the awe and reverence of religion. The scene of this adventure is laid, with the utmost propriety on the uncivilized inhospitable shores of Thrace, to inspire horror for barbarous manners, and an inclination and appetite for civil policy."

Divine Legation, book ii. sect. 4.

This marvellous story was particularly pleasing to the wild imaginations of the Italian poets: Tasso has closely imitated it, book xiii. stanza 41, &c. And Ariosto, in the transformation of Astolfo; from whom their disciple Spenser hath copied it, canto ii. stanza 30. of the Fairy Queen.

51. *A hollow groan,*] The only way to judge truly of the  
 ancients,



Quid miserum, Aenea, laceras? jam parce sepulto;  
 Parce pias scelerare manus, non me tibi Troja  
 Externum tulit: haud cruor hic de stipite manat.  
 Heu! fuge crudeles terras, fuge litus avarum.  
 Nam Polydorus ego. hic confixum ferrea textit 45  
 Telorum seges, et jaculis increvit acutis.  
 Tum vero ancipiti mentem formidine pressus  
 Obstupui, steteruntque comae, et vox faucibus haesit.  
 Hunc Polydorum auri quondam cum pondere magno  
 Infelix Priamus furtim mandarat alendum 50  
 Threïcio regi; cum jam diffideret armis  
 Dardaniae, cingique urbem obsidione videret.  
 Ille, ut opes fractae Teucrûm, et fortuna recessit,  
 Res Agamemnonias victriciaeque arma secutus,  
 Fas omne abrumpit, Polydorum obtruncat, et auro 55  
 Vi potitur. quid non mortalia pectora cogis,  
 Auri sacra fames? postquam pavor ossa reliquit,  
 Delectos populi ad proceres, primumque parentem,

ancients, in points that are purely ancient; is to imagine ourselves in their places, with the same sort of ideas they had, and the same circumstances of things about us. As we can very seldom do this, we are very often mistaken about them.

I cannot say that I approve this passage; but is not the fault in myself? Would it have shock'd me had I been born a Roman, in the time of Augustus, and had read it soon after the *Æneid* was publish'd?

They shock'd every thing with divinities and intelligencies: there was not a river, a lake, a grot, or a grove without them. These were not poetical ornaments, but the real objects of the belief and religion of the common people, and the profess'd religion of the great.

When they believ'd every grove, and every tuft of trees,

How can thy pious hands, Æneas, rend  
The bury'd body of thy hapless friend?  
This stream that trickles from the wounded tree  
Is Trojan blood, and once ally'd to thee. 55  
Ah! fly this barbarous land, this guilty shore,  
Fly, fly the fate of murder'd Polydore.  
This grove of lances, from my body slain,  
Now blooms with vegetable life again.

Then, as amaz'd in deep suspense I hung, 60  
Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue.  
Ill-fated Priam, when the Grecian pow'rs  
With a close siege begirt the Dardan tow'rs,  
No more confiding in the strength of Troy,  
Sent to the Thracian prince the hapless boy, 65  
With mighty treasures, to support him there,  
Remov'd from all the dangers of the war.  
This wretch, when Ilion's better fortunes cease,  
Clos'd with the proud victorious arms of Greece;  
Broke thro' all sacred laws, and uncontroll'd 70  
Destroy'd his royal charge, to seize the gold.

to have some particular divinities belonging to it; it was but one step further to entertain the notion of intelligences vitally annex'd to a tree, which was their receiv'd notion of the Hamadryades.

See Bayle, Art. HAMAD.

These stories of Daphne, Phaeton's sisters, &c. were known stories too, and tolerably well believ'd by the most believing part of mankind, the vulgar.

There is even an ambassador in Livy, that treats a consecrated tree in general, as an intelligent being, and as a deity. Tum ex legatis unus abiens, "Et hæc (inquit) sacrata quercus, et quicquid deorum est, audiant foedus a vobis ruptum." Lib. iii. 25.

VOL. II.

O

SPENCE.

Monstra deum refero, et quae sit sententia, posco.  
 Omnibus idem animus scelerata excedere terra, 60  
 Linquere pollutum hospitium, et dare classibus austros.  
 Ergo instauramus Polydoro funus, et ingens  
 Aggeritur tumulo tellus: stant manibus arae,  
 Coeruleis moestae vittis atraque cupresso;  
 Et circum Iliades crinem de more solutae. 65  
 Inferimus tepido spumantia cymbia lacte,  
 Sanguinis et sacri pateras; animamque sepulcro  
 Condimus, et magna supremum voce ciemus.  
 Inde, ubi prima fides pelago, placataque venti 69  
 Dant maria, et lenis crepitans vocat auster in altum,  
 Deducunt socii naves, et litora complent.  
 Provehimur portu, terraeque urbesque recedunt.

72. *Curs'd gold!*] This sententious acclamation is very judiciously placed by the poet, and may exemplify that just and elegant rule of Petronius: *Curandum est; ne sententiae emineant extra corpus orationis expressae, sed intexto vestibus colore niteant*: Homerus testis, et Lyrici, Romanusque Virgilius. This poet is indeed admirable in the art and propriety of introducing what the critics call sentences, or moral reflections on life and manners: They should be but sparingly introduced in an epic poem; and require great delicacy, and judgment, in the management of them. The absurdities of Lucan in his *Pharsalia*, and of Seneca in his tragedies, are innumerable in this particular; they are perpetually declaiming; and drag in philosophical reflexions, without any propriety, decorum, or regard to the character of the person speaking. Hecuba, overwhelmed with various misfortunes, utters a great many grave and calm sentences, and fine moral reflections on the instability of all human grandeur and honours, whom the poet had just before represented as utterly distracted with grief, and as almost having lost her reason and understanding. See the *Troas* of Seneca, Act I. I cannot forbear

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Book III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 195

Curs'd gold! —how high will daring mortals rise  
 In ev'ry guilt, to reach the glittering prize?  
 Soon as my soul recover'd from her fears,  
 Before my father and the gather'd peers, 75  
 I lay the dreadful omens of the gods;  
 All vote at once to fly the dire abodes;  
 To leave th' unhospitable realm behind,  
 And spread our op'ning canvas to the wind.  
 But first we paid the rites to Polydore, 80  
 And rais'd a mighty tomb amid the shore.  
 Next, to his ghost, adorn'd with cypress boughs  
 And sable wreaths, two solemn altars rose;  
 With lamentable cries and hair unbound,  
 The Trojan dames in order mov'd around. 85  
 Warm milk and sacred blood in bowls we brought,  
 To lure the spirit with the mingled draught;  
 Compos'd the soul; and, with a dismal knell,  
 Took thrice the melancholy last farewell.

bear adding a rule of Bossu. The best remedy to cure these indecencies and improprieties is, to imagine we hear the true persons talking naturally together; and to suppose ourselves in their places, and see what we ourselves would say on such and such an occasion. By this means a man will learn to use sentences seldomer, and to retrench those that being not necessary to raise the idea of what he would represent, are only dress'd up for a show. He will likewise learn to strip a great many thoughts of that pompous air, which forms a general precept out of a trifle. And he will say upon these occasions; I command you to speak; do you obey: and not, like Seneca, He that does not speak when commanded, does not do as we commanded him. Some modern writers that may be named, might profit if they considered this Remark, especially the generality of our tragedy writers.



Sacra mari colitur medio gratissima tellus  
Nereidum matri et Neptuno Aegaeo:

Quam pius Arcitenens, oras et litora circum 75  
Errantem, Gyaro celsa Myconoque revinxit,  
Immotamque coli dedit, et contemnere ventos.

Huc feror: haec fessos tuto placidissima portu  
Accipit. egressi veneramur Apollinis urbem.

Rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phoebique sacerdos, 80  
Vittis et sacra redimitus tempora lauro,

Occurrit: veterem Anchisen agnoscit amicum.

Jungimus hospitio dextras, et tecta subimus.

Templa dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto.

Da propriam, Thymbraee, domum, da moenia fessis,

Et genus, et mansuram urbem. serva altera Trojae 86

Pergama, relíquias Danaûm atque immitis Achillei.

Quem sequimur? quove ire jubes? ubi ponere sedes?

115. *Grant, o Thymbraean God,*] The poet makes here no mention of sacrifices or immolations. The reason is, because they never killed any animals on the altars of Delos. Pythagoras, who held the Metempsychosis, made his vows only, says Tully, at the altars of Delos, as these were never stain'd with blood. *Extra.*

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BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 197

Soon as our fleet could trust the smiling sea, 90  
And the soft breeze had smoooth'd the watry way;  
Call'd by the whisp'ring gales, we rig the ships,  
Crowd round the shores, and launch into the deeps.  
Swift from the port our eager course we ply,  
And lands and towns roll backward, as we fly. 95

By Doris lov'd, and Ocean's azure god,  
Lies a fair isle amid th' Ægean flood;  
Which Phœbus fix'd; for once she wander'd round  
The shores, and floated on the vast profound.  
But now unmov'd, the peopled region braves 100  
The roaring whirlwinds, and the furious waves.  
Safe in her open ports the sacred isle  
Receiv'd us, harra's'd with the naval toil.

Our rever'nice due to Phœbus' town we pay,  
And holy Anius meets us on the way; 105  
Anius, whose brows the wreaths and laurels grace,  
Priest of the god, and sovereign of the place.  
Well-pleas'd to see our train the shore ascend,  
He flew to meet my sire, his antient friend:  
In hospitable guise our hands he prest, 110  
Then to the palace led each honour'd guest.

To Phœbus' aged temple I repair,  
And suppliant to the god prefer my pray'r:  
To wand'ring wretches, who in exile roam,  
Grant, o Thymbræan god, a settled home; 115  
Oh! grant thy suppliants, their long labours past,  
A race to flourish, and a town to last;  
Preserve this little second Troy in peace,  
Snatch'd from Achilles and the sword of Greece;

## 198 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

Da, pater, augurium, atque animis illabere nostris.  
 Vix ea fatus eram: tremere omnia visa repente, 90  
 Liminaque, laurusque dei; totusque moveri  
 Mons circum, et mugire adytis cortina reclusis.  
 Submissi petimus terram, et vox fertur ad aures:  
 Dardanidae duri, quae vos a stirpe parentum  
 Prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere laeto 95  
 Accipiet reduces. antiquam exquirite matrem.  
 Hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris,  
 Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.  
 Haec Phoebus: mixtoque ingens exorta tumultu  
 Laetitia; et cuncti, quae sunt ea moenia, quaerunt;  
 Quo Phoebus vocet errantes, jubeatque reverti. 101  
 Tum genitor, veterum volvens monumenta virorum,  
 Audite, o proceres, ait, et spes discite vestras.  
 Creta Jovis magni medio jacet insula ponto,  
 Mons Idaeus ubi, et gentis cunabula nostrae. 105  
 Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna:

134. *When the wide world,]* These two lines in the original are translated literally from Homer, II. xx. 307. except that Virgil says *cunctis oris*, and Homer *τεμνισσιν ἀναξην*. Hence it is conjectured that Æneas did reality never come into Italy. The learned M. Bochart has supported this opinion in a curious dissertation, added to M. Segrain's translation of Virgil.

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Book III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 199

Vouchsafe, great father, some auspicious sign; 120

And oh! inform us with thy light divine,

Where lies our way? and what auspicious guide,

To foreign realms shall lead us o'er the tide?

Sudden, the dire alarm the temple took;

The laurels, gates, and lofty mountains shook. 125

Burst with a dreadful roar, the veils display

The hallow'd tripods in the face of day.

Humbled we fell; then, prostrate on the ground,

We hear these accents in an awful sound:

Ye valiant sons of Troy, the land that bore 130

Your mighty ancestors to light before,

Once more their great descendants shall embrace;

Go---seek the ancient mother of your race.

There the wide world, Æneas' house shall sway,

And down from son to son, th' imperial power convey.

Thus Phœbus spoke; and joy tumultuous fir'd 136

The thronging crowds; and eager all enquir'd,

What realm, what town, his oracles ordain,

Where the kind god would fix the wand'ring train?

Then in his mind my fire revolving o'er 140

The long, long records of the times before;

Learn, ye assembled peers, he cries, from me,

The happy realm the laws of fate decree;

Fair Crete sublimely tow'rs amid the floods,

Proud nurse of Jove, the sovereign of the gods. 145

There antient Ida stands, and thence we trace

The first memorials of the Trojan race;

A hundred cities the blest isle contains,

And boasts a vast extent of fruitful plains.



200 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

Maximus unde pater, si rite audita recordor,  
 Teucus Rhoeteas primum est adveetus in oras,  
 Optavitque locum regno. nondum Ilium et arces  
 Pergameae steterant: habitabant vallibus imis. 110  
 Hinc mater cultrix Cybele, Corybantiaque aera,  
 Idaeumque nemus: hinc fida silentia sacris,  
 Et juncti currum dominae subiere leones.  
 Ergo agite, et, divum ducunt qua iussa, sequamur:  
 Placemus ventos, et Gnosia regna petamus. 115  
 Nec longo distant cursu: modo Jupiter adsit,  
 Tertia lux classem Cretaeis sistit in oris.  
 Sic fatus, meritos aris mactavit honores;  
 Taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo,  
 Nigram hiemi pecudem, zephyris felicibus albam. 120  
 Fama volat, pulsum regnis cessisse paternis  
 Idomeneia ducem, desertaque litora Cretae,  
 Hoste vacare domos, sedesque adstare relictas.  
 Linquimus Ortygiae portus, pelagoque volamus,  
 Bacchatamque jugis Naxon, viridemque Donyfam, 125

157. *Hence her loud cymbals,*] There is a fine passage in the second book of Lucretius, in which he accounts for the fable of Cybele, and describes her worship at the same time.

Hanc veteres Graium docti cecinere poetae,  
 Sublimem in currû bijugos agitare leones;  
 Aeris in spatio magnam pendere docentes  
 Tellurem; neque posse in terrâ sistere terram:  
 Adjungere feras; quia, quamvis effera, proles  
 Officiis debet molliri victa parentum:  
 Muralique caput summum cinxere coronâ,  
 Eximiis munita locis quod sustinet urbes:  
 Quo nunc insigni per magnas praedita terras  
 Horrifice fertur divinae matris imago. Lib. II. 900.

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Book III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 201

Hence our fam'd ancestor old Teucer bore 150  
 His course, and gain'd the fair Rhætean shore,  
 There the great chief the seat of empire chose,  
 Before proud Troy's majestic structures rose;  
 Till then, if rightly I record the tale,  
 Our old forefathers till'd the lowly vale. 155  
 From hence arriv'd the mother of the gods,  
 Hence her loud cymbals and her sacred woods:  
 Hence, at her rites religious silence reigns,  
 And lions whirl her chariot o'er the plains.  
 Then fly we speedy where the gods command, 160  
 Appease the winds, and seek the Cretan land:  
 Nor distant is the shore; if Jove but smile,  
 Three days shall waft us to the blissful isle.

This said; he slays the victims due, and loads  
 In haste the smoaking altars of the gods. 165  
 A bull to Phœbus, and a bull was slain  
 To thee, great Neptune, monarch of the main:  
 A milk white ewe to ev'ry western breeze,  
 A black, to ev'ry storm that sweeps the seas.  
 Now fame reports Idomeneus' retreat, 170  
 Expell'd and banish'd from the throne of Crete;  
 Free from the foe the vacant region lay:  
 We leave the Delian shore, and plow the watry way.  
 By fruitful Naxos, o'er the flood we fly,  
 Where to the Bacchanals the hills-reply; 175

I cannot forbear adding, that the poem of Catullus, who introduces Atys a priest of Cybele struck with madness by this goddess, abounds with some of the strongest strokes of passion, and true poetic enthusiasm, of any thing the Roman poetry has left us.

175. *Where to the Bacchanals the hills reply,*] The translator

Olearon, niveamque Paron, sparsasque per aequor  
 Cycladas, et crebris legimus freta consita terris.  
 Nauticus exoritur vario certamine clamor.  
 Hortantur focii, Cretam proavosque petamus.  
 Prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntes, 130  
 Et tandem antiquis Curetum allabimur oris.  
 Ergo avidus muros optatae molior urbis,  
 Pergameamque voco. et laetam cognomine gentem  
 Hortor amare focos, arcemque attollere tectis.  
 Jamque fere sicco subductae litore puppes, 135  
 Connubiis arvisque novis operata juventus :  
 Jura domosque dabam; subito cum tabida membris,  
 Corrupto coeli tractu, miserandaque venit  
 Arboribusque fatisque lues, et lethifer annus.  
 Linquebant dulces animas, aut aegra trahebant 140  
 Corpora. tum steriles exurere Sirius agros.  
 Arebant herbae et victum seges aegra negabat.  
 Rursus ad oraculum Ortygiae Phœbumque remenso  
 Hortatur pater ire mari, veniamque precari :

tor in this and the following lines hath enlarged a little, (tho' very justifiably) and by adding a few descriptive epithets (glittering rocks appear, clustring islands, &c.) hath given us a beautiful landscape of every different island and country that the navy passed by, and hath convey'd as full images of the whole scene as if we had viewed it from one of Æneas his ships.

177. *Where, white in air,*] Lord Sandwich said to a gentleman, from whom I had it; "That when he past by the island of Paros, several parts of it look'd as white to him, as the rising grounds about Turin, then covered with snow;" when he was there, in the year 1740.

196. *On corn and trees the dreadful pest began,*] The progress

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BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 203

By green Donyfa next and Paros steer,  
Where, white in air, her glitt'ring rocks appear.

Thence through the Cyclades the navy glides,  
Whose clust'ring islands stud the silver tides.

Loud shout the sailors, and to Crete we fly; 180

To Crete our country, was the general cry.

Swift shoots the fleet before the driving blast,

And on the Cretan shore descends at last.

With eager speed I frame a town, and call  
From antient Pergamus the rising wall. 185

Pleas'd with the name, my Trojans I command

To raise strong tow'rs, and settle in the land.

Soon as our lusty youth the fleet could moor,

And draw the vessels on the sandy shore,

Some join the nuptial bands : with busy toil 190

Their fellows plow the new-discover'd soil.

To frame impartial laws I bend my cares,

Allot the dwellings, and assign the shares.

When lo ! from standing air and poison'd skies,

A sudden plague with dire contagion flies. 195

On corn and trees the dreadful pest began;

And last the fierce infection seiz'd on man.

They breathe their souls in air ; or drag with pain

Their lives, now lengthen'd out for woes, in vain ;

Their wonted food the blasted fields deny, 200

And the red dog-star fires the sultry sky.

My fire advis'd, to measure back the main,

Consult, and beg the Delian god again

gress of this contagion is marked out according to the best  
philosophical and physical notions.



Quem fessis finem rebus ferat; unde laborum 145  
 Tentare auxilium jubeat; quo vertere cursus.  
 Nox erat, et terris animalia somnus habebat.  
 Effigies sacrae divum, Phrygiique Penates,  
 Quos mecum a Troja, mediisque ex ignibus urbis  
 Extuleram, vix ante oculos aditare jacentis 150  
 In somnis, multo manifesti lumine, qua se  
 Plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras.  
 Tum sic affari, et curas his demere dictis:  
 Quod tibi delato Ortygiam dicturus Apollo est,  
 Hic canit, et tua nos, en, ultro ad limina mittit. 155  
 Nos te, Dardania incensa, tuaque arma secuti;  
 Nos tumidum sub te permenli classibus aequor;  
 Idem venturos tollemus in astra nepotes,  
 Imperiumque urbi dabimus. tu moenia magnis  
 Magna para, longumque fugae ne linque laborem. 160  
 Mutandae sedes. non haec tibi litora suavit  
 Delius, aut Cretae jussit confidere Apollo.  
 Est locus, Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt;  
 Terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glebae.  
 Oenotrii coluere viri: nunc fama, minores 165  
 Italiam dixisse, ducis de nomine, gentem.  
 Hae nobis propriae sedes; hinc Dardanus ortus,

211. *And stone distinct, &c.*] As to the difficulties of the word *insertas* applied to *fenestras*; (in the original) *insertas* for *insestas* according to Servius seems very harsh; and *per insertas fenestras*, for *insertum per fenestras* according to La Cerda, is more forced and unnatural than the other. And therefore I like it, with Turnebus, in it's plain literal sense; in which

BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 205

To end our woes, his succour to display,  
And to our wand'rings point the certain way. 205

'Twas night; soft slumbers had the world possess'd,  
When, as I lay compos'd in pleasing rest,  
Those gods I bore from flaming Troy, arise  
In awful figures to my wond'ring eyes:  
Close at my couch they stood, divinely bright, 210  
And shone distinct by Cynthia's gleaming light,  
Then, to dispell the cares that rack'd my breast,  
These words the visionary pow'rs address:

Those truths the god in Delos would repeat,  
By us, his envoys, he unfolds in Crete; 215  
By us, companions of thy arms and thee,  
From flaming Ilion o'er the swelling sea.

Led by our care, shall thy descendants rise,  
The world's majestic monarchs, to the skies.  
Then build thy city for imperial sway, 220  
And boldly take the long laborious way.

Forake this region; for the Delian pow'r  
Assign'd not for thy seat the Gnosian shore.  
Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,  
'Twas call'd Hesperia by the Grecian race; 225  
For martial deeds and fruits renown'd by fame;  
But since, Italia, from the leader's name.

These are the native realms the fates assign;  
Hence rose the fathers of the Trojan line;  
The great Iasius, sprung from heaven above, 230  
And antient Dardanus, deriv'd from Jove.

which there is no difficulty at all. For what can be more  
proper, than fenestra inserta parieti? TRAPP.

## 206 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

Iâsiusque pater, genus a quo principe nostrum.  
 Surge age, et haec laetus longaevo dicta parenti  
 Haud dubitanda refer. Coritum, terrasque require 170  
 Ausonias. Dictaea negat tibi Jupiter arva.  
 Talibus attonitus visis ac voce deorum,  
 (Nec sopor illud erat; sed coram agnoscere vultus,  
 Velataque comas, praesentiaque ora videbar:  
 Tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor) 175  
 Corripio e stratis corpus, tendoque supinas  
 Ad coelum cum voce manus, et munera libo  
 Intemerata focis. perfecto laetus honore  
 Anchisen facio certum, remque ordine pando.  
 Agnovit prolem ambiguum, geminosque parentes, 180  
 Seque novo veterum deceptum errore locorum.  
 Tum memorat: nate, Iliacis exercite fatis,  
 Sola mihi tales casus Cassandra canebat.  
 Nunc repeto haec generi portendere debita nostro,  
 Et saepe Hesperiam, saepe Italia regna vocare. 185  
 Sed quis ad Hesperiae venturos litora Teucros  
 Crederet? aut quem tum vates Cassandra moveret?  
 Cedamus Phœbo, et moniti meliora sequamur.  
 Sic ait: et cuncti dictis paremus ovantes.  
 Hanc quoque deserimus sedem, paucisque relictis 190  
 Vela damus, vastumque cava trabe currimus aequor.

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BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 207

Rise then, in haste these joyful tidings bear,  
These truths unquestion'd to thy father's ear.  
Begone---the fair Ausonian realms explore,  
For Jove himself denies the Cretan shore. 235

Struck with the voice divine, and awful sight,  
No common dream, or vision of the night;  
I saw the wreaths, their features; and a stream  
Of trickling sweat ran down from every limb.  
I started from my bed, and rais'd on high 240  
My hands and voice in rapture to the sky.  
Then (to our gods the due oblations paid)  
The scene divine before my fire I laid.  
He owns his error of each antient place,  
Our two great founders, and the double race. 245

My son, he cry'd, whom adverse fates employ,  
Oh! exercis'd in all the woes of Troy!  
Now I reflect, Cassandra's word divine  
Assign'd these regions to the Dardan line.  
But who surmiz'd, the sons of Troy should come 250  
To fair Hesperia from their distant home?  
Or who gave credit to Cassandra's strain,  
Doom'd by the fates to prophecy in vain?  
Pursue we now a surer, safer road,  
By Phœbus pointed, and obey the god. 255  
Glad we comply, and leave a few behind;  
Then spread our sails to catch the driving wind;  
Forake this realm; the sparkling waves divide,  
And the swift vessels shoot along the tide.



Postquam altum tenuere rates, nec jam amplius ullae  
 Apparent terrae; coelum undique et undique pontus:  
 Tum mihi coeruleus supra caput adstitit imber,  
 Noctem hiememque ferens; et inhorruit unda tenebris.  
 Continuo venti volvunt mare, magnaeque surgunt 196  
 Aequora. dispersi jactamur gurgite vasto.  
 Involvere diem nimbi, et nox humida coelum  
 Abstulit. ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes.  
 Excutimur cursu, et caecis erramus in undis. 200  
 Ipse diem noctemque negat discernere coelo,  
 Nec meminisse viae media Palinurus in unda.  
 Tres adeo incertos caeca caligine soles  
 Erramus pelago; totidem sine sidere noctes.  
 Quarto terra die primum se attollere tandem 205  
 Visa, aperire procul montes, ac volvere fumum.  
 Vela cadunt, remis insurgimus: haud mora, nautae  
 Adnixi torquent spumas, et coerula verrunt.  
 Servatum ex undis Strophadum me litora primum  
 Accipiunt, Strophades Graio stant nomine dictae 210  
 Insulae Ionio in magno: quas dira Celaeno,  
 Harpyiaeque colunt aliae, Phineia postquam

263. *When black'ning by degrees,*] We have here a description of a second tempest. It is to be observed that it is entirely different from that in the first book. By describing the same subject with new circumstances, the poet admirably displays the fruitfulness of his invention. CATROU, and SEGRAIS.

287. *From Phineus palace*] Phineus was a king of Thrace; or, as some say, of Arcadia. He ordered the eyes of his two sons to be torn out, to satisfy their mother-in-law. The gods punished his cruelty; they struck him with blindness, and sent the Harpies to him, which took the meat from his mouth. The Argonauts arrived in his country, and

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Now vanish'd from our eyes the lessening ground;  
And all the wide horizon stretching round,  
Above was sky, beneath was sea profound:

When, black'ning by degrees, a gathering cloud,  
Charg'd with big storms, frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,  
And darken'd all the main; the whirlwinds roar, 265  
And roll the waves in mountains to the shore.

Snatch'd by the furious gust, the vessels keep  
Their road no more, but scatter o'er the deep:

The thunders roll, the forky light'nings fly;  
And in a burst of rain descends the sky. 270

Far from our course was dash'd the navy wide,  
And dark we wander o'er the tossing tide.

Not skilful Palinure in such a sea,  
So black with storms, distinguish'd night from day;  
Nor knew to turn the helm, or point the way. 275

Three nights, without one guiding star in view,  
Three days, without the sun, the navy flew;  
The fourth, by dawn, the swelling shores we spy,  
See the thin smokes, that melt into the sky,  
And blewish hills just opening on the eye. 280

We furl the sails, with bending oars divide  
The flashing waves, and sweep the foamy tide.

Safe from the storm the Strophades I gain,  
Incircled by the vast Ionian main,  
Where dwelt Celæno with her harpy train; 285  
Since Boreas' sons had chac'd the direful guests  
From Phineus' palace, and their wonted feasts.

and amongst them Zetes and Calais, the sons of Boreas.  
These two winged princes delivered Phineas from the Har-  
pyes, who had almost starv'd him; and pursued them to

Clausa domus, mensaeque metu liquere priores.  
 Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec saevior ulla  
 Pestis et ira deum Stygiis sese extulit undis. 215  
 Virginei volucrum vultus, foedissima ventris  
 Proluvies, cincaeque manus, et pallida semper  
 Ora famem  
 Huc ubi delati portus intravimus; ecce  
 Laeta boum passim campis armenta videmus, 220  
 Caprigenumque pecus, nullo custode, per herbas.  
 Irruimus ferro, et divos ipsumque vocamus  
 In praedam partemque Jovem. tunc litore curvo  
 Extruimusque toros, dapibusque epulamur opimis.  
 At subitae horridae lapsu de montibus adsunt 225  
 Harpyiae, et magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas,  
 Diripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia foedant  
 Immundo: tum vox tetrum dira inter odorem.  
 Rursum in secessu longo sub rupe cavata,  
 Arboribus clausi circum atque horrentibus umbris, 230  
 Instruimus mensas, arisque reponimus ignem.

the Strophades, where they gave over the pursuit. Apollo-  
 nius has finely enlarged on this fable in his Argonautics,  
 book ii. These Harpyes were called out of hell, and seem'd  
 to have been of the number of the Furies, a permission was  
 given them to dwell on earth, to punish the wicked; by  
 which the poets would represent to us the remorse of a bad  
 conscience.

CATROU.

303. *The monster Harpyes*] The greatest part of the events  
 included in the Æneid, are to be found in Dionysius of Hal-  
 carnassus. He mentions with accuracy the course of the na-  
 vigation of Æneas. He does not omit the fable of the Har-  
 pyes, the predictions uttered by Celenus, the eating up of  
 the cakes, &c. As to the metamorphoses of the ships into  
 nymphs, if Dionysius does not mention it, Virgil himself

takes

BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 211

But fiends to scourge mankind, so fierce, so fell,  
Heav'n never summon'd from the depths of hell :  
Bloated and gorg'd with prey, with wombs obscene, 290  
Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean ;  
A virgin face, with wings and hooky claws ;  
Death in their eyes, and famine in their jaws.

The port we enter'd, and with joy beheld  
Huge herds of oxen graze the verdant field, 295  
And feeding flocks of goats, without a swain,  
That range at large, and bound along the plain ;  
We seize, we slay, and to the copious feast  
Call every god, and Jove himself a guest.

Then on the winding shore the tables plac'd, 300  
And sate indulging in the rich repast ;  
When from the mountains, terrible to view,  
On sounding wings the monster Harpyes flew.

They taint the banquet with their touch abhorr'd,  
Or snatch the smoaking viands from the board. 305  
A stench offensive follows where they fly,  
And loud they scream, and raise a dreadful cry.

Thence to a cavern'd rock the train remove,  
And the close shelter of a shady grove ;  
Once more prepare the feast, the tables raise ; 310  
Once more with fires the loaded altars blaze.

takes care to justify such an absurdity, by telling us, that it was an ancient tradition :

*Prisca fides facta, sed fama perennis* —

If seems that Virgil, ashamed of such a fairy tale, hath a mind to excuse it by the common belief.

Many passages in Virgil considered in this view, are entirely vindicated against his critics, whose good sense was missed in that particular, by their inattention.

VOLTAIRE on epic poetry, p. 37.



Rursum ex diverso coeli caecisque latebris,  
 Turba sonans praedam pedibus circumvolat uncis;  
 Polluit ore dapes. fociis tunc, arma capeffant,  
 Edico, et dira bellum cum gente gerendum. 235  
 Haud secus ac iussi faciunt, tectosque per herbam  
 Disponunt enses, et scuta latentia condunt.  
 Ergo ubi delapsae sonitum per curva dedere  
 Litora; dat signum specula Misenus ab alta  
 Aere cavo: invadunt focii, et nova praelia tentant, 240  
 Obscoenas pelagi ferro foedare volucres.  
 Sed neque vim plumis ullam, nec vulnera tergo  
 Accipiunt; celerique fuga sub sidera lapsae,  
 Semesam praedam et vestigia foeda relinquunt.  
 Una in praecelsa confedit rupe Celaeno 245  
 Infelix vates, rupitque hanc pectore vocem:  
 Bellum etiam pro caede boum stratisque juvencis,  
 Laomedontiadae, bellumne inferre paratis,  
 Et patrio infantes Harpyias pellere regno?  
 Accipite ergo, animis atque haec mea figite dicta: 250  
 Quae Phoebus pater omnipotens, mihi Phoebus Apollo  
 Praedixit, vobis Furiarum ego maxima pando.  
 Italiam cursu petitis, ventisque vocatis  
 Ibitis Italiam, portusque intrare licebit:

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BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 213

Again the fiends from their dark covert fly,  
 But from a different quarter of the sky;  
 With loathsome claws they snatch the food away,  
 Scream o'er our heads, and poison all the prey. 315  
 Enrag'd, I bid my train their arms prepare,  
 And with the direful monsters wage the war.  
 Close in the grass, observant of the word,  
 They hide the shining shield, and gleaming sword.  
 Then, as the Harpyes from the hills once more 320  
 Pour'd shrieking down, and crowded round the shore,  
 On his high stand Misenus sounds from far  
 The brazen trump, the signal of the war.  
 With unaccustom'd fight we flew, to slay  
 The forms obscene, dread monsters of the sea. 325  
 But proof to steel their hides and plumes remain;  
 We strike th' impenetrable fiends in vain,  
 Who from the fragments wing th' aerial way,  
 And leave, involv'd in stench, the mangled prey;  
 All but Celæno;---from a pointed rock 330  
 Where perch'd she sate, the boding Fury spoke:  
 Then was it not enough, ye sons of Troy,  
 Our flocks to slaughter, and our herds destroy?  
 But war, shall impious war your wrongs maintain,  
 And drive the Harpyes from their native reign? 335  
 Hear then your dreadful doom with due regard,  
 Which mighty Jove to Phœbus has declar'd;  
 Which Phœbus open'd to Celæno's view,  
 And I, the Furies queen, unfold to you.  
 To promis'd Italy your course you ply, 340  
 And safe to Italy at length shall fly;

Sed non ante datam cingetis moenibus urbem, 255

Quam vos dira fames, nostraeque injuria caedis,

Ambefas subigat malis absumere mensas.

Dixit, et in sylvam pennis ablata refugit,

At fociis subita gelidus formidine sanguis

Dirigit: cecidere animi; nec jam amplius armis, 260

Sed votis precibusque jubent exposcere pacem,

Sive deae, seu sint dirae obscoenaeque volucres.

At pater Anchises, passis de litore palmis

Numina magna vocat, meritosque indicit honores.

Di, prohibite minas, di, talem avertite casum, 265

Et placidi servate pios. tum litore funem

Deripere, excussosque jubet laxare rudentes.

Tendunt vela noti: fugimus spumantibus undis,

Qua cursum ventusque gubernatorque vocabant.

Jam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos, 270

Dulichiumque, Sameque, et Neritos ardua saxis.

Effugimus scopulos Ithacae, Laërtia regna,

Et terram altricem saevi execramur Ulyssæi.

Mox et Leucatae nimbose cacumina montis,

345. *Those very boards*] It was an historical tradition, reported by D. of Halicarnassus and Strabo, that Æneas had been warned by the oracle, that they should not be established in Italy till after having been reduced to eat his own tables. Varro relates that Virgil received this prediction in the forest of Dodona. Virgil manages this adventure like a true poet; and he puts this oracle into the mouth of an Harpy. It here makes a fine episode. We shall see by and by the completion of this prophecy, which now detains the mind of the reader in suspense.

CATROU.

365. *Rough Ithaca we shun, a rocky shore.*] To express his contempt of the barrenness of Ithaca, Æneas calls it Scopulos Ithacæ, the rocks of Ithaca; and adds Laërtia regna, as if those fruitless rocks were the boundaries of this kingdom.

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But never, never raise your city there,  
'Till, in due vengeance for the wrongs we bear,  
Imperious hunger urge you to devour  
Those very boards on which you fed before. 345

She ceas'd, and fled into the gloomy wood.  
With hearts dejected my companions stood,  
And sudden horrors froze their curdling blood.  
Down drop the shield and spear; from fight we cease,  
And humbly sue by suppliant vows for peace; 350  
And whether goddesses, or fiends from hell,  
Prostrate before the monstrous forms we fell.  
But old Anchises, by the beating floods,  
Invok'd with sacrifice th' immortal gods;  
And rais'd his hands and voice :---ye pow'rs divine, 355  
Avert these woes, and spare a righteous line.

Then he commands to cut the cords away;  
With southern gales we plow the foamy sea.  
And, where the friendly breeze or pilot guides,  
With flying sails we stem the murmuring tides. 360  
Now, high in view, amid the circling floods  
We ken Zacynthus crown'd with waving woods.

Dulichian coasts, and Samian hills we spy,  
And proud Neritos tow'ring in the sky.  
Rough Ithaca we shun, a rocky shore, 365  
And curse the land that dire Ulysses bore.  
Then dim Leucate swell'd to fight, who shrouds  
His tall ærial brow in ambient clouds;

dom. The terms *execramur et faevi* Ulysses are very properly applied by the poet, to intimate his hero's detestation of so great an enemy to the Trojans as Ulysses.



Et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo. 275

Hunc petimus fessi, et parvae succedimus urbi.

Anchora de prora jacitur. stant litore puppes.

Ergo insperata tandem tellure potiti,

Lustramurque Jovi, votisque incendimus aras ;

Actiaque Iliacis celebramus litora ludis. 280

Exercent patrias oleo labente palaestras

Nudati focii. juvat evasisse tot urbem

Argolicas, mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostes.

Interea magnum sol circumvolvitur annum,

Et glacialis hiems aquilonibus asperat undas. 285

Aere cavo clypeum, magni gestamen Abantis,

Postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo :

*Aeneas haec de Danais victoribus arma.*

Linquere tum portus jubeo, et confidere transtris.

Certatim focii feriunt mare, et aequora verrunt. 290

Protinus aërias Phaeacum abscondimus arces,

Litoraque Epiri legimus, portuque subimus

Chaonio, et celsam Buthroti ascendimus urbem.

Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat aures :

Priamiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbes, 295

Conjugio Aeacidae Pyrrhi sceptrisque potitum !

377. *On Actian shores*] Nobilitamus Actium promontorium ludis, &c. says Ruæus ; and it may be true, says Dr. Trap., but I rather take it by way of Hypallage, Celebramus ludos littoribus, &c. especially since the change is so easy and natural. Tho' the literal sense is here sufficient ; yet doubtless Virgil had a farther view to the sports afterwards instituted by Augustus, in memory of his victory at Actium.

383. *The warlike Abas*] It is difficult to guess who this Abas might be. He seems however to have been a Grecian slain by Aeneas in combat, from whom he took his buckler. Aeneas fix'd it to the gate of Apollo's temple, with an inscription ;

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Last opens, by degrees, Apollo's fane,  
The dread of sailors on the wintry main. 370  
To this small town, fatigu'd with toil, we haste;  
The circling anchors from the prows are cast.  
Safe to the land beyond our hopes restor'd,  
We paid our vows to heaven's almighty lord.  
All bright in suppling oil, my friends employ  
Their limbs in wrestling, and revive with joy  
On Actian shores the solemn games of Troy. }  
Pleas'd we reflect that we had pass'd in peace  
Through foes unnumber'd, and the towns of Greece.

Meantime the sun his annual race performs, 380  
And blust'ring Boreas fills the sea with storms;  
I hung the brazen buckler on the door,  
Which once in fight the warlike Abas bore;  
And thus inscrib'd—these arms with blood distain'd,  
From conquering Greece the great Æneas gain'd; 385  
Then, rous'd at my command, the sailors sweep  
And dash with bending oars the sparkling deep.  
Soon had we lost Phæacia's sinking tow'rs,  
And skimm'd along Epirus' flying shores.  
On the Chaonian port at length we fall; 390  
Thence we ascend to high Buthrotos' wall.  
Astonish'd here a strange report we found,  
That Trojan Helenus in Greece was crown'd.  
The captive prince, (victorious Pyrrhus dead,)  
At once succeeded to his throne and bed; 395

scription; and that even in a Grecian city. This was to let the Grecians understand, that there still remained revengers of Troy. We should observe that this inscription, which is only one line, is (after the manner of ancient inscriptions) the most simple and short imaginable.

Et patrio Andromachen iterum cessisse marito.  
 Obstupui; miroque incensum pectus amore  
 Compellare virum, et casus cognoscere tantos.  
 Progredior portu, classes et litora linquens. 300  
 Solemnnes tum forte dapes et tristia dona  
 Ante urbem, in luco, falsi Simoëntis ad undam,  
 Libabat cineri Andromache; manesque vocabat  
 Hectoreum ad tumulum; viridi quem cespite inanem,  
 Et geminas, causam lacrymis, sacraverat aras. 305  
 Ut me conspexit venientem, et Troia circum  
 Arma amens vidit; magnis exterrita monstis,  
 Diriguit visu in medio: calor ossa reliquit:  
 Labitur, et longo vix tandem tempore fatur:  
 Verane te facies, verus mihi nuncius affers, 310  
 Nate dea? vivisne? aut, si lux alma recessit,  
 Hector ubi est? dixit, lacrymasque effudit, et omnem  
 Implevit clamore locum, vix pauca furenti  
 Subjicio, et raris turbatus vocibus hisco:  
 Vivo equidem, vitamque extrema per omnia duco. 315  
 Ne dubita, nam vera vides.  
 Heu! quis te casus dejectam conjuge tanto  
 Excipit? aut quae digna satis fortuna revisit?

401. *Where a new Simois*] Helenus and Andromache comforted themselves for the loss of Troy, in giving to a river of Epirus, the name of a Trojan river. CATROU.

402. *By chance Andromache*] This unexpected meeting with Andromache has an infinite beauty, and must be very pleasing to the reader: her inexpressible surprize at the sight of the Trojan arms is naturally painted.

404. *An empty tomb*] The bones of Hector were not deposited in this tomb. It was empty, and therefore Virgil styles it, inanem: it was literally what the Latins called monumentum. CATROU.

It is probable Catrou might mean Cenotaphium.

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And fair Andromache, to Troy restor'd,  
Once more was wedded to a Dardan lord,  
With eager joy I left the fleet, and went  
To hail my royal friends, and learn the strange event,

Before the walls, within a gloomy wood, 400  
Where a new Simois roll'd his silver flood;  
By chance, Andromache that moment paid  
The mournful offerings to her Hector's shade.

A tomb, an empty tomb her hands compose  
Of living turf; and two fair altars rose. 405  
Sad scene! that still provok'd the tears she shed;

And here the queen invok'd the mighty dead.

When lo! as I advanc'd, and drew more nigh,

She saw my Trojan arms and ensigns fly;

So strange a sight astonish'd to survey, 410

The princess trembles, falls, and faints away.

Her beauteous frame the vital warmth forsook,

And, scarce recover'd, thus at length she spoke:

Ha!--is it true?---in person? and alive?

Still, dost thou still, oh! goddess-born, survive? 415

Or, if no more thou breathe the vital air,

Where is my lord, my Hector, tell me where?

Then, the big sorrow streaming from her eyes,

She fill'd the air with agonizing cries.

Few words to sooth her raging grief I say, 420

And scarce those few, for sobs, could find their way.

Ah! trust your eyes, no phantoms here impose;

I live indeed, but drag a life of woes.

Say then, oh say, has fortune yet been just

To worth like yours, since Hector sunk in dust? 425



Hectoris Andromache, Pyrrhin' connubia servas?  
 Dejecit vultum, et demissa voce locuta est: 320  
 O felix una ante alias Priameïa virgo,  
 Hostilem ad tumultum Trojae sub moenibus altis  
 Jussa mori, quae sortitus non pertulit ullos,  
 Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!  
 Nos, patria incensa, diversa per aequora vectae, 325  
 Stirpis Achilleae fastus juvenemque superbum  
 Servitio enixae tulimus: qui, deinde secutus  
 Ledaëam Hermionen, Lacedaemoniosque Hymenaeos,  
 Me famulo, famulamque Heleno transmisit habendam.  
 Ast illum, ereptae magno inflammatus amore 330  
 Conjugis, et scelerum Furiis agitatus, Orestes  
 Excipit incautum, patriasque obtruncat ad aras.  
 Morte Neoptolemi regnorum reddita cessit  
 Pars Heleno; qui Chaonios cognomine campos,  
 Chaoniamque omnem Trojano a Chaone dixit: 335  
 Pergamaque, Iliacamque jugis hanc addidit arcem.

427. *To Pyrrhus bed*] These words of Æneas would have been a severe reproach, if Andromache had been mistress of her own fortune. Her slavery rendered her marriage with Pyrrhus excusable; notwithstanding which she is still confused, modestly casts her eyes to the ground, and replies with a low voice; not answering his question directly, but breaking out into that passionate exclamation, O felix una, &c. meaning Polyxena, who was sacrificed by the Grecians to appease the ghost of Achilles.

TRAPP and CATROU.

430. *Thrice blest Polyxena*] Polyxena the daughter of Priam and Hecuba, was beloved by Achilles; who, when he came to marry her in the temple of Apollo, was treacherously murdered by Paris during the ceremony of the nuptials. After the sacking of Troy, Achilles's ghost appeared, and demanded that Polyxena should be sacrificed to him: she was accordingly slain upon his tomb by Pyrrhus the son of Achilles.

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Or oh! is that great hero's confort led  
(His dear Andromache) to Pyrrhus' bed?  
To this, with lowly voice, the fair replies,  
While on the ground she fixt her streaming eyes:

Thrice blest Polyxena! condemn'd to fall 430  
By vengeful Greece beneath the Trojan wall;  
Stab'd at Pelides' tomb the victim bled,  
To death deliver'd from the victor's bed.  
Nor lots disgrac'd her with a chain, like me,  
A wretched captive, drag'd from sea to sea! 435  
Doom'd to that hero's haughty heir, I gave  
A son to Pyrrhus, more than half a slave.  
From me, to fair Hermione he fled  
Of Leda's race, and fought a Spartan bed;  
My slighted charms to Helenus resign'd, 440  
And in the bridal bands his captives join'd.  
But fierce Orestes, by the Furies tost  
And mad with vengeance for the bride he lost,  
Swift on the monarch from his ambush flew,  
And at Apollo's hallow'd altar flew. 445  
On Helenus devolv'd (the tyrant slain,)  
A portion of the realm, a large domain:  
From Chaon's name the fruitful tract he calls,  
And from old Pergamus, his growing walls.

les. The Hecuba of Euripides is founded on this subject; and the description of Polyxena's manner of dying, related by the herald Talthybius in the third act, is very noble.

445. *At Apollo's*] Upon these lines of Virgil, Racine has built the story of one of his best tragedies called *Andromache*; of which we have a translation, with the addition of some original beauties, in the *Distress Mother*; written by Mr. Amb. Phillips. Seneca has a tragedy on the death of *Astyanax*, stuffed with bombast and unnatural thoughts.

Sed tibi qui cursum venti, quae fata dedere?  
 Aut quisnam ignarum nostris deus appulit oris?  
 Quid puer Ascanius? superatne, et vescitur aura?  
 Quem tibi jam Troja. . . . . 340

Ecquae jam puero est amissae cura parentis?  
 Ecquid in antiquam virtutem animosque viriles,  
 Et pater Aeneas, et avunculus excitat Hector?

Talia fundebat lacrymans, longosque ciebat  
 Incassum fletus: quum sese a moenibus heros 345

Priamides multis Helenus comitantibus affert,  
 Agnoscitque suos, laetusque ad limina ducit:

Et multum lacrymas verba inter singula fundit.

Procedo, et parvam Trojam, simulataque magnis

Pergama, et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum 350

Agnosco, Scaeeque amplector limina portae.

Necnon et Teucri socia simul urbe fruuntur.

Illos porticibus rex accipiebat in amplis.

Aulaï in medio libabant pocula Bacchi,

Impositis auro dapibus, paterasque tenebant. 355

452. *Does yet Ascanius live?* In the original there is an hemistich follows this line. There are many other breaks or half lines in the *Aeneid*, which of itself, exclusive of other proofs, is sufficient to evince that Virgil did not give the last finishing to this poem. There is not one hemistich in the *Georgics* or *Eclogues* which he left complete; nor in any other old Latin poem, that I know of. The spirit of correctness and exactness, so remarkable in this poet, would certainly have spread itself, if his death had not prevented it, thro' all his works.

458. *The king descends* Bossu judiciously observes, that the reader of a poem is offended, when that is related to him which he already perfectly knows. This was not so great a fault in Homer's time. Virgil is more exact in this

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But oh! what winds, what fates, what gracious powers,  
Led you, unknowing, to these friendly shores? 451

Does yet Ascanius live, the hope of Troy?

Does his fond mother's death afflict the boy?

Or glory's charms his little soul inflame,

To match my Hector's or his father's fame? 455

So spoke the queen with mingled sobs and cries,

And tears in vain ran trickling from her eyes.

When lo! in royal pomp the king descends

With a long train, and owns his antient friends.

Then to the town his welcome guests he led; 460

Tear follow'd tear, at ev'ry word he said.

Here in a foreign region I behold

A little Troy, an image of the old;

Here creeps along a poor penurious stream,

That fondly bears Scamander's mighty name: 465

A second Scæan gate I clasp with joy,

In dear remembrance of the first in Troy.

With me, the monarch bids my friends, and all,

Indulge the banquet in the regal hall,

this particular. Venus in the first book would not hear Æneas make a recital of his misfortunes; she interrupts it to comfort him. And in the third book, when good manners obliged Æneas to relate his story to Andromache, Helenus comes in very opportunely, and so hinders him from going on with his discourse.

466. *A second Scæan gate I clasp'd with joy.*] Those who were going out to banishment, or about to travel into some distant country were wont to embrace the pillars and thresholds of their houses. This they also did at their return. Hence V. Flaccus Arg. b. i.—*Patriæque amplecti limina portæ.*

This custom they practised likewise in the colonies, dependent upon their respective countries.



Jamque dies, alterque dies proceffit; et aurae  
 Vela vocant, tumidoque inflatur carbasus austro.  
 His vatem aggredior dictis, ac talia quaeso:  
 Trojugena, interpretes divûm, qui numina Phoebi,  
 Qui tripodas, Clarii lauros, qui sidera sentis, 360  
 Et volucrum linguas, et praepetis omina pennae,  
 Fare age; namque omnem cursum mihi prospera dixit  
 Relligio; et cuncti suaferunt numine divi  
 Italiam petere, et terras tentare repostas:  
 Sola novum dictuque nefas Harpyia Celaeno 365  
 Prodigium canit, et tristes denuntiat iras,  
 Obscoenamque famem; quae prima pericula vito?  
 Quidve sequens, tantos possim superare labores?  
 Hic Helenus, caesis primum de more juvencis,  
 Exorat pacem divûm: vittasque resolvit 370  
 Sacrati capitis, meque ad tua limina, Phoebe,  
 Ipse manu multo suspensum numinae ducit;  
 Atque haec deinde canit divino ex ore sacerdos.  
 Nate dea; nam te majoribus ire per altum  
 Auspiciis manifesta fides: sic fata deûm rex 375  
 Sortitur, volvitque vices: is vertitur ordo.

BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 225

Crown'd with rich wine the foamy goblets hold; 470  
And the vast feast was serv'd in massy gold.

Two days were past, and now the southern gales  
Call us aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.

A thousand doubts distract my anxious breast,  
And thus the royal prophet I address'd: 475

Oh sacred prince of Troy, to whom 'tis giv'n,  
To speak events, and search the will of heav'n,

The secret mind of Phœbus to declare  
From laurels, tripods, and from every star;

To know the voice of every fowl that flies 480  
The signs of every wing that beats the skies;

Instruct me, sacred seer; since every god,  
With each blest omen, bids me plow the flood,

To reach fair Italy, and measure o'er  
A length of ocean to the destin'd shore: 485

The Harpy queen, and she alone, relates  
A scene of sad unutterable fates,

A dreadful famine sent from heaven on high,  
With all the gather'd vengeance of the sky:

Tell me, what dangers I must first oppose, 490  
And how o'ercome the mighty weight of woes.

Now, the due victims slain, the king implores  
The grace and favour of th' immortal pow'rs;

Unbinds the fillets from his sacred head,  
Then, by the hand, in solemn state he led 495

His trembling guest to Phœbus' fair abode,  
Struck with an awful reverence of the god.

At length, with all the sacred fury fir'd,  
Thus spoke the prophet, as the god inspir'd:

Pauca tibi e multis, quo tutior hospita lustrēs  
 Aequora, et Aufonio possis considerare portu,  
 Expediam dictis; prohibent nam caetera Parcae.  
 Scire Helenum, farique vetat Saturnia Juno. 380  
 Principio Italiam, quam tu jam rere propinquam  
 Vicinosque ignare paras invadere portus,  
 Longa procul longis via dividit invia terris.  
 Ante et Trinacria lentandus remus in unda,  
 Et salis Aufonii lustrandum navibus aequor, 385  
 Infernique lacus, Aeacaeque insula Circes,  
 Quam tuta possis urbem componere terra.  
 Signa tibi dicam; tu condita mente teneto.  
 Cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam  
 Litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus fus, 390  
 Triginta capitem foetus enixa, jacebit,  
 Alba, solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati:  
 Is locus urbis erit; requies ea certa laborum.  
 Nec tu mensarum morsus horresce futuros:  
 Fata viam invenient, aderitque vocatus Apollo. 395

514. *Plunging oars,*] In the original *lentandus*: i. e. *curvatus* et *flectendus*: the oar being *lentus*, tough, and so made for bending not breaking.

See TRAPP and SERVIUS.

521. *White mother*] This circumstance of finding a white sow and her thirty young ones was founded, according to Varro, upon an ancient historical tradition. On their account, Alba, which Ascanius built, had its name and origin. There is no fiction either in the geography, or in the antiquities and origin of the nations mentioned in this third book. Virgil had seen with his own eyes, the seas, the islands, the countries, ports, and cities, thro' which his hero passed. For he himself made the very same voyage, that he describes Æneas to have made, on purpose that he might be more exact in his account.

CATROU.

Book III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 227

Since, mighty chief, the deities, your guides, 500  
 With prosperous omens waft you o'er the tides,  
 Such is the doom of fate, the will of Jove,  
 The firm decree of him who reigns above:  
 Hear me, of many things, explain a few,  
 Your future course with safety to pursue; 505  
 And, all these foreign floods and countries past,  
 To reach the wish'd Ausonian port at last.  
 The rest the fates from Helenus conceal,  
 And heav'ns dread queen forbids me to reveal.  
 First then, that Italy, that promis'd land, 510  
 Tho' thy fond hopes already grasp the strand,  
 (Tho' now she seems so near,) a mighty tide,  
 And long, long regions from your reach divide.  
 Sicilian seas must bend your plunging oars;  
 Your fleet must coast the fair Ausonian shores, 515  
 And reach the dreadful isle, the dire abode  
 Where Circe reigns; and stem the Stygian flood,  
 Before your fated city shall ascend.  
 Hear then, and these auspicious signs attend:  
 When, lost in contemplation deep, you find 520  
 A large white mother of the bristly kind,  
 With her white brood of thirty young, who drain  
 Her swelling dugs, where Tyber bathes the plain:  
 There, there, thy town shall rise, my godlike friend,  
 And all thy labours find their destin'd end. 525  
 Fear then Celæno's direful threats no more,  
 That your fierce hunger shall your boards devour.  
 Apollo, when invok'd, will teach the way,  
 And fate the mystic riddle shall display.



228 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

Has autem terras, Italique hanc litoris oram,  
 Proxima quae nostri perfunditur aequoris aestu,  
 Effuge : cuncta malis habitantur moenia Graiis.  
 Hic et Narycii posuerunt moenia Locri,  
 Et Salentinos obsedit milite campos 400  
 Luctus Idomeneus : hic illa ducis Meliboei  
 Parva Philoctetae subnixta Petilia muro.  
 Quin, ubi transmissae steterint trans aequora classes,  
 Et positis aris jam vota in litore solves,  
 Purpureo velare comas adopertus amictu ; 405  
 Ne qua inter sanctos ignes in honore deorum  
 Hostilis facies occurrat, et omina turbet.  
 Hunc focii morem sacrorum, hunc ipse teneto :  
 Hac casti maneant in religione nepotes.  
 Ast, ubi digressum Siculae te admoverit orae 410  
 Ventus, et angusti rarefcent claustra Pelori,  
 Laeva tibi tellus, et longo laeva petantur  
 Aequora circuitu : dextrum fuge litus et undas.

538. *Here Philoctetes,*] Philoctetes was the son of Pezan, and the companion and friend of Hercules, who gave him in his last moments the famous poisoned arrows ; but Philoctetes being unfortunately bit by a serpent in his foot, the wound became very offensive to the camp, and the Grecian army thinking the bite was a punishment from the gods, agreed to send Philoctetes into the solitary island of Lemnos. But the oracle afterwards declaring that Troy could not be taken without the arrows of Hercules, he was brought back again by Ulysses and Neoptolemus ; and hearing after Troy was taken, of an insurrection, or rather rebellion of the Meliboei, he came into Italy ; and either built, or fortified, Petilia with walls. There is a most beautiful tragedy of Sophocles on the subject of Philoctetes's being brought back to the Grecian army by Ulysses : the substance and capital beauties of which, have been translated by Fenelon, and inserted into the fifteenth book of his Telemachus, the last speech

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BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 229

But these next borders of th' Italian shores, 530  
 On whose rough rocky fides our ocean roars,  
 Avoid with caution, for the Grecian train  
 Possess those realms that stretch along the main.  
 Here, the fierce Locrians hold their dreadful seat ;  
 There, brave Idomeneus, expell'd from Crete, 535  
 Has fixt his armies on Salentine ground,  
 And awes the wide Calabrian realms around.  
 Here Philoctetes, from Theſſalian ſhores,  
 Rears ſtrong Petilia fenc'd with walls and tow'rs.  
 Soon as transported o'er the rolling floods, 540  
 You pay due vows in honour of the gods ;  
 When on the ſhore the ſmoking altars riſe,  
 A purple veil draw cautious o'er your eyes ;  
 Left hoſtile faces ſhould appear in fight,  
 To blaſt and diſcompoſe the hallow'd rite. 545  
 Obſerve this form before the ſacred ſhrine,  
 Thou, and thy friends, and all thy future line.

When near Sicilian coaſts thy bellying ſails  
 At length convey thee with the driving gales ;  
 Pelorus' ſtraits juſt opening by degrees ; 550  
 Turn from the right ; avoid the ſhores and ſeas.

ſpeech of Philoctetes in this tragedy, where he takes leave  
 of his cave and ſolitary iſland, is extremely poetical.

*Χαιρ' ὦ μιλαθρον, &c.*

543. *A purple veil*] This veil with which the head was to  
 be covered during ſacrifice, was a piece of hiſtory of which  
 Virgil hath made a poetical uſe. Aurelius Viſtor relates,  
 that Æneas ſacrificing on the ſhore of Italy, ſuddenly per-  
 ceived Ulyſſes and his fleet approaching ; and for fear of  
 being known, covered his face with a purple veil. From  
 this adventure, Virgil makes Helenus give Æneas a cere-  
 monial precept, for all his poſterity. Such uſe does the poet  
 make of the leaſt hiſtorical circumſtances in the life of his  
 hero.

CATROU.

Haec loca, vi quondam et vâsta convolsa ruina,  
 Tantum aevi longinqua valet mutare vetustas, 415  
 Diffiluissè ferunt, cum protenus utraque tellus  
 Una foret. venit medio vi pontus, et undis  
 Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit; arvaeque et urbes  
 Litore diductas angusto interluit aestu.  
 Dextrum Scylla latus, laevum implacata Charybdis 420  
 Obsidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos  
 Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursusque sub auras  
 Erigit alternos, et fidera verberat unda.  
 At Scyllam caecis cohibet spelunca latebris,  
 Ora exsertantem, et naves in saxa trahentem. 425  
 Prima hominis facies, et pulchro pectore virgo  
 Pube tenus: postrema immani corpore pristis,  
 Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.

563. *Charybdis on the left &c.*] Virgil has copied this description from the twelfth book of the *Odyssey*; and I think excells Homer in it. The conoisseurs in painting are curious in observing how different masters acquit themselves in working upon the same subjects. In imitation of them, let us see how far below Virgil Ovid has fallen, in describing Scylla and Charybdis!

Quid, quod nescio qui mediis concurrere in undis  
 Dicuntur montes; ratibusque inimica Charybdis  
 Nunc sorbere fretum, nunc reddere, cinctaque saevis  
 Scylla rapax canibus Siculo latrare profundo.

How flat and puerile is this in comparison of,

Dextrum Scylla latus, laevum impacata Charybdis  
 Obsidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos  
 Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursusque sub auras  
 Erigit alternos, et fidera verberat undâ.

Methinks we have been looking on a piece of Michael Angelo's, and one of Verrio's on the same subject. I cannot forbear transcribing Milton's noble and just description of the allegorical figure of Sin, as it has a relation to this passage of Virgil. —About

BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 231

Far to the left thy course in safety keep,  
 And fetch a mighty circle round the deep.  
 That realm of old, a ruin huge! was rent  
 In length of ages from the continent: 555  
 With force convulsive burst the isle away;  
 Through the dread op'ning broke the thund'ring sea:  
 At once the thund'ring sea Sicilia tore,  
 And sunder'd from the fair Hesperian shore;  
 And still the neighbouring coasts and towns divides 560  
 With scanty channels, and contracted tides.  
 Fierce to the right tremendous Scylla roars,  
 Charybdis on the left the flood devours:  
 Thrice swallow'd in her womb, subsides the sea,  
 Deep, deep as hell; and thrice she spouts away 565  
 From her black bellowing gulphs, disgorg'd on high,  
 Waves after waves, that dash the distant sky.  
 Lodg'd in a darksome cavern's dreadful shade,  
 High o'er the surges Scylla rears her head:  
 Grac'd with a virgin's breast, and female looks, 570  
 She draws the vessels on the pointed rocks.  
 Below, she lengthens in a monstrous whale,  
 With dogs surrounded, and a dolphin's tail.

— About her middle round  
 A cry of hell-hounds, never ceasing bark'd,  
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung  
 A hideous peal: yet when they list, would creep,  
 If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb  
 And kennel there: yet there still bark'd and howl'd  
 Within, unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these  
 Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts  
 Calabria, from the hoarse Trinacrian shore.

Par. Lost, book ii. 654.

Q 4

Milton



Praestat Trinacrii metas lustrare Pachyni  
 Cessantem, longos et circumflectere cursus, 430  
 Quam semel informem vasto vidisse sub antro  
 Scyllam, et coeruleis canibus resonantia saxa.  
 Praeterea, si qua est Heleno prudentia, vati  
 Si qua fides, animum si veris implet Apollo,  
 Unum illud tibi, nate dea, praeque omnibus unum 435  
 Praedicam, et repetens iterumque iterumque monebo.  
 Junonis magnae primum prece numen adora :  
 Junoni cane vota libens, dominamque potentem  
 Supplicibus supera donis. sic denique victor  
 Trinacria fines Italos mittere relictâ. 440  
 Huc ubi delatus Cumaeam accesseris urbem,  
 Divinosque lacus, et Averno sonantia sylvis,  
 Insanam yatem aspicias ; quae rupe sub ima  
 Fata canit, foliisque notas et nomina mandat.  
 Quaecunque in foliis descripsit carmina virgo, 445  
 Digerit in numerum, atque antro seclusa relinquit :  
 Illa manent immota locis, neque ab ordine cedunt.  
 Verum eadem, verso tenuis cum cardine ventus  
 Impulit, et teneras turbavit janua frondes,  
 Nunquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere saxo, 450  
 Nec revocare situs, aut jungere carmina curat.

Milton seems to have taken the hint of this famous allego-  
 ry from these words in St. James's epistle, i. 15. " When  
 " LUST hath conceived it bringeth forth SIN, and SIN, when  
 " it is finished, bringeth forth DEATH : " Where LUST, and  
 SIN, and DEATH, are plainly personify'd.

BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 233

But oh ! 'tis far, far safer with delay  
Still round and round to plow the watry way, 575  
And coast Pachynus, than with curious eyes  
To see th' enormous den where Scylla lies ;  
The dire tremendous fury to explore,  
Where, round her cavern'd rocks, her watry monsters  
roar. 580

Besides, if Helenus the truth inspires,  
If Phœbus warms me with prophetic fires ;  
One thing in chief, O prince of Venus' strain,  
Tho' oft repeated, I must urge again.  
To Juno first with gifts and vows repair,  
And vanquish heaven's imperial queen with pray'r. 585  
So shall your fleets in safety waft you o'er,  
From fair Trinacria to th' Hesperian shore ;  
There when arriv'd you visit Cuma's tow'rs,  
Where dark with shady woods Avernus roars,  
You see the Sibyl in her rocky cave, 590  
And hear the furious maid divinely rave.  
The dark decrees of fate the virgin sings,  
And writes on leaves, names, characters, and things.  
The mystic numbers, in the cavern laid,  
Are rang'd in order by the sacred maid ; 595  
There they repose in ranks along the floor ;  
At length a casual wind unfolds the door ;  
The casual wind disorders the decrees,  
And the loose fates are scatter'd by the breeze.  
She scorns to range them, and again unite 600  
The fleeting scrolls, or stop their airy flight.

Inconsulti abeunt, sedemque odere Sibyllae.

Hic tibi ne qua morae fuerint dispendia tanti :

Quamvis increpitent socii, et vi cursus in altum  
Vela vocet, possisque sinus implere secundos : 455

Quin adeas vatem, precibusque oracula poscas

Ipse canat, vocemque volens atque ora resolvat.

Illa tibi Italiae populos, venturaque bella,

Et quo quemque modo fugiasque ferasque laborem,

Expediet; cursusque dabit venerata secundos. 460

Haec sunt quae nostra liceat te voce moneri.

Vade age, et ingentem factis fer ad aethera Trojam.

Quae postquam vates sic ore effatus amico est,

Dona dehinc, auro gravia sectoque elephanto,

Imperat ad naves ferri, stipatque carinis 465

Ingens argentum, Dodonaeosque lebetas,

Loricam consertam hamis, auroque trilecem,

Et conum insignis galeae, cristasque comantes,

Arma Neoptolemi. sunt et sua dona parenti.

Addit equos, additque duces. 470

616. *Thus far I tell thee,*] Virgil represents the prophet Helenus, as restrain'd in his discoveries of what was to happen to Æneas, in his going from Italy. The great point in which he was thus restrain'd, was Æneas's delay at Carthage; and the danger that arose from it, of his quite breaking off his voyage, and settling in that city. Hence he says afterwards, "If Juno does not prevent it, you shall go from Sicily to Italy." And 'tis true he did so; but that was after the second time of his being at Sicily: and the whole affair of his being driven to the coast of Afric, and his staying so long at Carthage (which happen'd after his first leaving Sicily) is totally dropt by Helenus. All he tells him is, how he may escape the other dangers in his voyage; and what he is to do, and where to fix, when he is got to Italy.

SPENCE.

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BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 235

Then back retreat the disappointed train,  
 And curse the Sibyl they consult in vain.  
 But thou more wise, thy purpos'd course delay,  
 Though thy rash friends should summon thee away;  
 And wait with patience, though the flattering gales 606  
 Sing in thy shrowds, and fill thy opening sails.  
 With suppliant pray'rs intreat her to relate,  
 In vocal accents all thy various fate.  
 Her voice the Italian nations shall declare, 610  
 And the whole progress of thy future war.  
 Thy numerous toils the prophets shall show,  
 And how to shun, or suffer every woe.  
 With reverence due, her potent aid implore,  
 So shalt thou safely reach the distant shore: 615  
 Thus far I tell thee, but must tell no more.  
 Proceed, brave prince, with courage in thy wars,  
 And raise the Trojan glory to the stars.

When thus my fates the royal seer foretold,  
 He sent rich gifts of elephant and gold; 620  
 Within my navy's fides large treasures stow'd,  
 And brazen cauldrons that refulgent glow'd.  
 To me the monarch gave a shining mail,  
 With many a golden clasp, and golden scale;  
 With this, a beauteous radiant helm, that bore 625  
 A waving plume; the helm that Pyrrhus wore.  
 My father too with costly gifts he loads,  
 And sailors he supplies to stem the floods,

Prophecies should be rarely introduced into a poem, because they forestall the events of the action.



## 236 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

Remigium supplet : socios simul instruit armis.  
 Interea classem velis aptare jubebat  
 Anchises, fieret vento mora ne qua ferenti,  
 Quem Phoebi interpres multo compellat honore :  
 Conjugio Anchisa Veneris dignate superbo, 475  
 Cura deum, bis Pergameis erepte ruinis,  
 Ecce tibi Aufoniae tellus : hanc arripe velis.  
 Et tamen hanc pelago praeterlabere necesse est.  
 Aufoniae pars illa procul, quam pandit Apollo.  
 Vade, ait, o felix nati pietate. quid ultra 480  
 Provehor, et fando surgentes demoror austros ?  
 Nec minus Andromache, digressu moesta supremo,  
 Fert picturatas auri subtemine vestes,  
 Et Phrygiam Ascanio chlamydem, nec cedit honori,  
 Textilibusque onerat donis, ac talia fatur : 485  
 Accipe et haec, manuum tibi quae monumenta mearum  
 Sint, puer, et longum Andromachae testentur amorem,  
 Conjugis Hecloreae. cape dona extrema tuorum.

635. *Whom Venus led,*] Among other gallantries of Venus, it was said she had an affair with Anchises, as he was keeping his sheep on Mount Ida. This adventure is described at large, and in the most glowing colours, in Homer's hymn to Venus. The fable was probably invented (says the Abbe Banier) to cloak some piece of gallantry, and to calm the jealousy of Anchises's wife, who saw him too often frequent the banks of the river Simois, where he was probably smitten with the charms of some shepherdess, who was perhaps denominated Venus on account of her beauty. It would seem that it was that Venus whom Homer makes to have been the daughter of Dione, ll. ix. and who is mentioned by Cicero, *De Nat. Deor.* l. iii. The poets add, that Venus enjoyed her gallant not to speak of this adventure, but that he not being able to keep the secret, was struck with thunder, by which Servius says he lost his sight; others say, the wound he received thereby, could never be closed up.

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BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 237

And generous steeds, and arms to all my train,  
With skilful guides to lead us o'er the main. 630

And now my fire gave orders to unbind  
The gather'd sails, and catch the rising wind;  
Whom thus, at parting, the prophetic sage  
Address'd with all the reverence due to age.  
O favour'd of the skies! whom Venus led 635

To the high honours of her genial bed,  
Her own immortal beauties to enjoy,  
And twice preserv'd thee from the flames of Troy:  
Lo! to your eyes Ausonian coasts appear;  
Go—to that realm your happy voyage steer. 640

But far beyond those regions you survey,  
Your coasting fleet must cut the lengthen'd way.  
Still, still at distance lies the fated place,  
Assign'd by Phœbus to the Trojan race.  
Go then, he said, with full success go on, 645

Oh blest! thrice blest in such a matchless son.  
Why longer should my words your course detain,  
When the soft gales invite you to the main?

Nor less the queen, her love and grief to tell,  
With costly presents takes her sad farewell. 650  
She gave my son a robe; the robe of old  
Her own fair hands embroider'd o'er with gold:  
With precious vests she loads the darling boy,  
And a resplendent mantle wrought in Troy.

Accept, dear youth, she said, these robes I wove 655  
In happier days, memorial of my love.

This trifling token of thy friend receive,  
The last, last present Hector's wife can give.

238 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

O mihi sola mei super Aftyanaetis imago !  
 Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat : 490  
 Et nunc aequali tecum pubesceret aevo.  
 Hos ego digrediens lacrymis affabar obortis :  
 Vivite felices, quibus est fortuna peracta  
 Jam sua : nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur.  
 Vobis parta quies ; nullum maris aequor arandum ; 495  
 Arva neque Ausoniae, semper cedentia retro,  
 Quaerenda. effigiem Xanthi, Trojamque videtis,  
 Quam vestrae fecere manus, melioribus opto  
 Auspiciis, et quae fuerit minus obvia Graiis.  
 Si quando Tybrim vicinaque Tybridis arva 500  
 Intraro, gentique meae data moenia cernam,  
 Cognatasque urbes olim, populosque propinquos  
 Epiro Hesperia, quibus idem Dardanus auctor,

659, 660. *I see My dear Aftyanax reviv'd in thee !*] This reflection of Andromache is delicate and moving. 'Tis the very voice of nature ; the mother appears in it ; especially where she adds with a sigh,

Et nunc aequali tecum pubesceret aevo !

It suggests to one, the delight she would have felt to have seen Iulus and Aftyanax together, engaged in friendship, and fond of the same pursuits ! After the destruction of Troy, the Grecian priest Calchas declared that the gods, to send them a favourable wind for their return, demanded that the son of Hector and Andromache must perish. His mother concealed Aftyanax, but Ulysses discovered him ; and he was thrown from the battlements of a very high tower.

Seneca has written a tragedy on this subject ; which like the rest of that unnatural writer's compositions, is filled with far-fetched sentiments, affected conceits, false ornaments, and declamation ; the bane of true tragedy.

661. *Such were his motions !*] Here we may remark the propriety of behaviour and the decorum which Virgil observes, with relation to the characters of Helenus and Andromache.

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Ah! now, methinks, and only now, I see  
My dear Astyanax revive in thee! 660

Such were his motions! such a sprightly grace  
Charm'd from his eyes, and open'd in his face!  
And had it pleas'd, alas! the pow'rs divine,  
His blooming years had been the same as thine.

Thus then the mournful last farewell I took, 665

And, bath'd in tears, the royal pair bespoke:

Live you long happy in a settled state;

'Tis ours to wander still from fate to fate.

Safe have you gain'd the peaceful port of ease,

Not doom'd to plow th' immeasurable seas; 670

Nor seek for Latium, that deludes the view,

A coast that flies as fast as we pursue.

Here you a new Scamander can enjoy;

Here your own hands erect a second Troy:

With happier omens may she rise in peace, 675

And less obnoxious than the first to Greece.

If e'er the long-expected shore I gain,

Where Tyber's streams enrich the flow'ry plain;

Or if I live to raise our fated town;

Our Latian Troy and yours shall join in one; 680

In one shall center both the kindred states,

The same their founder, and the same their fates!

maché. She is entirely taken up with Ascânus, and the remembrance of her lost Astyanax. She makes no presents but to that young prince. Those which Helenus gives are to Anchises and Æneas.

682. *The same their fates,*] The adventures of Æneas and Helenus had a great resemblance. They were both the issue of Dardanus; both fugitives from Troy; one had founded a colony in Epirus, the other was going to do the same in Italy.



240 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

Atque idem casus ; unam faciemus utramque  
Trojam animis. maneat nostros ea cura nepotes. 505

Provehimur pelago vicina Ceraunia juxta :  
Unde iter Italiam, cursusque brevissimus undis.  
Sol ruit interea, et montes umbrantur opaci.  
Sternimur optatae gremio telluris ad undam,  
Sortiti remos, passimque in litore sicco 510

Corpora curamus. fessos sopor irrigat artus.  
Necdum orbem medium nox horis acta subibat :  
Haud segnis strato surgit Palinurus, et omnes  
Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat :  
Sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia coelo, 515

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones,  
Armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona.  
Postquam cuncta videt coelo constare sereno,  
Dat clarum e puppi signum : nos castra movemus,  
Tentamusque viam, et velorum pandimus alas. 520

Jamque rubescebat stellis aurora fugatis :  
Cum procul obscuros colles, humilemque videmus  
Italiam. Italiam primus conclamat Achates ;  
Italiam laeto focii clamore salutant.

684. *The sacred friendship,*] De La Cerda from Nannius (to both whom I refer the reader) is particular in shewing the friendship between these nations in after times ; by which this prophesy (as they call it) was fulfilled : but sure they forgot Pyrrhus king of Epirus, who was no great friend to the Romans. But history is not my business ; what Aeneas says may be regarded as his own resolution, and as a wish to posterity :—and that is sufficient. TRAPP.

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And may their son to future times convey  
The sacred friendship which we sign to-day.

We take to Italy the shortest road, 685

By steep Ceraunian mountains, o'er the flood.

Now the descending sun roll'd down the light,

The hills lie cover'd in the shades of night ;

When some by lot attend, and ply the oars,

Some, worn with toil, lie stretch'd along the shores: 690

There, by the murmurs of the heaving deep

Rock'd to repose, they sunk in pleasing sleep.

Scarce half the hours of silent night were fled,

When careful Palinure forsakes his bed ;

And every breath explores that stirs the seas, 695

And watchful listens to the passing breeze ;

Observes the course of ev'ry orb on high,

That moves in silent pomp along the sky.

Arcturus dreadful with his stormy star,

The watry Hyads, and the northern car, 700

In the blue vault his piercing eyes behold,

And huge Orion flame in arms of gold.

When all serene he saw th' etherial plain,

He gave the signal to the slumb'ring train.

We rouse ; our opening canvas we display, 705

And wing with spreading sails the watry way.

Now every star before Aurora flies,

Whose glowing blushes streak the purple skies :

When the dim hills of Italy we view'd,

That peep'd by turns, and div'd beneath the flood. 710

Lo! Italy appears, Achates cries,

And Italy, with shouts, the crowd replies.

Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera corona 525  
 Induit, implevitque mero, diuosque vocavit,  
 Stans celsa in puppi :  
 Dî, maris et terrae tempestatumque potentes,  
 Ferte viam vento facilem, et spirate secundi.  
 Crebrescunt optatae aurae, portusque patefcit 530  
 Jam propior, templumque apparet in arce Minervae.  
 Vela legunt socii, et proras ad litora torquent.  
 Portus ab Eoo fluctu curvatur in arcum ;  
 Objectae falsa spumant aspergine cautes ;  
 Ipse latet. gemino demittunt brachia muro 535  
 Turriti scopuli, refugitque a litore templum.  
 Quatuor hic, primum omen, equos in gramine vidi  
 Tondentes campum late, candore nivali.  
 Et pater Anchises : bellum, o terra hospita, portas ;  
 Bello armantur equi ; bellum haec armenta minantur.  
 Sed tamen idem olim curru succedere sueti 541  
 Quadrupedes, et fraena jugo concordia ferre :  
 Spes est pacis, ait. tum numina sancta precamur  
 Palladis armifonae, quae prima accepit ovantes,  
 Et capita ante aras Phrygio velamur amictu, 545

732. *War, cry'd my fire,*] The character of Anchises is well supported to the last, throughout that short part which he acts in the poem. Virgil represents him skilful in divination ; before his departure from Troy, he foretold that Iulus should be a king from the fire which surrounded his hair, B. ii. in this passage he foretells the arrival of the Trojans in Italy, from the sight of these white horses. The poet has painted him likewise with the natural infirmities of old age. Hence his weak memory makes him mistake the import of the Delphic oracle : He thought that they were directed to sail to Crete, because Teucer one of the founders of Troy, was a Cretan ;

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My fire, transported, crowns a bowl with wine,  
 Stands on the deck, and calls the pow'rs divine :  
 Ye gods ! who rule the tempests, earth, and seas, 715  
 Befriend our course, and breathe a prosperous breeze.  
 Up sprung th' expected breeze ; the port we spy,  
 Near, and more near ; and Pallas' fane on high,  
 With the steep hill, rose dancing to the eye. }  
 Our sails are furl'd ; and from the seas profound, 720  
 We turn the prows to land, while Ocean foams around.

Where from the raging east the furies flow,  
 The land indented bends an ample bow ;  
 The port conceal'd within the winding shore,  
 Dash'd on the fronting cliffs, the billows roar. 725  
 Two lofty tow'ring rocks extended wide,  
 With outstretch'd arms embrace the murmuring tide.  
 Within the mighty wall the waters lie,  
 And from the coast the temple seems to fly.

Here first, a dubious omen I beheld ; 730  
 Four milk-white courfers graz'd the verdant field.  
 War, cry'd my fire, these hostile realms prepare ;  
 Train'd to the fight, these steeds denounce the war.  
 But since sometimes they bear the guiding rein,  
 Yok'd to the car ; the hopes of peace remain. 735  
 Then, as her temple rais'd our shouts, we paid  
 Our first devotions to the martial maid.

and had forgotten that Dardanus, who was another founder of Troy, came from Italy. At the same time, Virgil has given him all the virtues of an old hero : he is resolved to perish with his country ; he makes his old age a reason for his despising death ; nothing but a prodigy could induce him to leave the city of Troy tho' in flames. See CATROU.



Praeceptisque Heleni, dederat quae maxima, rite  
 Junoni Argivae jussos adolemus honores,  
 Haud mora; continuo perfectis ordine votis,  
 Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum,  
 Grajugenûmque domos, suspectaque linquimus arva.  
 Hinc sinus Herculei, si vera est fama, Tarenti 551  
 Cernitur, attollit se diva Lacinia contra,  
 Caulonisque arces, et navifragum Scylacaeum.  
 Tum procul e fluctu Trinacria cernitur Aetna,  
 Et gemitum ingentem pelagi, pulsataque saxa 555  
 Audimus longe, fractasque ad litora voces:  
 Exultantque vada, atque aestu miscentur arenae.  
 Et pater Anchises: nimirum haec illa Charybdis:  
 Hos Helenus scopulos, haec saxa horrenda canebat.  
 Eripite, o focii, pariterque insurgite remis. 560  
 Haud minus ac jussi faciunt: primusque rudentem  
 Contorsit laevas proram Palinurus ad undas.  
 Laevam cuncta cohors remis ventisque petivit.  
 Tollimur in coelum curvato gurgite, et idem  
 Subducta ad manes imos descendimus unda. 565  
 Ter scopuli clamorem inter cava saxa dedere;  
 Ter spumam elisam et rorantia vidimus astra.

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## Book III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

245

Next, as the rules of Helenus enjoin,

We veil'd our heads at Juno's sacred shrine ;

And fought heav'n's awful queen with rites divine.

This done ;—once more with shifting sails we fly, 741

And cautious pass the hostile regions by.

Hence we renown'd Tarentum's bay behold,

Renown'd, 'tis said, from Hercules of old.

Oppos'd, Lacinia's temple rose on high,

745

And proud Caulonian tow'rs salute the sky.

Then, near the rocky Scylacæan bay

For wrecks defam'd, we plow the watry way.

Now we behold, emerging to our eyes

From distant floods, Sicilian Ætna rise ;

750

And hear a thund'ring din, and dreadful roar

Of billows breaking on the rocky shore.

The smoking waves boil high, on every side,

And scoop the sands, and blacken all the tide.

Charybdis' gulph, my father cries, behold !

755

The direful rocks the royal seer foretold ;

Ply, ply your oars, and stretch to every stroke :

Swift as the word, their ready oars they took ;

First skilful Palinure ; then all the train

Steer to the left, and plow the liquid plain.

760

Now on a tow'ring arch of waves we rise,

Heav'd on the bounding billows, to the skies.

Then, as the roaring surge retreating fell,

We shoot down headlong to the depths of hell.

Thrice the rough rocks rebellow in our ears ;

765

Thrice mount the foamy tides, and dash the stars.

Interea fessos ventus cum sole reliquit,  
 Ignarique viae Cyclopum allabimur oris.  
 Portus ab accessu ventorum immotus, et ingens 570  
 Ipse; sed horrificis juxta tonat Aetna ruinis,  
 Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem,  
 Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla,  
 Attollitque globos flammularum, et sidera lambit:  
 Interdum scopulos avolsaque viscera montis 575

771. *But Aetna roars with dreadful,*] This description is worked up with great spirit and sublimity. Dr. Pearce, in his learned and judicious notes on Longinus, remarks, that the expression of *sidera lambit* in the fourth line of it, has the swell in it, which Longinus, Sect. 3. calls super-tragical. It is observable that Mr. Addison has taken no notice of those words in a translation he has made of this passage: Which translation of part of this third book of the *Aeneid* is by no means worthy that author.

This description of *Aetna* seems to have been copied from a very sublime one of Pindar, which Mr. West hath nobly translated, and illustrated with some notes and observations, too curious to be omitted in this place.

Now under sulph'rous Cuma's sea-bound coast,  
 And vast Sicilia lies his shaggy breast;  
 By snowy *Aetna*, nurse of endless frost,  
 The pillar'd prop of heav'n, for ever prest:  
 Forth from whose nitrous caverns issuing rise  
 Pure liquid fountains of tempestuous fire,  
 And veil in ruddy mists the noon day skies,  
 While wrapt in smoke the eddying flames aspire,  
 Or gleaming thro' the night with hideous roar  
 Far o'er the red'ning main huge rocky fragments pour.

Thucydides, at the end of this third book, makes mention of three eruptions of Mount *Aetna*, the last of which, he says, happen'd, in the third year of the 88th Olymp. the former about fifty years before, that is, in the last year of the 76th, or the first year of the 77th Olymp. Of the date of the first eruption he makes no mention. Probably no more was known in his time about it, than that it was the first,  
 and

The wind now sinking with the lamp of day,  
Spent with our toils, and dubious of the way;

We reach the dire Cyclopean shore, that forms  
An ample port, impervious to the storms.

770

But Ætna roars with dreadful ruins nigh,  
Now hurls a bursting cloud of cinders high,

Involv'd in smoaky whirlwinds to the sky;

With loud dislosion, to the starry frame

Shoots fiery globes, and furious floods of flame: 775

Now from her bellowing caverns burst away

Vast piles of melted rocks, in open day.

and the only one, besides the two above-mention'd, that had happen'd from the time of the Greeks first settling in Sicily, as he expressly tells us. This ode was compos'd in the 78th Olymp. about four or five years after the second eruption mentioned by Thucydides. The city of Ætna founded on the ruins of Catana, was built by Hiero in the 76th Olymp. and stood in the neighbourhood of Mount Ætna, from which it derived it's name. From all these considerations it appears, with how much propriety Pindar has here introduced a description of the fiery eruptions of that burning mountain; one of which having happen'd so lately as four or five years before the writing this ode, could not but be very fresh in the memories of the inhabitants of the city of Ætna, whose territories, and even the town itself, were in great danger of being laid waste and destroyed by the torrents of fire, which issued from the neighbouring mountain, or by the earthquakes, that usually attended those eruptions. With the same propriety therefore he closes his description with a prayer to Jupiter, who had a temple on Mount Ætna, imploring his favour and protection. The other beauties of this fine passage are so visible and striking, that I need not point them out to the judicious reader. I shall only observe, that Pindar is the first poet, that has given us a description of these fiery eruptions of Mount Ætna; which from Homer's having taken no notice of so extraordinary a phaenomenon, is supposed not to have burn'd before his time. 1 Pyth. Ode, Dec. V.



Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras  
 Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exaestuât imo.  
 Fama est, Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus  
 Urgeri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Aetnam  
 Impositam, ruptis flammam expirare caminis; 580  
 Et, fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem  
 Murmure Trinacriam, et coelum subtexere fumo.  
 Noctem illam tecti sylvis immania monstra  
 Perferimus: nec, quae sonitum det causa, videmus.  
 Nam neque erant astrorum ignes, nec lucidus aethra  
 Siderea polus; obscuro sed nubila coelo, 586  
 Et lunam in nimbo nox intempesta tenebat.  
 Postera jamque dies primo surgebat Eoo,  
 Humentemque aurora polo dimoverat umbram:  
 Cum subito e sylvis, macie confecta suprema, 590  
 Ignoti nova forma viri miserandaque cultu  
 Procedit, supplexque manus ad litora tendit,  
 Respicimus. dira illuvies, immissaque barba,

787. *That night we heard,*] Nothing can more strongly strike the imagination, than these circumstances of the wandering Trojans, sheltered in a wood, upon an unknown coast, and hearing strange, and terrible noises, during the whole night, which was extremely dark and moonless, and not knowing from whence these dreadful sounds came, or by what they might be occasioned: and at day-break being suddenly surprized at the ghastly figure of a man, who at first runs towards them with great precipitation, seemingly to beg some assistance, but suddenly stops and starts back at the sight of Trojan arms and habits; at last recovering himself a little, resolves to sling himself into their hands, let what will be the consequence: who, when they have received him into a vessel, gives them that dreadful narration of Polypheme, and informs them that this was the Cyclops island, and begs them therefore to leave it instantly. concluding

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Her shatter'd entrails wide the mountain throws,  
 And deep as hell her burning center glows.  
 On vast Enceladus this pond'rous load 780  
 Was thrown in vengeance by the thund'ring god;  
 Who pants beneath the mountain, and expires,  
 Through openings huge, the fierce tempestuous fires;  
 Oft as he shifts his side, the caverns roar;  
 With smoke and flame the skies are cover'd o'er, 785  
 And all Trinacria shakes from shore to shore.  
 That night we heard the loud tremendous sound,  
 The monstrous mingled peal that thunder'd round;  
 While in the shelt'ring wood we sought repose,  
 Nor knew from whence the dreadful tumult rose. 790  
 For not one star displays his golden light;  
 The skies lie cover'd in the shades of night;  
 The silver moon her glimmering splendor shrouds  
 In gathering vapours, and a night of clouds.

Now fled the dewy shades of night away, 795  
 Before the blushes of the dawning day;  
 When, from the wood, shot sudden forth in view  
 A wretch, in rags that flutter'd as he flew.  
 The human form in meager hunger lost;  
 The suppliant stranger, more than half a ghost, 800  
 Stretch'd forth his hands, and pointed to the coast.  
 We turn'd to view the sight;—his vest was torn,  
 And all the tatter'd garb was tagg'd with thorn.  
 His beard hangs long, and dust the wretch distains,  
 And scarce the shadow of a man remains. 805

ding most pathetically, that it would be some comfort to him,  
 if he must die, to perish by the hands of men, and not of  
 monsters.

Confertum tegmen spinis ; at caetera Graius,  
 Et quondam patriis ad Trojam missus in armis. 595  
 Isque, ubi Dardanios habitus et Troia vidit  
 Arma procul ; paullum aspectu conterritus haesit,  
 Continuitque gradum : mox sese ad litora praeceps  
 Cum fletu precibusque tulit. per sidera testor,  
 Per superos, atque hoc coeli spirabile lumen, 600  
 Tollite me, Teucri ; quascunque abducite terras.  
 Hoc sat erit. scio me Danais e classibus unum,  
 Et bello Iliacos fateor petiisse Penates.  
 Pro quo, si sceleris tanta est injuria nostri,  
 Spargite me in fluctus, vastoque immergite ponto. 605  
 Si pereo, manibus hominum periisse juvabit.  
 Dixerat : et genua amplexus, genibusque volutans  
 Haerebat. qui sit, fari, quo sanguine cretus,  
 Hortamur ; quae deinde agitet fortuna, fateri.  
 Ipse pater dextram Anchises, haud multa moratus, 610  
 Dat juveni, atque animum praesenti pignore firmat.  
 Ille haec, deposita tandem formidine, fatur :  
 Sum patria ex Ithaca, comes infelicis Ulysssei,  
 Nomen Achemenides, Trojam, genitore Adamasto  
 Paupere, mansissetque utinam fortuna ! profectus. 615  
 Hic me, dum trepidi crudelia limina linquant,  
 Immemores socii vasto Cyclopi in antro

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In all besides, a Grecian he appears,  
 And late a soldier in the Trojan wars.  
 Soon as our Dardan drefs and arms he view'd,  
 In fear suspended for a space he stood;  
 Stood, stop'd, and paus'd; then, springing forth, he flies  
 All headlong to the shore with pray'rs and cries: 811  
 Oh! by this vital air, the stars on high,  
 By every pitying pow'r who treads the sky!  
 Ye Trojans, take me hence; I ask no more;  
 But bear, oh bear me from this dreadful shore. 815  
 I own myself a Grecian, and confess  
 I storm'd your Ilion with the sons of Greece.  
 If that offence must doom me to the grave,  
 Ye Trojans, plunge me in the whelming wave.  
 I die contented, if that grace I gain; 820  
 I die with pleasure, if I die by man.

Then kneel'd the wretch, and suppliant clung around  
 My knees with tears, and grovel'd on the ground.  
 Mov'd with his cries, we urge him to relate  
 His name, his lineage, and his cruel fate: 825  
 Then by the hand my good old father took  
 The trembling youth, who thus encourag'd spoke.

Ulysses' friend, your empire to destroy,  
 I left my native Ithaca for Troy,  
 My fire, poor Adamaftus, sent from far 830  
 His son, his Achaemenides, to war;  
 Oh; had we both our humble state maintain'd,  
 And safe in peace and poverty remain'd!  
 For me my friends forgetful left behind,  
 In the huge Cyclops' ample cave confin'd, 835



Deseruere. domus sanie dapibusque cruentis,  
 Intus opaca, ingens. ipse arduus, altaque pulsat  
 Sidera : dî, talem terris avertite pestem ! 620  
 Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli.  
 Visceribus miserorum et sanguine vescitur atro.  
 Vidi egomet, duo de numero cum corpora nostro  
 Prensa manu magna, medio resupinus in antro,  
 Frangeret ad saxum, sanieque aspersa natarent 625  
 Limina : vidi, atro cum membra fluentia tabo  
 Manderet et tepidi tremere sub dentibus artus,  
 Haud impune quidem. nec talia passus Ulysses,  
 Oblitusve sui est Ithacus discrimine tanto.  
 Nam simul expletus dapibus, vinoque sepultus, 630  
 Cervicem inflexam posuit, jacuitque per antrum  
 Immensus, sanie eructans ac frustra, cruento  
 Per somnum commixta mero ; nos, magna precati  
 Numina, fortitique vices, una undique circum  
 Fundimur, et telo lumen terebramus acuto 635  
 Ingens, quod torva solum sub fronte latebat,  
 Argolici clypei aut Phoebeae lampadis instar :

845. *The bodies he devours, &c.*] This episode of the companions of Ulysses massacred and devoured by Polyheme is drawn from the *Odyssey* B. ix. The Roman poet relates the story in terms more majestic and heroic than those of the Greek. Besides Virgil tells us that only two Grecians were devoured by the Cyclops, but Homer speaks of four ; so that the Roman poet exaggerates less than the Grecian.

CATROU.

Floating with human gore, the dreadful dome  
Lies wide and waste, a solitary gloom!

With mangled limbs was all the pavement spread;  
High as the stars he heaves his horrid head.

The tow'ring giant stalks with matchless might; 840  
A savage fiend! tremendous to the fight.

(Far, far from earth, ye heav'nly pow'rs, repell  
A fiend so direful to the depths of hell!)

For slaughter'd mortals are the monster's food  
The bodies he devours, and quaffs the blood. 845

These eyes beheld him, when his ample hand  
Seiz'd two poor wretches of our trembling band.

Stretch'd o'er the cavern, with a dreadful stroke,  
He snatch'd, he dash'd, he brain'd 'em on the rock.

In one black torrent swam the smoking floor; 850  
Fierce he devours the limbs that drop with gore;

The limbs yet sprawling, dreadful to survey!  
Still heave and quiver while he grinds the prey.

But mindful of himself, that fatal hour,  
Not unreveng'd their death Ulysses bore. 855

For while the nodding savage sleeps supine,  
Gorg'd with his horrid feast, and drown'd in wine;

And, stretch'd o'er half the cave, ejects the load  
Of human offals mixt with human blood:

Trembling, by lot we took our posts around, 860  
Th' enormous giant slumb'ring on the ground.

Then (ev'ry god invok'd, who rules the sky)  
Plunge the sharp weapon in his monstrous eye;

His eye, that midst his frowning forehead shone,  
Like some broad buckler, or the blazing sun. 865

Et tandem laeti sociorum ulciscimur umbras.

Sed fugite, o miseri, fugite, atque ab litore funem  
Rumpite. 640

Nam qualis quantusque cavo Polyphemus in antro  
Lanigeras claudit pecudes, atque ubera preffat,  
Centum alii curva haec habitant ad litora vulgo  
Infandi Cyclopes, et altis montibus errant.

Tertia jam lunae se cornua lumine complent, 645

Cum vitam in sylvis, inter deserta ferarum  
Lustra domosque trahor, vastosque ab rupe Cyclopas  
Prospicio, sonitumque pedum vocemque tremisco.

Victum infelicem, baccas lapidosaque corna  
Dant rami, et vulsis pascunt radicibus herbae. 650

Omnia collustrans, hanc primum ad litora classem  
Conspexi venientem: huic me, quaecunque fuisset,  
Addixi: fatis est gentem effugisse nefandam.

Vos animam hanc potius quocunque absumite letho.  
Vix ea fatus erat, summo cum monte videmus 655

Ipsum inter pecudes vasta se mole moventem  
Pastorem Polyphemum, et litora nota petentem:  
Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen  
ademtum.

Trunca manu pinus regit, et vestigia firmat.

867. *But fly, ye Trojans,*] This break in Achaemenides's speech is of an exquisite beauty. In the midst of his narration, the fear of the Cyclops and the dangers he had just escaped, break in upon his mind, and stop him for a moment from finishing his account, to give the Trojans advice to fly immediately. The circumstances that follow of his hearing the giant's footsteps, and loud voices, while he lay hid in dens and caves, are strongly imagined.

Thus we reveng'd our dear companions lost :

But fly, ye Trojans, fly this dreadful coast.

For know, a hundred horrid Cyclops more

Range on these hills, and dwell along the shore,

As huge as Polypheme, the giant swain,

870

Who milk, like him, in caves the woolly train.

Now thrice the moon, fair empress of the night,

Has fill'd her growing horns with borrow'd light,

Since in these woods I pass'd the hours away,

In dens of beasts, and savages of prey,

875

Saw on the rocks the Cyclops ranging round

Heard their loud footsteps thund'ring on the ground,

With each big bellowing voice, and trembled at the  
sound.

Here every stony fruit I pluck for food,

Herbs, cornels, roots, and berries of the wood.

880

While round I gaze, your fleet I first explore,

The first that touch'd on this detested shore;

To 'scape these savages, I flew with joy

To meet your navy, tho' it sail'd from Troy.

If I but shun the cruel hands of these;

885

Do you destroy me by what death you please.

Scarce had he said; when lo! th' enormous swain,

Huge Polyphemus, 'midst his fleecy train,

A bulk prodigious! from the mountain's brow

Descends terrific to the shore below:

890

A monster grim, tremendous, vast, and high;

His front deform'd, and quench'd his blazing eye!

His huge hand held a pine, tall, large, and strong,

To guide his footsteps as he towr'd along.



Lanigeræ comitantur oves, ea sola voluptas, 660

Solamenque mali. de collo fistula pendet.

Postquam altos tetigit fluctus, et ad aequora venit,

Luminis effossi fluidum lavit inde cruorem,

Dentibus infrendens gemitu; graditurque per aequor

Jam medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tinxit. 665

Nos procul inde fugam trepidi celerare, recepto

Supplice, sic merito, tacitique incidere funem:

Verrimus et proni certantibus aequora remis.

Sensit, et ad sonitum vocis vestigia torfit.

Verum ubi nulla datur dextram affectare potestas, 670

Nec potis Ionios fluctus aequare sequendo,

Clamorem immensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes

Intremuere undae, penitusque exterrita tellus

Italiae, curvisque immugiit Aetna cavernis.

895. *This flock,*] Some manuscripts have not the following words *De collo fistula pendet*. There should certainly be no stop after, *Solamenque mali*, which relates to his pipe. Mr. Upton makes the following remark on this passage. "*De collo fistula pendet*, comes in here after so dragging and heavy a manner, that some of the best editions leave it out. But surely the chief, if not only pleasure, that Polyphemus, so famous for his rural ditties on Galatea, could now take, was in his oaten pipe, and would the pastoral Virgil forget this? Let it be considered likewise that the verses are a description of the monster, as then he appeared to Æneas, with a pine tree in his hand, and his flocks following him; but his solace was his rural pipe, all his pleasure was in music—See how Virgilian then these verses will appear with the least alteration."

Quæ sola voluptas

Solamenque mali, de collo fistula pendet.

Letter on Spencer, to Mr. West, page 29.

909. *Stretch'd his huge hand,*] The expression, *dextram affectare*, in the original, has given the commentators much fruitless trouble to endeavour to make sense of; tho' all the

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VOL. I

BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 257

His flock attends, the only joy he knows ; 895  
 His pipe around his neck, the solace of his woes.  
 Soon as the giant reach'd the deeper flood  
 With many a groan he cleans'd the gather'd blood  
 From his bor'd eye-ball in the briny main,  
 And, bellowing, grinds his teeth in agonizing pain. 900  
 Then stalks enormous through the midmost tides ;  
 And scarce the topmost surges reach his fides.

Aboard, the well-deserving Greek we took,  
 And, pale with fear, the dreadful coast forsook ;  
 Cut every cord with eager speed away, 905  
 Bend to the stroke, and sweep the foamy sea.  
 The giant heard ; and, turning to the sound,  
 At first pursu'd us through the vast profound ;  
 Stretch'd his huge hand to reach the fleet in vain ;  
 Nor could he ford the deep Ionian main. 910  
 With that, the furious monster roar'd so loud,  
 That Ocean shook in ev'ry distant flood ;  
 Trembled all Italy from shore to shore ;  
 And Ætna's winding caves rebellow to the roar.

the translators agree in the meaning of the words, yet there is a peculiarity in the phrase, which, for want of a parallel expression in any other classic author, has never been sufficiently clear'd up. The reading proposed by the Cambridge editor of dextram adjectare, if it were supported by any copies, as it is not, would be equally unaccountable.

912. *That ocean shook,*] This is a most noble hyperbole, and by no means too bold, as some will have it ; they forget not only the prerogative of poetry, but the real nature of fear ; which always swells and heightens it's object.

TRAPP.

258 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

At genus e silvis Cyclopum et montibus altis 675  
 Excitum ruit ad portus, et litora complent.  
 Cernimus astantes nequicquam lumine torvo  
 Aetnaeos fratres, coelo capita alta ferentes,  
 Concilium horrendum : quales cum vertice celso  
 Aëriae quercus aut coniferae cyparissi 680  
 Constiterunt, silva alta Jovis, lucusve Dianae.  
 Praecipites metus acer agit quocunque rudentes  
 Excutare, et ventis intendere vela secundis.  
 Contra jussa monent Heleni, Scyllam atque Charybdim  
 Inter utramque viam, lethi discrimine parvo, 685  
 Ni teneant cursus : certum est dare lintea retro.  
 Ecce autem Boreas angusta ab sede Pelori  
 Missus adest. vivo praetervehor ostia saxo  
 Pantagiae, Megarosque sinus, Tapsumque jacentem.  
 Talia monstrabat relegens errata retrorsum 690  
 Litora Achaemenides, comes infelicis Ulyssæi.

922. *So on some mountain,]* 'Tis observable that this very short simile is the only one in the third book. For my own part, I could wish there had been none longer than this, in the second. It was on the subject of long, labour'd comparisons, that M. de la Motte used to say, that he thought Æneas by far too great a poet; and that he could not help feeling that impropriety thro' the whole of the second and third books of the Æneid; where the hero is often not less florid and figurative in his narration, than the poet himself is in the rest.

938. *These coasts by Achaemenides were shown,]* What an exact observer of probability is Virgil! here is an answer prepar'd to any who might object, How should Æneas, a perfect stranger be so well acquainted with their coasts, which neither he nor any of his fleet had ever before visited, or beheld? Why, says he, Achaemenides whom they took up from the Cyclops' island, and who had lately passed the ve-

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Book III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 259

Rouz'd at the peal, the fierce Cyclopean train 915  
 Rush'd from their woods and mountains to the main;  
 Around the port the ghastly brethren stand,  
 A dire assembly! covering all the strand.

In each grim forehead blaz'd the single eye;  
 In vain enrag'd the monstrous race we spy, 920  
 A host of giants tow'ring in the sky.

So on some mountain tow'rs the lofty grove  
 Of beauteous Dian, or imperial Jove;  
 Th' ærial pines in pointed spires from far,  
 Or spreading oaks, majestic nod in air. 925

Headlong we fly with horror, where the gales  
 And speeding winds direct the fluttering sails.  
 But Helenus forbids to plow the waves,

Where Scylla roars, and fierce Charybdis raves:  
 As death stands dreadful 'midst the dangerous road, 930  
 With backward course we plow the foamy flood;

When, from Pelorus' point a northern breeze  
 Swells every sail, and wafts us o'er the seas;  
 First, where Pantagia's mouth appear'd in view,

Flank'd by a range of rocks, the navy flew: 935  
 Then, shooting by the fam'd Megarean bay,  
 And lowly Tapsus, cut the watry way.

These Coasts by Achaemenides were shown,  
 Who follow'd, late, Laërtes' wand'ring son:  
 Familiar with the track he past before, 940

He names the lands, and points out ev'ry shore.

ry same way, pointed the different countries to them as they  
 passed along.



Sicanio praetenta finu jacet insula contra  
 Plemmyrium undosum : nomen dixere priores  
 Ortygiam. Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem,  
 Occultas egisse vias subter mare ; qui nunc 699  
 Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.  
 Jussi numina magna loci veneramur : et inde  
 Exsupero praepingue solum stagnantis Helori.  
 Hinc altas cautes projectaque saxa Pachyni  
 Radimus, et fatis nunquam concessa moveri 700  
 Apparet Camarina procul, campique Geloi,  
 Immanisque Gela, fluvii cognomine dicta.  
 Arduus inde Agragas ostentat maxima longe  
 Moenia, magnanimûm quondam generator equorum.  
 Teque datis linquo ventis, palmosa Selinus, 705  
 Et vada dura lego saxis Lilybeïa caecis.  
 Hinc Drepani me portus et illaetabilis ora  
 Accipit. hic, pelagi tot tempestatibus actus,  
 Heu, genitorem, omnis curae casusque levamen,

954. *The Camarinian marsh,*] The Oracle forbid the inhabitants to drain this marsh, they neglected to observe it, and their enemies entering thro' the part that was drained, committed a great slaughter, Servius observes that this oracle was not delivered so early as the time in which Æneas lived, and that is therefore a chronological error in the poet.

961.—*And left thy sinking palms behind,*] The original says, palmosa Selinus ; the translator has therefore added a poetical circumstance, of the tops of the palm trees gradually sinking and disappearing as they sail'd along.

965. *Wretch as I was,*] Bosſu thinks it an instance of our poet's exquisite judgment, that he doth not minutely and at length describe the illness and death of Anchises : which he is of opinion would have too much retarded the action of the poem, and not have interested the reader in any extraordinary manner ; and above all, it afforded no matter for poetical description.

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BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 261

An isle, once call'd Ortygia, fronts the sides  
 Of rough Plemmyrium, and Sicanian tides.  
 Hither, 'tis said, Alphæus, from his source  
 In Elis' realms, directs his watry course: 945  
 Beneath the main he takes his secret way,  
 And mounts with Arethusa's streams to day:  
 Now a Sicilian flood his course he keeps,  
 And rolls with blended waters to the deeps.  
 Admonish'd, I adore the gaurdian gods, 950  
 Then pass the bounds of rich Helorus' floods.  
 Next our fleet gallies by Pachynus glide,  
 Whose rocks projecting stretch into the tide.  
 The Camarinian marsh I now survey,  
 By fate forbidden to be drain'd away. 955  
 Then the Geloan fields with Gela came  
 In view, who borrow'd from the flood their name.  
 With her huge wall proud Agragas succeeds;  
 A realm, of old renown'd for generous steeds.  
 From thee, Selinus, swift before the wind 960  
 We flew, and left thy sinking palms behind;  
 By Lilybaeum's sides our course pursu'd,  
 Whose rocks insidious hide beneath the flood:  
 And reach (those dangerous shelves and shallows past)  
 The fatal port of Drepanum at last. 965  
 Wretch as I was, on this detested coast,  
 The chief support of all my woes, I lost;

965. *The fatal port of Drepanum,*] This is a city in Sicily  
 (says Segrais) called at present Trepano, where they still shew  
 the tomb of Anchises.

Amitto Anchisen ! hic me, pater optime, fessum 710

Deferis, heu, tantis nequicquam erepte periclis !

Nec vates Helenus, cum multa horrenda moneret.

Hos mihi praedixit luctus ; non dira Calaneo.

Hic labor extremus, longarum haec meta viarum.

Hinc me digressum vestris deus appulit oris. 715

Sic pater Aeneas, intentis omnibus, unus,

Fata renarrabat divum, cursusque docebat :

Conticuit tandem, factoque hic fine quievit.

968. *Father*.—] Here Virgil does not follow Dionysius Halicarnassensis, as usual, who says Anchises arrived in Italy. But what part could Anchises have acted amid the wars that were to follow ?

CATROU.

975. *And hence heav'n led me*.] The original says vestris Deus appulit oris. My good genius, or the kind God led me ; a compliment by the word Deus is I think meant to be paid the queen.—It is remarkable that the poet puts the soft expression Deus into the mouth of Aeneas, tho' in reality it was a tempest that drove him hither.

976. *The prince relates*.] Catrou says, the best manuscripts read — Fataque narrabat instead of — Fata renarrabat. —

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BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 263

My dear, dear father—sav'd, but sav'd in vain  
From all the tempests of the raging main.  
Nor did the royal sage this blow foretell ; 970  
Nor did the direful Harpy-queen of hell,  
Among her frightful prodigies, foreshow  
This last sad stroke, this unexpected woe.  
Here all my labours, all my toils were o'er,  
And hence heav'n led me to your friendly shore. 975

Thus, while the room was hush'd, the prince relates  
The wondrous series of his various fates ;  
His long, long wand'rings, and unnumber'd woes :  
Then ceas'd ; and fought the blessings of repose. 979

979. *Then ceas'd,*] Segrain observes, that the fifteen hundred verses which are contained in the second and third book may be repeated in two hours. Æneas's recital did not appear prolix to Dido, neither can it to any reader of taste.

The END of the THIRD BOOK.



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P. VIRGILII MARONIS

ÆNEIDOS

LIBER IV.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, with the consent of Venus, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be compleated. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.*



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P. VIRGILII MARONIS  
AENEIDOS

## LIBER IV.

**A**T regina gravi jamdudum faucia cura,  
 Vulnus alit venis, et caeco carpitur igni.  
 Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recurſat  
 Gentis honos. haerent infixi pectore vultus,  
 Verbaque : nec placidam membris dat cura quietem. 5  
 Poſtera Phoebea luſtrabat lampade terras,  
 Humentemque aurora polo dimoverat umbram ;  
 Cum ſic unanimem alloquitur maleſana ſororem :  
 Anna ſoror, quae me ſuſpenſam inſomnia terrent !  
 Quis novus hic noſtris ſucceſſit ſedibus hoſpes ! 10

In the third book, Virgil ſeems to have diſplayed his ſkill  
 in deſcriptive poetry ; but this fourth book is entirely de-  
 voted to the pathetic. And indeed he hath exhausted the ſub-  
 ject, no author ever moved the paſſions of pity and terror  
 in ſo great a degree. The origin and progreſs of the paſ-  
 ſion of love, its various effects on the mind, its doubts, and  
 hopes, and fears, and jealousies, its pleaſures and pains, till  
 it ends in the deepeſt deſpair, were never ſo forcibly, ſo  
 elegantly, or naturally deſcribed. Servius tells us, that this  
 whole book is borrowed from the third of Apollonius Rho-  
 dius. A few hints may perhaps be taken, but not enough  
 to detract any thing from Virgil's merit. The only anſwer,  
 ſays M. Voltaire, which is to be made to ſuch obſervations  
 is,

# VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE

## FOURTH BOOK.

**B**UT love inflam'd the queen ; the raging pain  
Preys on her heart, and glows in every vein.

Much she revolves the hero's deeds divine,  
And much the glories of his godlike line ;

Each look, each accent breaks her golden rest,  
Lodg'd in her soul, and imag'd in her breast.

The morn had chas'd the dewy shades away,  
And o'er the world advanc'd the lamp of day ;

When to her sister thus the royal dame

Disclos'd the secret of her growing flame.

Anna, what dreams are these that haunt my rest ?

Who is this heroe, this our godlike guest ?

is, that the fourth book of Virgil is too great a masterpiece to be but a copy. 'Tis just as some people say, Milton hath stolen his poem, from an Italian stroller, named Andreino.

3. *Much she revolves the hero's deeds divine,*] Dido endeavours to persuade herself, that it was the exalted merit and virtue of the hero, not his person that she was fond of: the usual and natural artifice of this insinuating passion of love !

270 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Quem sese ore ferens ! quam forti pectore et armis !  
 Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum.  
 Degeneres animos timor arguit. heu quibus ille  
 Jactatus fatis ! quae bella exhausta canebat !  
 Si mihi non animo fixum immotumque federet, 15  
 Ne cui me vinclo vellem sociare jugali,  
 Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit ;  
 Si non pertaesum thalami taedaeque fuisset ;  
 Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpa.  
 Anna, fatebor enim, miseri post fata Sichaei 20  
 Conjugis, et sparsos fraterna caede Penates,  
 Solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem  
 Impulit. agnosco veteris vestigia flammae.  
 Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,  
 Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,  
 Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam, 26  
 Ante, pudor, quam te violo, aut tua jura resolvo.

35. *But oh ; may earth*]

There are some delicate strokes of nature in the cautious manner in which Dido reveals her new-born passion to her sister. But what follows in the solemn protestations she makes, that she was immoveably resolved never to marry again, is inimitably just and natural ; and the true picture of a widow's resolutions. The reader of taste will likewise be charm'd with the arguments her sister uses to persuade her to indulge her passion and marry again : 'tis impossible to think of more strong and weighty ones ; especially where she puts Dido in mind, that she is surrounded with enemies, that nothing could give her kingdom more strength than a confederacy with the Trojans, that even prudence would direct her to take a husband, if for no other reason, yet that he might be a kind of protector of her infant kingdom against her brother's anger ; and lastly, that the very gods seemed to have interested themselves in this affair, and that for her part she could not help believing that Juno herself had driven the Trojan fleet on purpose to her coasts. The  
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Book IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 271

Mark but his graceful port, his manly charms ;  
How great a prince ! and how renown'd in arms !  
Sure he descends from some celestial kind ; 15

For fear attends the low degenerate mind.

But oh ! what wars, what battles he relates !

How long he struggled with his adverse fates !

Did not my soul her purpose still retain,

Fix'd and determin'd ne'er to wed again, 20

Since from my widow'd arms the murdering sword

Untimely snatch'd my first unhappy lord ;

Did not my thoughts the name of marriage dread,

And the bare mention of the bridal bed---

Forgive my frailty---but I seem inclin'd 25

To yield to this one weakness of my mind.

For oh ! my sister, unreserv'd and free

I trust the secret of my soul to thee ;

Since poor Sichæus, by my brother slain,

Dash'd with his blood the consecrated fane, 30

And stain'd the gods ; my firm resolves, I own,

This graceful prince has shook, and this alone.

I feel a warmth o'er all my trembling frame,

'Too like the tokens of my former flame.

But oh ; may earth her dreadful gulph display, 35

And gaping snatch me from the golden day ;

May I be hurl'd, by heav'n's almighty fire,

Transfix'd with thunder and involv'd in fire,

excuses she suggests to Dido, and the causes of delay she would have her make use of to Æneas are likewise admirable : " Tell him that it is utterly impossible to undertake so dangerous a voyage in the wintry season, and that his fleet wants refitting."



272 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores  
 Abstulit. ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.  
 Sic effata sinum lacrymis implevit obortis. 30  
 Anna refert: o luce magis dilecta forori,  
 Solane perpetua moerens carpere juventa?  
 Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec praemia noris?  
 Id cinerem aut manes credis curare sepultos?  
 Esto: aegram nulli quondam flexere mariti; 35  
 Non Libyae, non ante Tyro despectus Iarbas,  
 Ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis  
 Dives alit. placitone etiam pugnabis amori?  
 Nec venit in mentem quorum confederis arvis?  
 Hinc Getulae urbes, genus insuperabile bello, 40  
 Et Numidae infraeni cingunt, et inhospita Syrtis;  
 Hinc deserta siti regio, lateque furentes

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BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID: 273

Down to the shades of hell from realms of light;  
The deep, deep shades of everlasting night; 40

Ere, sacred honour! I betray thy cause

In word, or thought, or violate thy laws:

No!---my first lord, my first ill-fated spouse,

Still, as in life, is lord of all my vows.

My love he had, and ever let him have, 45

Interr'd with him, and buried in the grave.

Then, by her rising grief o'erwhelm'd, she ceas'd:

The tears ran trickling down her heaving breast.

Sister, the fair replies, whom far above

The light of heav'n, or life itself I love; 50

Still on your bloom shall endless sorrow prey,

And waste your youth in solitude away?

And shall no pleasing theme your thoughts employ?

The prattling infant, or the bridal joy?

Think you such cares disturb your husband's shade, 55

Or stir the sacred ashes of the dead?

What though before, no lover won your grace,

Among the Tyrian, or the Libyan race?

With just disdain you pass'd Iarbas o'er,

And many a king whom warlike Afric bore. 60

But will you fly the heroë you approve?

And steel your heart against a prince you love?

Nor will you once reflect what regions bound

Your infant empire, and your walls surround?

Here proud Gætulian cities tow'r in air, 65

Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war;

There the dread Syrtes stretch along the main,

And there the wild Barcæans range the plain;

Barcaei. quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam,

Germanique minas?

Dis equidem auspicius reor et Junone secunda 45

Huc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas.

Quam tu urbem, soror, hanc cernes! quae surgere regna

Conjugio tali! Teucrûm comitantibus armis,

Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus!

Tu modo posce deos veniam, sacrisque litatis, 50

Indulge hospitio, causasque innecte morandi:

Dum pelago defaevit hyems, et aquosus Orion;

Quassataeque rates, et non tractabile coelum.

His dictis incensum animum inflammavit amore,

Spemque dedit dubiae menti, solvitque pudorem. 55

Principio delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras

Exquirunt: maestant lectas de more bidentes

Legiferae Cereri, Phoeboque, patrique Lyaeo:

Junoni ante omnes, cui vincla jugalia curae.

Ipse, tenens dextra pateram, pulcherrima Dido 60

86. *These words soon*] Bossu makes some sensible remarks on the progress of Dido's passion and guilt. This princess at first entertains Aeneas with vows and prayers which she puts up to the gods with a sincere piety. Because then she was innocent and at quiet. She begins to love Aeneas contrary to the vow she had made to the manes of her first husband, which to her were a kind of deity. She begins at the same time to suppose that these manes are no longer concerned about her, and lay no obligation upon her to keep her vows. Last of all, being more corrupted, she becomes guilty of impiety against the gods: and seeing that Aeneas was about to leave her by their order, she would persuade him that they are quite ignorant and unconcerned at what is done here on earth. Not that she was really and absolutely persuaded of so impious a maxim: the poet was too judicious to make so great and so strange an alteration in the manners of this queen, in so short a time. 'Tis her passion

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 275

Here parch'd with thirst a smoaking region lies,  
There fierce in arms the brave Numidians rise. 70

Why should I urge our vengeful brother's ire?

The war just bursting from the gates of Tyre?

Sure, every god, with mighty Juno, bore

The fleets of Ilion to the Libyan shore.

From such a marriage, soon your joyful eyes 75

Shall see a potent town and empire rise.

What scenes of glory Carthage must enjoy,

When our confederate arms unite with Troy?

Go then, propitiate heav'n; due off'rings pay;

Carefs, invite your godlike guest to stay,

And study still new causes of delay. 80

Tell him, that, charg'd with deluges of rain,

Orion rages on the wintry main;

That still unrigg'd his shatter'd vessels lie,

Nor can his fleet endure so rough a sky. 85

These words soon scatter'd the remains of shame;

Confirm'd her hopes, and fann'd the rising flame.

With speed they seek the temples, and implore

With rich oblations each celestial pow'r:

Selected sheep with holy rites they slay 90

To Ceres, Bacchus, and the God of day.

But chief, to Juno's name the victims bled,

To Juno, guardian of the bridal bed.

The queen before the snowy heifer stands,

Amid the shrines, a goblet in her hands; 95

passion which makes her speak thus. This, in short, is the beginning of impiety; which naturally happens to those, whose vices and passions are violent; and which at last leads them into downright atheism.

Bosfu, book v. c. 2.



Candentis vaccae media inter cornua fundit :  
 Aut ante ora deum pingues spatatur ad aras,  
 Instaurationem donis, pecudumque reclusis  
 Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.  
 Heu, vatum ignarae mentes ! quid vota furentem 65  
 Quid delubra juvant ? est mollis flamma medullas  
 Interea, et tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.  
 Uritur infelix Dido, totaque vagatur  
 Urbe furens ; qualis coniecta cerva sagitta,  
 Quam procul incautam nemora inter Cressia fixit 70  
 Pastor agens telis, liquitque volatile ferrum  
 Nescius. illa fuga silvas saltusque peragrat  
 Dictaeos : haeret lateri lethalis arundo.  
 Nunc media Aenean secum per moenia ducit,  
 Sidoniasque ostentat opes, urbemque paratam. 75  
 Incipit effari, mediaque in voce resistit.  
 Nunc eadem, labente die, convivium quaerit,  
 Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores  
 Exposcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.

114. *Now the fond princess*] If the reader be not void of all taste and sensibility, pity and humanity, he must be inexpressibly moved, by the following circumstances of Dido's behaviour: by her carrying Aeneas thro' the town, and tempting him to settle in a city already begun to be built; by her beginning to speak and suddenly stopping short and faltering; by her making still new feasts and entertainments for her lover; by her desiring to hear his story again and again; by her attention to every syllable he spoke; by her remaining in the hall after the guests were gone, and lying upon the couch where he sat; by her thinking she still hears his voice, and still sees his person, and by her fondly playing with Ascanius.

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BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 177

Between the horns she sheds the sacred wine,  
And pays due honours to the pow'rs divine ;  
Moves round the fane in solemn pomp, and loads,  
Day after day, the altars of the gods.

Then hovering o'er, the fair consults in vain 100

The panting entrails of the victims slain ;

But ah ! no sacred rites her pain remove ;

Priests, pray'rs, and temples ! what are you to love ?

With passion fir'd, her reason quite o'erthrown,

The hapless queen runs raving thro' the town. 105

Soft flames consume her vitals, and the dart,

Deep, deep within, lies festering in her heart.

So sends the heedless hunter's twanging bow

The shaft that quivers in the bleeding doe ;

Stung with the stroke, and madding with the pain, 110

She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain ;

Shoots o'er the Cretan lawns with many a bound,

The cleaving dart still rankling in the wound !

Now the fond princess leads her hero on,

Shows him her Tyrian wealth, and growing town ; 115

Displays her pompous tow'rs that proudly rise,

And hopes to tempt him with the glorious prize ;

Now, as she tries to tell her raging flame,

Stops short,---and falters, check'd by conscious shame :

Now, at the close of evening, calls her guest, 120

To share the banquet, and renew the feast :

She fondly begs him to repeat once more

The Trojan story that she heard before ;

Then to distraction charm'd, in rapture hung

On every word, and dy'd upon his tongue. 125

Post, ubi digressi, lumenque obscura vicissim, 80  
 Luna premit, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos :  
 Sola domo moeret vacua, stratisque relictis  
 Incubat : illum absens absentem auditque videtque :  
 Aut gremio Ascanium, genitoris imagine capta  
 Detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem. 85  
 Non coeptae assurgunt turres, non arma juvenus  
 Exercet, portusve aut propugnacula bello  
 Tuta parant : pendent opera interrupta, minaeque  
 Murorum ingentes, aequataque machina coelo.  
 Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri 90  
 Cara Jovis conjux, nec famam obfstare furori ;  
 Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis :

137. *No more the tow'rs, unfinish'd,*] The moral here is equally just and noble : nothing can more strongly represent the pernicious consequences of this violent passion ; the neglect it occasions of all useful and necessary affairs ; the indolence and stupor into which it casts all the faculties of mind and body ; and how it damps and destroys all the noble and worthy pursuits and aims of mankind. To this purpose Lucretius says finely, that when a man is deeply in love,

Labitur interea res et vadimonia fiunt ;  
 Languent officia, atque aegrotat fama vacillans.

What a change of conduct has this passion suddenly wrought upon our unfortunate queen ! the imperial works in which she was engaged with such earnestness are all at a stand ! she, who was so busy and intent upon finishing her city, and bent her whole thoughts and soul upon that glorious design, now thinks of nothing but fresh parties of pleasure with her lover, and by what kinds of diversions and amusements she may best detain her beloved stranger !

144. *This Juno saw,*] The Juno of the Aeneid is formed upon the Juno of the Iliad. This is visible. But see what Virgil in imitating hath added of his own. Juno, besides her hatred against the Trojans, excited by the judgment of Paris, and the rape of Ganymede (both so injurious to her beauty)

But when the setting stars to rest invite,  
 And fading Cynthia veils her beamy light ;  
 When all the guests retire to soft repose ;  
 Left in the hall, she sighs, and vents her woes,  
 Lies on his couch, bedews it with her tears, 130 }  
 In fancy sees her absent prince, and hears }  
 His charming voice still sounding in her ears.  
 Fir'd with the glorious hero's graceful look,  
 The young Ascanius on her lap she took,  
 With trifling play her furious pains beguil'd ; 135  
 In vain !---the father charms her in the child.  
 No more the tow'rs, unfinish'd, rise in air :  
 The youth, undisciplin'd, no more prepare }  
 Ports for the fleet, or bulwarks for the war ; }  
 The works and battlements neglected lie, 140  
 And the proud structures cease to brave the sky.

The fair thus rages with the mighty pain,  
 That fir'd her soul ; and honour pleads in vain.  
 This Juno saw, and thus the bride of Jove,  
 In guileful terms address'd the queen of love : 145

beauty) appears particularly animated against Æneas for special reasons, which render her character proper for the Æneid ; and which raise Virgil far above the rank of those servile copiers, who can only follow their author, step by step. Juno knew, says he, that the Roman power was to become fatal to Carthage, her favourite city, which she would gladly have made mistress of the world. This makes a new incentive to her against a people, she had already so many other reasons to hate ; and this gives Virgil an opportunity of exalting the glory of his country, by recalling into the minds of his readers, the greatest events to be found in history.

L'abbe Fraquier, *Memoires de Litterature*, tome ii.



Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis  
 Tuque, puerque tuus ; magnum et memorabile nomen :  
 Una dolo divûm si femina victa duorum est. 95  
 Nec me adeo fallit, veritam te moenia nostra  
 Suspectas habuisse domos Carthaginis altae.  
 Sed quis erit modus ? aut quo nunc certamine tanto ?  
 Quin potius pacem aeternam pactosque hymenaeos  
 Exercemus ? habes, tota quod mente petisti : 100  
 Ardet amans Dido, traxitque per ossa furorem.  
 Communem hunc ergo populum, paribusque regamus  
 Auspiciis : liceat Phrygio servire marito,  
 Dotalisque tuae Tyrios permittere dextrae.  
 Olli, sensit enim simulata mente locutam, 105  
 Quo regnum Italiae Libycas averteret oras,  
 Sic contra est ingressa Venus : quis talia demens  
 Abnuat, aut tecum malit contendere bello ?  
 Si modo, quod memoras, factum fortuna sequatur :  
 Sed fatis incerta feror, si Jupiter unam 110  
 Esse velit Tyriis urbem Trojaque profectis,  
 Miscerive probet populos, aut foedera jungi.  
 Tu conjux : tibi fas animum tentare precando.  
 Perge, sequar. Tum sic excepit regia Juno :  
 Mecum erit iste labor : nunc, qua ratione quod instat,

165. *The destin'd seat*] These lines contain a direct and most indisputable proof, that Virgil introduced this episode of Dido, with a view to the rivalry that existed betwixt Carthage and Rome.

A high exploit indeed ! a glorious name,  
 Unfading trophies and eternal fame,  
 You, and your son have worthily pursu'd !  
 Two gods a single woman have subdu'd !  
 To me your groundless jealousies are known, 150  
 And dark suspicions of this Tyrian town.  
 But why, why Goddesses, to what aim or end  
 In lasting quarrels should we still contend ?  
 Hence then from strife resolve we both to cease,  
 And by the nuptial band confirm the peace. 155  
 To crown your wish, the queen with fond desire  
 Dies for your son, and melts with amorous fire.  
 Let us with equal sway protect the place,  
 The common guardians of the mingled race.  
 Be Tyre the dow'r to seal the glad accord, 160  
 And royal Dido serve this Phrygian lord.

To whom the queen ; (who mark'd with piercing eyes  
 The goddesses labouring, in the dark disguise,  
 To Libyan shores from Latium to convey  
 The destin'd seat of universal sway ;) 165  
 Who this alliance madly would deny ?  
 Or war with thee, dread empress of the sky ?  
 And oh ! that fortune in the work would join,  
 With full success to favour the design !  
 But much I doubt, o goddesses, if the fates, 170  
 Or Jove permit us to unite the states.  
 You, as his consort, your request may move,  
 And search the will, or bend the mind of Jove.  
 Go then---your scheme before the father lay ?  
 Go ;---and I follow, where you lead the way. 175

Conferi possit, paucis, adverte, docebo. 116

Venatum Aeneas unaque miserrima Dido

In nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus

Extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem.

His ego nigrantem commissa grandine nimbum, 120

Dum trepidant alae, saltusque indagine cingunt,

Desuper infundam, et tonitru coelum omne ciebo.

Diffugient comites, et nocte tegentur opaca.

Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem

Devenient. adero, et tua si mihi certa voluntas, 125

Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo.

Hic Hymenaeus erit. non adversata petenti,

Annuit atque dolis risit Cytherea repertis.

Oceanum interea surgens aurora reliquit.

It portis jubare exorto delecta juvenus. 130

Retia rara, plagae, lato venabula ferro,

Massylique ruunt equites; et odora canum vis.

Reginam thalamo cunctantem ad limina primi

Poenorum expectant: ostroque insignis et auro

Stat sonipes, ac fraena ferox spumantia mandit. 135

195. *But smil'd*] Venus in this and the foregoing passage line 161. is represented as a compleat mistress of cunning, and possessed of the keenest discernment. Whether the poet has concealed any allegory, by giving the queen of beauty these qualities, the ladies, to whom I leave it, must determine.

201. *The queen engag'd in dress,*] She was spending a great deal of time (says old Servius) to adorn herself to the utmost of her power that she might appear more charmingly beautiful to Aeneas. And at last when she does actually make her appearance after this delay, our expectations are fully answered, and she comes forth as lovely a figure as we can conceive.

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 283

Be mine the care, th' imperial dame replies,  
 To gain the god, the sovereign of the skies.  
 Then heed my counsel---when the dawning light  
 Drives from the opening world the shades of night;  
 The prince and queen, transfix'd with amorous flame,  
 Bend to the woods to hunt the savage game: 181  
 There, while the crowds the forest-walks beset,  
 Swarm round the woods, and spread the waving net;  
 The skies shall burst upon the sportive train  
 In storms of hail, and deluges of rain: 185  
 The gather'd tempest o'er their heads shall roll,  
 And the long thunders roar from pole to pole.  
 On ev'ry side shall fly the scattering crowds,  
 Involv'd and cover'd in a night of clouds.  
 To the same cave for shelter shall repair 190  
 The Trojan heroë and the royal fair.  
 The lovers, if your will concurs with mine,  
 Ourself in Hymen's nuptial bands will join.  
 The goddess gave consent, the compact bound,  
 But smil'd in secret at the fraud she found. 195  
 Scarce had Aurora left her orient bed,  
 And rear'd above the waves her radiant head,  
 When, pouring through the gates, the train appear,  
 Massylian hunters with the steely spear, 199  
 Sagacious hounds, and toils, and all the sylvan war.  
 The queen engag'd in dress,—with reverence wait  
 The Tyrian peers before the regal gate.  
 Her steed, with gold and purple cover'd round,  
 Neighs, champs the bit, and foaming paws the ground.



Tandem progreditur, magna stipante caterva,  
 Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo :  
 Cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,  
 Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.  
 Necnon et Phrygii comites, et laetus Iulus, 140  
 Incedunt : ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnes  
 Infert se socium Aeneas, atque agmina jungit,  
 Qualis, ubi hibernam Lyciam, Xanthique fluenta  
 Deferit, ac Delum maternam invisit Apollo,  
 Instauration choros ; mixtique altaria circum 145  
 Cretesque Dryopesque fremunt, pictique Agathyrsi :

208. *Back in a golden caul,*] If modern fine ladies, who are apt to think the dresses worn at present, more elegantly fancied, and becoming, than any that can be imagined, would not be offended at the liberty I take ; I would observe, that this hunting-dress of Dido is far more graceful and becoming to the person than any dress which ever appeared in a chase on Windsor forest.

215. *As when from Lycia bound,*] This comparison is of an exquisite beauty ; and might give a full idea of the gracefulness of Apollo to a statuary or painter ; there is something very elegant in the image of

His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold.

A painter might execute in colours every part of this description, except the circumstance contained in the last line,

His golden quiver rattling as he goes.

This adds life to the whole figure, and is one of the reasons of the superiority of poetry to painting.

It must be observed likewise that there is a secret beauty in this comparison, which a passage in Suetonius suggests. Augustus, it seems, affected to be thought like Apollo ; there is therefore a peculiar propriety and address in the poet, in his comparing Aeneas (by whom Augustus was undoubtedly meant)

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

283

At length she comes, magnificently drest 205

(Her guards attending) in a Tyrian vest:

Back in a golden caul her locks are ty'd;

A golden quiver rattles at her side;

A golden clasp her purple garment binds,

And robes, that flew redundant in the winds. 210

Next with the youthful Trojans to the sport

The fair Ascanius issues from the court.

But far the fairest, and supremely tall,

Tow'rs great Æneas, and outshines them all.

As when from Lycia bound in wintry frost, 215

Where Xanthus' streams enrich the smiling coast,

The beauteous Phoebus in high pomp retires,

And hears in Delos the triumphant quires;

The Cretan crowds and Dryopes advance,

And painted Scythians round his altars dance; 220

Fair wreaths of vivid bays his head infold,

His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold;

meant) to that God. And it seems to have been an usual piece of flattery in the courtly writers of that time to compare the emperor (who was in reality beautiful) to Apollo. I would not assert (says Mr. Spence) that Virgil had the famous figure of the Apollo Belvidere in his eye, in writing this comparison; but thus much is plain; that they both relate to the Apollo Venator, set off more than he is usually in that character; that both in the poet. and in the marble, this god is represented as the standard of beauty; that this divine beauty of his, and his motion, are the two principal points aimed at by Virgil in this similitude, and the two chief things that strike one in viewing the Apollo Belvidere; and on the whole, that if the one was not copied from the other, they are at least so much alike, that they may very well serve to give a mutual light to each other.

Polymetis, Dial. viii.

Ipse jugis Cynthi graditur, mollique fluentem  
 Fronde premit crinem fingens, atque implicat auro:  
 Tela sonant humeris. haud illo segnior ibat  
 Aeneas: tantum egregio decus enitet ore. 150  
 Postquam altos ventum in montes, atque invia lustra,  
 Ecce ferae faxi dejectae vertice caprae  
 Decurrere jugis: alia de parte patentes  
 Transmittunt cursu campos, atque agmina cervi  
 Pulverulenta fuga glomerant, montesque relinquunt.  
 At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri 156  
 Gaudet equo: jamque hos cursu, jam praeterit illos,  
 Spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia votis  
 Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.  
 Interea magno misceri murmure coelum 160  
 Incipit. insequitur commista grandine nimbus.  
 Et Tyrii comites passim, et Trojana juvenus,  
 Dardaniusque nepos Veneris, diversa per agros  
 Tecta metu petiere. ruunt de montibus amnes.  
 Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem 165  
 Deveniunt. prima et tellus et pronuba Juno  
 Dant signum: fulsere ignes et conscius aether

234. *The young Ascanius,*] This circumstance is natural; Virgil for ever suits the manners to the age of the persons he introduces.

248. *The Trojan hero and the royal fair.*] Sir R. Steele in the *Tatlers* observes the great judgment and exactness of Virgil in dropping the epithet he usually applies to his hero, pious Aeneas, and calling him only Dux Trojanus, now he is entering upon the adventure of the cave. 'Tis said, that Mr. Addison communicated this remark to Steele, and by Steele's

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The god majestic move's o'er Cynthus' brows;  
His golden quiver rattling as he goes:  
So mov'd Æneas; such his charming grace;  
So glow'd the purple bloom, that flush'd his godlike face.

Soon as the train amid the mountains came,  
And storm'd the covert of the savage game;  
The goats flew bounding o'er the craggy brow  
From rock to rock, and fought the fields below.  
Here the fleet stags, chas'd down the tow'ring steep,  
In clouds of dust through the long valleys sweep:  
While there, exulting, to his utmost speed  
The young Ascanius spurs his fiery steed,  
Outstrips by turns the flying social train,  
And scorns the meaner triumphs of the plain:  
The hopes of glory all his soul inflame;  
Eager he longs to run at nobler game,  
And drench his youthful javelin in the gore  
Of the fierce lion, or the mountain boar.

Meantime loud thunders rattle round the sky,  
And hail and rain, in mingled tempest, fly;  
While floods on floods, in swelling turbid tides,  
Roll roaring down the mountain's channel'd sides.  
The young Ascanius, and the hunting train,  
To close retreats fled diverse o'er the plain.  
To the same gloomy cave with speed repair  
The Trojan hero and the royal fair.  
Earth shakes, and Juno gives the nuptial signs;  
With quivering flames the glimmering grotto shines:

Steele's making use of it in the Tatler, first discovered him  
to be the author of those papers.



Connubiis: summoque ulularunt vertice nymphae.

Ille dies primus lethi, primusque malorum;

Causa fuit: neque enim specie famave movetur; 170

Nec jam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem;

Conjugium vocat; hoc praetexit nomine culpam.

Extemplo Libyae magnas it fama per urbes:

252. *The nymphs run,*] If ever Virgil (says, M. Segrais) shewed his address in making things understood only by glancing at and lightly touching upon them; it is doubtless in this passage, at which it was so easy to make a false step. All the commentators praise his modesty and his delicacy.

257. *Her passions stand avow'd,*] The love with which Dido is seized for Æneas, and that of Calypso for Ulysses, are at bottom much the same thing; as are also the orders that Jupiter sends to Æneas to leave Carthage, and that sent to Ulysses to leave Calypso: But whoever takes the trouble to compare these passages together exactly, will find what may be expected from a great genius, when he comes after one of the same character; all the difference there necessarily is between an inventor and one who improves upon an invention. In fact, Calypso is enamour'd of Ulysses. She loves him passionately; for tho' immortal, yet she is not proof against the passions of mortals: She gives way to her inclination, and does not even observe the laws of modesty. Dido's love to Æneas is quite otherwise managed. 'Tis love himself, it is Cupid, who at the desire of his mother Venus, assumes the form of Ascanius, in order to deceive Dido more easily. Two divinities are employed to efface out of her mind the memory of her first spouse, and to blow up afresh the sentiments in her heart, which she thought she had buried in the grave of Sichæus.

Egregiam vero laudem &c.

Ulysses, by the order of the gods, abandons Calypso. She pines with regret, she addresses her complaints to heaven; but all her complaining and her grief is but for the loss of a man, and being deprived of her pleasure. The character Homer gives to Calypso, by becoming so easily enamour'd of Ulysses, gives his hero no personal pre-eminence over Æneas. Dido's complaints are in another strain; she deplores her

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BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 289

With light'nings all the conscious skies are spread;  
The nymphs run shrieking round the mountain's head.  
From that sad day, unhappy Dido! rose  
Shame, death, and ruin, and a length of woes.  
Nor fame nor censure now the queen can move, 255  
No more she labours to conceal her love.  
Her passion stands avow'd; and wedlock's name  
Adorns the crime, and sanctifies the shame.  
Now Fame, tremendous fiend! without delay  
Through Libyan cities took her rapid way. 260

stained glory her having sullied that reputation which had  
formerly exalted her name to heaven :

Te propter Libycae.

She thinks of the contempt with which neighbouring princes  
must look upon her, having so often despised them. The  
image of Sichaeus, that moving, tender image, is ever present  
to her mind, and in the miserable condition she is now in,  
she has nothing left to desire but death :

Quin morere, ut merita es——

She dies, and the recital of her death presents us with such  
natural beauties and touching images, that we must have  
recourse to the most pathetic among the Greek tragedies,  
to find any thing to be compared with the end of the fourth  
book of the Æneid. What art, what dexterity is there in  
marking out by the rage of Dido the source of the implacable  
hatred between the Carthaginians and Romans :

Exoriare aliquis &c.

L'abbe Fraquier, memoires de Litterature, Tome II.

259. *Now Fame, tremendous fiend!*] The description of this  
allegorical person of Fame is undoubtedly beautiful, but per-  
haps is rather too long. Mr. Addison is of opinion that  
these shadowy figures should have no share in the action of  
an epic poem, and on these principles seems to condemn the  
fine allegory of Sin and Death in Milton.

VOL. II.

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Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum :  
 Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo : 175  
 Parva metu primo ; mox sese attollit in auras,  
 Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.  
 Illam terra parens, ira irritata deorum,  
 Extremam, ut perhibent, Coeo Enceladoque sororem  
 Progenuit, pedibus celerem et pernicious alis, 180  
 Monstrum horrendum, ingens : cui quot sunt corpore  
 plumae,  
 Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,  
 Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.  
 Nocte volat coeli medio, terraeque per umbram  
 Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno. 185  
 Luce sedet custos, aut summi culmine tecti,  
 Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes ;  
 Tam ficti praeque tenax, quam nuncia veri.  
 Haec tum multiplici populos sermone replebat  
 Gaudens, et pariter facta atque infecta canebat : 190  
 Venisse Aeneam Trojano à sanguine cretum,  
 Cui se pulchra viro dignetur jungere Dido :  
 Nunc hiemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere,  
 Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.  
 Haec passim dea foeda virum diffundit in ora. 195  
 Protinus ad regem cursus detorquet Iarbam,

This sublime image,

And stalks on earth, and towers above the skies,

is literally copied, from Homer's noble description of Discord, which Longinus so greatly admires, Sect ix. saying the space between heaven and earth marks out the vast reach and capacity of Homer's ideas, Iliad. iv. v. 443. There is a thought of equal sublimity in the wisdom of Solomon :

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BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 291

Fame, the swift plague, that every moment grows,  
And gains new strength and vigour as she goes.  
First small with fear, she swells to wond'rous size,  
And stalks on earth, and tow'rs above the skies;  
Whom, in her wrath to heav'n, the teeming earth 265  
Produc'd the last of her gigantic birth;  
A monster huge, and dreadful to the eye,  
With rapid feet to run, or wings to fly.  
Beneath her plumes the various fury bears  
A thousand piercing eyes and list'ning ears; 270  
And with a thousand mouths and babbling tongues  
appears.

Thund'ring by night, through heaven and earth she flies;  
No golden slumbers seal her watchful eyes;  
On tow'rs or battlements she sits by day,  
And shakes whole towns with terror and dismay; 275  
Alarms the world around, and, perch'd on high,  
Reports a truth, or publishes a lye.  
Now both she mingled with malignant joy,  
And told the nations, that a prince from Troy  
Inflam'd with love the Tyrian queen, who led 280  
The godlike stranger to her bridal bed;  
That both, indulging to their soft desires,  
And deaf to censure, melt in amorous fires;  
From every thought the cares of state remove,  
And the long winter pass'd away in love. 285

This tale the Fury glories to display,  
Then to the king Iarbas bent her way;

"Thy almighty word leaped down; it touched the heaven,  
"but it stood upon the earth." c. xviii. \* 15, 16.



292 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Incenditque animum dictis, atque aggerat iras.  
 Hic Ammone satus, rapta Garamantide nympha,  
 Tempia Jovi centum latis immania regnis,  
 Centum aras posuit, vigilemque sacraverat ignem, 200  
 Excubias divûm aeternas, pecudumque cruore  
 Pingue solum, et variis florentia limina fertis.  
 Isque, amens animi et rumore accensus amaro,  
 Dicitur ante aras, media inter numina divûm,  
 Multa Jovem manibus supplex orasse supinis : 205  
 Jupiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pictis  
 Gens epulata toris Lenæum libat honorem,  
 Aspicias haec ? an te, genitor, cum fulmina torques,  
 Nequicquam horremus ? caecique in nubibus ignes  
 Terrificant animos, et inania murmura miscent ? 210  
 Femina, quae nostris errans in finibus urbem

290. *This monarch sprung from Ammon's*] Jupiter Ammon was the only god whom the Garamantians adored, and the Garamantians were the people who bordered nearest on Æthiopia. Their situation was on the eastern side of that country which is now called Zaara. The famous temple of Jupiter Ammon was very much frequented on account of the oracles that were given out there. Lucan and Quintus Curtius have written very different descriptions of it, the one in the ninth book of his *Pharsalia*, the other in the fourth book of his *history*. CATROU.

295. *And watch'd the hallow'd everlasting fire*] Plutarch mentions, as an historical fact, this lamp that was for ever burning before the altar of Jupiter Ammon. Virgil takes care to borrow from history every thing that can adorn and enrich his poem. Here is one instance of his great learning. CATROU.

302. *Almighty Jove ! to whom our Moorish line,*] There is a noble fire and fierceness in this bold speech of Iarbas : The taunts and revilings he throws even upon Jupiter himself, are quite in the spirit of an enraged African, a haughty prince, and abandon'd lover. The contempt with which he speaks

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BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 293

With jealous rage the furious prince inspires,  
 And all his soul with indignation fires.  
 This monarch sprung from Ammon's warm embrace  
 With a fair nymph of Garamantic race. 291  
 The mighty king a hundred temples rais'd ;  
 An hundred altars that with victims blaz'd,  
 Through all his realms, in honour of his fire ;  
 And watch'd the hallow'd everlasting fire ; 295  
 With various wreaths adorn'd the holy door,  
 And drench'd the soil with consecrated gore.  
 Amid the statues of the gods he stands,  
 And, spreading forth to Jove his lifted hands,  
 Fir'd with the tale, and raving with despair, 300  
 Prefers in bitterness of soul his pray'r.

Almighty Jove ! to whom our Moorish line  
 In large libations pour the generous wine,  
 And feast on painted beds ; say, father, say,  
 If yet thy eyes these flagrant crimes survey. 305  
 Or do we vainly tremble and adore,  
 When thro' the skies the pealing thunders roar ?  
 Thine are the bolts ? or idly do they fall,  
 And rattle thro' the dark aerial hall ?  
 A wand'ring woman, who on Libya thrown, 310  
 Rais'd on a purchas'd spot a slender town ;

speaks of Æneas is admirably express'd ; especially what relates to his dress and habit, which 'tis natural to imagine this rough, Moorish, king must hold in great disdain.

Et nunc ille Paris, cum semiviro comitatu,  
 Moeoniâ mentum mitrâ, crinemque madentem  
 Subnexus, rapto potitur——

294 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Exiguam pretio posuit, cui litus arandum,  
 Cuique loci leges dedimus, connubia nostra  
 Reppulit, ac dominum Aenean in regna recepit.  
 Et nunc ille Paris cum semiviro comitatu, 215  
 Maconia mentum mitra crinemque madentem  
 Subnexus, raptu potitur : nos munera templis  
 Quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.  
 Talibus orantem dictis, arasque tenentem  
 Audiit omnipotens, oculosque ad moenia torfit 220  
 Regia, et oblitos famaе melioris amantes.  
 Tunc sic Mercurium alloquitur, ac talia mandat :  
 Vade, age, nate, voca zephyros, et labere pennis :  
 Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Carthagine qui nunc  
 Exspectat, fatisque datas non respicit urbes, 225  
 Alloquere ; et celeres defer mea dicta per auras.  
 Non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem  
 Promisit, Graiumque ideo bis vindicat armis :  
 Sed fore, qui gravidam imperiis, belloque frementem  
 Italiam regeret, genus alto a sanguine Teucris 230  
 Proderet, ac totum sub leges mitteret orbem.  
 Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum,  
 Nec super ipse sua molitur laude laborem ;

339. *And give the world the law.*] In the original there is an expression of such force and energy, that, as Catrou observes, it is almost impossible to translate ; Italiam gravidam imperiis. From that time Rome was destined to bring forth empires. In truth, in the time of Augustus, Rome was the mistress of almost all those countries and regions which composed the empires of the Babylonians, the Medes, the Persians and the Greeks.

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BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 295

On terms ourself prescrib'd, was glad to gain  
A barren tract that runs along the main ;  
The proffer'd nuptials of thy son abhorr'd ;  
But to her throne receives a Dardan lord. 315  
And lo ! this second Paris comes again,  
With his unmanly, soft, luxurious train,  
In scented tresses and a mitre gay,  
To bear my bride, his ravish'd prize, away ;  
While still in vain we bid thy altars flame, 320  
And pay our vows to nothing but a name.

Him, as he grasp'd his altars, and prefer'd  
His wrathful pray'r, th' almighty father heard ;  
Then to the palace turn'd his awful eye,  
Where, careless of their fame, the lovers lie. 325  
The god, that scene offended to survey,  
Charg'd with his high command the son of May :

Fly, fly, my son, our orders to perform ;  
Mount the fleet wind, and ride the rapid storm ;  
Fly—to yon Dardan chief in Carthage bear 330  
Our awful mandate through the fields of air,  
Who idly ling'ring in the Tyrian state,  
Neglects the promis'd walls decreed by fate.  
Not such a prince, the beauteous queen of love  
(When twice she sav'd him) promis'd him to Jove ;  
A prince she promis'd who by deeds divine 336  
Should prove he sprung from Teucer's martial line ;  
Whose sword imperial Italy should awe,  
A warlike realm ! and give the world the law.  
If no such glories can his mind inflame, 340  
If he neglects his own immortal fame ;



296 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Ascanione pater Romanas invidet arces? 234

Quid fruit? aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur?

Nec prolem Aufoniam et Lavinia respicit arva?

Naviget. haec summa est; hic nostri nuncius esto.

Dixerat. ille patris magni parere parabat

Imperio: et primum pedibus talaria nectit

Aurea; quae sublimem alis, five aequora supra, 240

Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.

Tum virgam capit. hac animas ille evocat Orco

Pallentes, alias sub tristitia Tartara mittit;

Dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat.

Illa fretus agit ventos, et turbida tranat 245

Nubila: jamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit

Atlantis duri, coelum qui vertice fulcit;

Atlantis, cinctum assidue cui nubibus atris

Piniferum caput, et vento pulsatur et imbri:

Nix humeros infusa tegit: tum flumina mento 250

350. *Swift at the word the dutious son,*] The description of this celestial messenger is far excelled by our inimitable countryman, (who indeed, in many particulars, has outdone his. Masters, Homer and Virgil,) in his picture of the angel Raphael.

— Six wings he wore, to shade  
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
With regal ornament; the middle pair  
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,  
And colours dip'd in heav'n: the third his feet  
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,  
Sky-tinctur'd grain! like Maia's son he stood  
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd  
The circuit wide. Par. Lost, Book v. 276.

Neither Raphaël nor Guido have painted a more graceful figure.

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BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 297

What has his heir the young Ascanius done?  
 Why should he grudge an empire to his son?  
 What scheme, what prospect can the chief propose,  
 So long to loiter with a race of foes? 345

The promis'd kingdom to regard no more,  
 And quite neglect the destin'd Latian shore?  
 Haste—bid him sail—be this our will; and bear  
 With speed this mandate through the fields of air.

Swift as the word, the duteous son of May 350  
 Prepares th' almighty's orders to obey;  
 First round his feet the golden wings he bound,  
 That speed his progress o'er the seas profound,  
 Or earth's unmeasur'd regions, as he flies,  
 Wrap'd in a rapid whirlwind, down the skies. 355

Then grasp'd the wand; the wand that calls the ghosts  
 From hell, or drives 'em to the Stygian coasts,  
 Invites or chafes sleep with wond'rous pow'r,  
 And opes those eyes that death had seal'd before.  
 Thus arm'd, on wings of winds sublimely rode 360  
 Thro' heaps of opening clouds the flying god.  
 From far huge Atlas' rocky sides he spies,  
 Atlas, whose head supports the starry skies:  
 Beat by the winds and driving rains, he throwds  
 His shady forehead in surrounding clouds; 365

363. *Atlas, whose head supports the starry skies:*] This description of Atlas, as a person, is very sublime and picturesque. There is a famous statue of Atlas, in the Farnese palace at Rome, supporting the globe of the heavens. From this description in Virgil, says Mr. Spence in his *Polymetis*, one might form a very good idea for a fountain-statue; as perhaps it was, originally, taken from one.

298 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Praecipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba.  
 Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis  
 Constitit ; hinc toto praeceps se corpore ad undas  
 Misit ; avi similis, quae circum litora, circum  
 Piscosos scopulos, humilis volat aequora juxta, 255  
 Haud aliter terras inter coelumque, volabat  
 Litus arenosum Libyae, ventosque secabat,  
 Materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles.  
 Ut primum alatis tetigit magalia plantis,  
 Aenean fundantem arces ac tecta novantem 260  
 Conspicit : atque illi stellatus iaspide fulva  
 Ensis erat, Tyrioque ardebat murice laena  
 Demissa ex humeris : dives quae munera Dido  
 Fecerat, et tenui telas discreverat auro.  
 Continuo invadit : tu nunc Carthaginis altae 265

389. *To whom the god:]* Upon Mercury's being sent to hasten Æneas from Carthage, Mr. Dryden breaks out into the following strange exclamation. Oh! how convenient is a machine sometimes in an heroic poem! This of Mercury is plainly one; and Virgil was constrained to use it here, or the honesty of his hero would be ill-defended. Mr. Spence has solidly and judiciously refuted this objection. I must own to you, that this very machine last mentioned, the introducing Mercury to oblige Æneas to pursue his voyage to Italy, which Mr. Dryden speaks of as such a forced one, seems to me to be particularly easy and obvious, and very well adapted. What the vulgar believed to be brought about by the will of their gods, the poets described as carried on by a visible interposition of those gods; and this to me seems the whole mystery of the machinery of the ancients.—When the gods are thus introduced in a poem, to help on any fact with which they are particularly supposed to be concerned, I call that machinery easy and obvious: and when the god thus introduced is the most proper that could be employed on that particular occasion, I call it well adapted. This I take to be the case in Virgil's introducing Mercury, on the occasion abovementioned. It was a supposed fact, among

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 299

With ice his horrid beard is crufted o'er;  
From his bleak brows the gushing torrents pour;  
Out-ftread, his mighty fhoulders heave below  
The hoary piles of everlafting fnow.

Here on pois'd pinions ftoop'd the panting god; 370  
Then, from the fteep, fhut headlong to the flood.

As the fwift fea-mew, for the fifhy prey, }  
In low excursions fkim along the fea, }  
By rocks and fhores, and wings th' ærial way; }  
So, from his kindred mountain, Hermes flies 375  
Between th' extended earth and ftarry fkies;  
Thus through the parting air his courfe he bore,  
And, gliding, fkim'd along the Libyan fhore.

Soon as the winged god to Carthage came,  
He finds the prince forgetful of his fame: 380

The rifing domes employ his idle hours,  
Th' unfinifh'd palaces and Tyrian tow'rs.

A fword all ftarr'd with gemms, and fpangled o'er  
With yellow jaspers, at his fide he wore;  
A robe refulgent from his fhoulders flow'd, 385

That, flaming, deep with Tyrian crimfon glow'd;  
The work of Dido; whose unrivall'd art  
With flow'rs of gold embroider'd every part.

To whom the god:—Thefe hours canft thou employ  
To raife proud Carthage, heedlefs prince of Troy? 390

among the Romans, that Æneas came into Italy in confe-  
quence of the will of heaven, and the exprefs order of the  
gods, declared in oracles and prophecies. What they thus  
fuppofed, Virgil realizes. The fates, or will of heaven, in  
Virgil, is Jupiter giving his orders; and the declaration of it  
to Æneas is expreffed by Mercury, (the ufual messenger of  
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300 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Fundamenta locas, pulchramque uxori urbem  
 Extruis? heu regni rerumque oblite tuarum!  
 Ipse deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo  
 Regnator, coelum et terras qui numine torquet  
 Ipse haec ferre jubet celeres mandata per auras: 270  
 Quid struis? aut qua spe Libycis teris otia terris?  
 Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum,  
 Nec super ipse tua moliris laude laborem;  
 Ascanium surgentem, et spes haeredis Iuli  
 Respice; cui regnum Italiae, Romanaque tellus 275  
 Debentur. tali Cyllenius ore locutus,  
 Mortales visus medio sermone reliquit,  
 Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.  
 At vero Aeneas aspectu obmutuit amens,  
 Arrectaeque horrore comae, et vox faucibus haesit. 280  
 Ardet abire fuga, dulcesque relinquere terras,  
 Attonitus tanto monitu imperioque deorum.  
 Heu! quid agat? quo nunc reginam ambire furem  
 Audeat affatu? quae prima exordia sumat? 284  
 Atque animum hunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,  
 In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat.  
 Haec alternanti potior sententia visa est:  
 Mnesthea, Surge stumque vocat, fortemque Cloanthum:  
 Classem aptent taciti, socios ad litora cogant;

the will of heaven) coming down to him; and giving him the orders he had from Jupiter. This machinery then is both obvious and well adapted: and we may add, that it could scarce be better timed, than when Aeneas was at the greatest stop he met with in his whole voyage to Italy; and when he was most in danger of quitting his design.

Polymetis, page 319. Dial. xx.

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Thus for a foreign bride to build a town  
 And form a state, forgetful of thy own?  
 The Lord of heav'n and earth, almighty Jove,  
 With this command dispatch'd me from above;  
 What are thy hopes from this thy long delay? 395  
 Why thus in Libya pass thy hours away?  
 If future empire cease thy thoughts to raise,  
 Or the fair prospect of immortal praise;  
 Regard Ascanius, prince, the royal boy;  
 The last, the best surviving hope of Troy; 400  
 To whom the Fates decree, in time to come,  
 The long, long glories of imperial Rome.  
 He spoke, and speaking left him gazing there;  
 And all the fluid form dissolv'd in air.

The prince astonish'd stood, with horror stung; 405  
 Fear rais'd his hair, and wonder chain'd his tongue:  
 Struck and alarm'd with such a dread command,  
 He longs to leave the dear enchanting land.  
 But ah! with what address shall we begin,  
 How speak his purpose to the raving queen? 410  
 A thousand thoughts his wavering soul divide,  
 That turns each way, and strains on every side:  
 A thousand projects labouring in his breast,  
 On this at last he fixes as the best:  
 Mnestheus and brave Cloanthus he commands 415  
 To rig the fleet, to summon all the bands

415. *Mnestheus and brave Cloanthus*] The critics on style  
 have observed that Virgil, when he mentions the ancestors  
 of three noble Roman families, turns Sergius, Memmius,  
 and Cluentius, which might have degraded his verse too much,  
 by their common and familiar name into Sergestus, Mnestheus,  
 and

302 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Arma parent, et, quae sit rebus causa novandis, 290  
 Dissimulent. sese interea, quando optima Dido  
 Nesciat, et tantos rumpi non speret amores,  
 Tentaturum aditus, et quae mollissima fandi  
 Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus. ocius omnes  
 Imperio laeti parent, ac iussa facessunt. 295

At regina dolos, quis fallere possit amantem?  
 Praesensit, motusque excepit prima futuros,  
 Omnia tuta timens. eadem impia fama furenti  
 Detulit armari classẽ, cursumque parari.  
 Saevit inops animi, totamque incensa per urbem 300  
 Bacchatur: qualis commotis excita sacris  
 Thyas, ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho  
 Orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Cithaeron.  
 Tandem his Aenean compellat vocibus ultro:  
 Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum 305  
 Posse nefas, tacitusque mea decedere terra?

and Cloanthus. We find in our English writers (says Mr. Addison) how much the proper name of one of our own countrymen pulls down the language that surrounds it, and familiariseth a whole sentence. For our ears are so often used to it, that we find something vulgar and common in the sound and cant; and fancy the pomp and solemnity of style too much humbled and depressed by it.

Dissertation on antient and modern learning.

440. *Could'st thou hope, disssembler,*] She begins with bitter revilings, but soon softens her tone, and falls into the most tender expostulations; begging him at least not to depart in the wintry season; reminding him of all their former fondness, and the vows they had made to each other; of the danger she exposed herself to, for his sake; of the loss of her fame and reputation on his account; of the destruction that will befall her kingdom, by Pygmalion; of her being forced to Iarbas's bed; concluding, that if notwithstanding  
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In secret silence to the shore, and hide  
 The sudden cause, that bids them tempt the tide.  
 Then while fair Dido, sick with fond desire,  
 Thinks such a boundless love can ne'er expire, 420  
 Himself the proper measures will prepare  
 To move the queen, and seize with watchful care  
 The softest moments to address the fair. }  
 With speed impatient fly the chiefs away,  
 And, fir'd with eager joy, the prince obey. 425

But soon the fraud unhappy Dido spies ;  
 (For what can 'scape a lover's piercing eyes,  
 Who e'en in safety fears with wild affright ?)  
 She first discern'd the meditated flight ;  
 And Fame, infernal fiend, the news conveys, 430  
 The fleet was rigg'd and launching on the seas.  
 Mad with despair, and all her soul on flame,  
 Around the city raves the royal dame :  
 So the fierce Bacchanal with frantick cries,  
 Stung by the god, to proud Cithaeron flies, 435  
 And shakes her ivy spear and raves around,  
 While the huge mountain echoes to the sound.  
 At length, by potent love and grief oppress'd,  
 The queen, her recreant lover, first address'd :

And could'st thou hope, dissembler, from my sight,  
 Ah ! wretch perfidious ! to conceal thy flight ? 441

all these moving considerations he is resolved to go, yet she  
 begs him to stay at least,

Till in my regal hall I may survey  
 Some princely boy, some young Æneas play,



304 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,  
 Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?  
 Quin etiam hiberno moliris fidere classem,  
 Et mediis properas aquilonibus ire per altum, 310  
 Crudelis? quid, si non arva aliena domosque  
 Ignotas peteres, et Troja antiqua maneret;  
 Troja per undosum peteretur classibus aequor!  
 Mene fugis? per ego has lacrymas dextramque tu-  
 am, te,

Quando aliud mihi jam miserae nihil ipsa reliqui, 315  
 Per connubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos;  
 Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam  
 Dulce meum; miserere domus labentis, et istam,  
 Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem. 320  
 Te propter Libycae gentes Nomadumque tyranni  
 Odere; infensi Tyrii: te propter eundem  
 Extinctus pudor, et, qua sola sidera adibam,  
 Fama prior. cui me moribundam deferis, hospes?  
 Hoc solum nomen quoniam de conjuge restat. 324  
 Quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum moenia frater

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In such base silence from my realms to sail?  
 Nor can our vows and plighted hands prevail,  
 Nor Dido's cruel death thy flight detain?  
 For death, death only can relieve my pain: 445  
 And are thy vessels launch'd, while winter sweeps  
 With the rough northern blast the roaring deeps?  
 Barbarian! say, if Troy herself had stood,  
 Nor foreign realms had call'd thee o'er the flood,  
 Would'st thou thy sails in stormy seas employ, . 450  
 And brave the surge to gain thy native Troy?  
 Me will you fly, to tempt the dangerous wave?  
 Ah! by the tears I shed, the hand you gave;  
 (For these still mine, and only these remain;  
 The tears I shed, the hand you gave in vain!) 455  
 By those late solemn nuptial bands I plead,  
 By those first pleasures of the bridal bed;  
 If e'er, when folded in your circling arms,  
 You sigh'd, and prais'd these now-neglected charms:  
 If pray'r can move thee, with this pray'r comply, 460 }  
 Regard, Æneas, with a pitying eye }  
 A falling race, and lay thy purpose by. }  
 For thee Numidian kings in arms conspire;  
 For thee have I incens'd the sons of Tyre;  
 For thee I lost my honour and my fame, 465  
 That to the stars advanc'd my glorious name.  
 Must I in death thy cruel scorn deplore,  
 My barbarous guest!—but ah!—my spouse no more!  
 What—shall I wait, till fierce Pygmalion pours  
 From Tyre on Carthage, and destroys my tow'rs? 470

Destruat! aut captam ducat Getulus Iarbas?  
 Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset  
 Ante fugam Ioboles, si quis mihi parvulus aula  
 Luderet Aeneas, qui te tantum ore referret; 330  
 Non equidem omnino capta aut deserta viderer.  
 Dixerat, ille Jovis monitis immota tenebat  
 Lumina, et obnixus curam sub corde premebat.  
 Tandem pauca refert; ego te, quae plurima fando  
 Enumerare vales, nunquam, regina, negabo 335  
 Promeritam: nec me meminisse pigebit Elifae;  
 Dum memior ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.  
 Pro re pauca loquar: nec ego hanc abscondere furto  
 Speravi, ne finge, fugam; nec conjugis unquam  
 Praetendi taedas, aut haec in foedera veni. 340  
 Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam  
 Auspiciis, et sponte mea componere curas;  
 Urbem Trojanam primum dulcesque meorum  
 Reliquias colerem: Priami tecta alta manerent,  
 Et recidiva manu posuissem Pergama victis. 345

476. *Some princely boy, some young Aeneas play;*] I believe  
 (says Mr. Bayle) our countesses and marchionesses would  
 think they expressed themselves too much like city dames,  
 should they say as the queen of Carthage does in Virgil,

——— Si quis mihi parvulus aula  
 Luderet Aeneas ———

This is spoken in the spirit of the French critics; whose fastidious delicacy and false refinements render them incapable of relishing the lovely simplicity of the ancients, and make them despise the faithful paintings of nature. They would have every thing exactly conformable to modern manners and customs.

Most

Book IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

307

Shall I in proud Iarbas' chains be led  
A slave, a captive to the tyrant's bed?

Ah!--had I brought, before thy fatal flight,  
Some little offspring of our loves to light;

If in my regal hall I could survey 475

Some princely boy, some young Æneas play;  
Thy dear resemblance but in looks alone!

I should not seem quite widow'd and undone.

She said; the prince stood still in grief profound,  
And fix'd his eyes relentless on the ground; 480

By Jove's high will admonish'd from the skies;

At length the heroe thus in brief replies.

Your bounties, queen, I never can forget;

And never, never pay the mighty debt;

But, long as life informs this fleeting frame, 485

My soul shall honour fair Eliza's name.

Then hear my plea:---By stealth I ne'er design'd

To leave your hospitable realm behind;

Forbear the thought;---much less in Libyan lands,

A casual guest, to own the bridal bands. 490

Had fate allow'd me to consult my ease,

To live and settle on what terms I please;

Still had I stay'd in Asia, to enjoy

The dear, dear relics of my native Troy:

Rais'd royal Priam's ruin'd tow'rs again; 495

A second Ilion for my vanquish'd train.

Most of the complaints of de la Motte, Perrault, Fontenelle, and other unjust censurers of the antients, are entirely occasioned by their making no allowances for the very different practices and customs of different ages and nations.



Sed nunc Italiam magnam Grynæus Apollo,  
 Italiam Lyciae jussere capeffere sortes.

Hic amor, haec patria est. si te Carthaginis arces  
 Phoenissiam, Libyæque aspectus detinet urbis;  
 Quæ tandem Ausonia Teucros confidere terra  
 Invidia est? et nos fas extera quaerere regna. 350

Me patris Anchisæ, quoties humentibus umbris  
 Nox operit terras, quoties astra ignea surgunt,  
 Admonet in somnis, et turbida terret imago.

Me puer Ascanius, capitisque injuria chari,  
 Quem regno Hesperiae fraudo et fatalibus arvis. 355

Nunc etiam interpres divûm, Jove missus ab ipso,  
 Testor utrumque caput, celeres mandata per auras  
 Detulit. ipse deûm manifesto in lumine vidi

Intrantem muros, vocemque his auribus hausi.  
 Desine, meque tuis incendere, teque querelis : 360

Italiam non sponte sequor.

Talia dicentem jamdudum averfa tuetur,  
 Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat

500. *There lies my country,*] Æneas's reason for leaving Dido is the very strongest that could have been given to an heathen; "He had repeated commands from heaven to leave her, and therefore could not stay."

The reason why it sounds so weak to many of the modern critics must be; either from those who were then look'd upon as gods, being now seen in a ridiculous light; or from our critics not having so strong a notion of the interposition of providence, as the heathens had.

I don't remember that any one of those critics has ever offered, that this speech is left unfinished by Virgil; and yet

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## Book IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 309

But now, fair queen, Apollo's high command  
Has call'd me to the fam'd Italian land;

Thither, inspir'd by oracles, I move,  
There lies my country, and there lies my love. 500

If you your rising Carthage thus admire  
In these strange realms, a foreigner from Tyre,

Why should not Teucer's race be free to gain  
The Latian kingdom, as the gods ordain?

Oft as the stars display their fiery light, 505  
And earth lies cover'd in the shades of night,

My father's angry spirit blames my stay,  
Stalks round my bed, and summons me away.

Long has Ascanius call'd me hence in vain,  
By me defrauded of his destin'd reign. 510

And now, ev'n now, the messenger of Jove  
(Both gods can witness) shot from heav'n above:

Charg'd with the thunderer's high commands he flew,  
The glorious form appear'd in open view:

I saw him pass these lofty walls, and hear 515  
His awful voice still murmuring in my ear.

Then cease, my beauteous princess, to complain;  
Nor let us both be compos'd in vain:

From these dear arms to Latium forc'd away;  
'Tis fate that calls, and fate I must obey. 520

Thus while he spoke, with high disdain and pride  
She roll'd her wrathful eyes on every side,

yet a good-natur'd critic, that was not satisfy'd with the  
reasons given, might well say; that Virgil probably had  
others in reserve, had he lived to complete his work.

SPENCE.

Luminibus tacitis, et sic accensa profatur:  
 Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor, 365  
 Perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens  
 Caucasus, Hyrcanaeque admorunt ubera tigres.  
 Nam quid dissimulo? aut quae me ad majora reservo?  
 Num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?  
 Num lacrymas victus dedit, aut miseratus amantem  
 est? 370

Quae quibus anteferam? jam jam nec maxima Juno,  
 Nec Saturnius haec oculis pater aspicit aequis.  
 Nusquam tuta fides. ejectum litore, egentem  
 Excepi, et regni demens in parte locavi:  
 Amissam classem, socios a morte reduxi. 375  
 Heu! furiis incensa feror: nunc augur Apollo,  
 Nunc Lyciae sortes, nunc et Jove missus ab ipso

532. *Did he once deign,*] Here is a charming instance of the poet's exquisite art: He makes Dido in the height of her passion, turn suddenly from addressing Aeneas in the second person, to speak of him in the third, as if he were absent.

Genuit te cautibus —  
 Num fletu ingemuit? —

Afterwards she turns to him again,

Neque te teneo, neque dicta refello,  
 I sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas.

In the 545th line she again uses the third person as turning from him,

Now great Apollo warns him to retire —

afterwards she again addresses him in the second person;

Go then; I plead not, nor thy flight delay —

After her passion is worked up to the greatest height imaginable,

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Book IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 311

That glance in silence o'er the guilty man,  
And, all inflam'd with fury, she began:

Pefidious monster! boast thy birth no more; 525  
No heroe got thee, and no goddeſs bore.

No!—thou wert brought by Scythian rocks to day,  
By tigers nurs'd, and ſavages of prey;  
But far more rugged, wild, and fierce than they. }

For why, ah! why the traitor ſhould I ſpare? 530  
What baſer wrongs can I be doom'd to bear?

Did he once deign to turn his ſcornful eyes? }  
Did he once groan at all my piercing ſighs? }  
Drop'd he one tear in pity to my cries? }

Calm he look'd on, and ſaw my paſſion burſt. 535  
Which, which of all his inſults was the worſt?

And yet great Jove and Juno from the ſky  
Behold his treaſon with a careleſs eye;

Guilt, guilt prevails; and juſtice is no more.  
The needy wretch juſt caſt upon my ſhore, 540

Fool as I was! with open arms I led  
At once a partner to my throne and bed;

From inſtant death I ſav'd his famiſh'd train,  
His ſhatter'd fleet I ſtor'd and rigg'd again.

But ah! I rave;—my ſoul the furies fire; 545  
Now great Apollo warns him to retire;

With all his oracles forbids to ſtay;  
And now through air the feather'd ſon of May

nable, and becoming too violent for her to ſupport, the  
poet very naturally deſcribes her fainting away, and carried  
off by her attendants.



Interpres divûm fert horrida jussa per auras.

Scilicet is superis labor est; ea cura quietos

Sollicitat! neque te teneo, neque dicta refello. 380

I, sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas.

Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,

Supplicia hausurum scopulis, et nomine Dido

Saepe vocaturum, sequar atris ignibus absens:

Et, cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus, 385

Omnibus umbra locis adero. dabis, improbe, poenas.

Audiam, et haec manes veniet mihi fama sub imos.

His medium dictis sermonem abrumpit, et auras

Aegra fugit, seque ex oculis avertit et aufert,

Linquens multa metu cunctantem, et multa parantem

Dicere, suscipiunt famulae, collapsaque membra 391

Marmoreo referunt thalamo, stratisque reponunt.

At pius Aeneas, quanquam lenire dolentem

Solando cupit, et dictis avertere curas,

Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore;

Jussa tamen divûm exsequitur, classemque revisit. 396

Tum vero Teucri incumbunt, et litore celsas

Deducunt toto naves. natat uncta carina:

Prospicientesque ferunt remos, et robora silvis

Infabricata, fugae studio. 400

Migrantes cernas, totaque ex urbe ruentes,

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 313

Conveys Jove's orders from the blest abodes ;  
A care well worthy to disturb the gods ! 550

Go then ; I plead not, nor thy flight delay ;  
Go, seek new kingdoms through the watry way :  
But there may every god, thy crime provokes,  
Reward thy guilt, and dash thee on the rocks ;  
Then shalt thou call, amid the howling main, 555  
On injur'd Dido's name, nor call in vain ;

For, wrapt in fires, I'll follow through the sky,  
Flash in thy face, or glare tremendous by.  
When death's cold hand my struggling soul shall free,  
My ghost in every place shall wait on thee : 560  
My vengeful spirit shall thy torments know,  
And smile with transport in the realms below.

With that, abrupt she took her sudden flight ;  
Sick of the day, she loaths the golden light ;  
And turns, while fault'ring he attempts to say 565  
Ten thousand things, disdainfully away ;  
Sunk in their arms the trembling handmaids led  
The fainting princess to the regal bed.

But though the pious heroe tries with care,  
And melting words, to sooth her fierce despair, 570  
Stung with the pains and agonies of love,  
Still he regards the high commands of Jove ;  
Repairs the fleet ; and soon the busy train  
Roll down the lofty vessels to the main.  
New-rigg'd, the navy glides along the flood ; 575  
Whole trees they bring, unfashion'd from the wood,  
And leafy saplings to supply their oars,  
Pour from the town, and darken all the shores.

Ac veluti, ingentem formicae farris acervum  
 Cum populant, hiemis memores, tectoque reponunt :  
 It nigrum campis agmen, praedamque per herbas  
 Convectant calle angusto : pars grandia trudunt 405  
 Obnixae frumenta humeris : pars agmina cogunt,  
 Castigantque moras : opere omnis semita fervet.  
 Quis tibi tunc, Dido, cernenti talia sensus ?  
 Quosve dabas gemitus, cum litora fervere late  
 Prospiceres arce ex summa, totumque videres 410  
 Misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus aequor ?  
 Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis ?  
 Ire iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando  
 Cogitur, et supplex animos submittere amori :  
 Ne quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat. 415  
 Anna, vides toto properari litore circum.  
 Undique convenere : vocat jam carbasus auras,  
 Puppibus et laeti nautae imposuere coronas.

603. *Sister, behold !*] Here is a fine turn of passion. Dido's last speech was full of rage, anger, and indignation at her discovery of Aeneas's design to leave her: now she softens her style, and falls into all the humble and supplicating arguments she could invent. The poet artfully makes the reader take notice of the change,

*Ire iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando  
 Cogitur, et supplex animos submittere amori.*

How moving is that part of this speech, where she desires her sister to tell Aeneas, that she now does not presume to detain his voyage and keep him from his destin'd settlement, but that she only begs him to stay a little longer at Carthage, till she had learnt in some measure to subdue her grief; and overcome the unexpected blow; and till her bad fortune was grown more familiar to her mind.

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

315

So when the pismires, an industrious train,  
 Embody'd, rob some golden heap of grain, 580  
 Studious, e'er stormy winter frowns, to lay  
 Safe in their darksome cells the treasur'd prey;  
 In one long track the dusky legions lead  
 Their prize in triumph through the verdant mead:  
 Here, bending with the load, a panting throng 585  
 With force conjoin'd heave some huge grain along:  
 Some, lash the stragglers to the task assign'd;  
 Some, to their ranks, the bands that lag behind:  
 They crowd the peopled path in thick array,  
 Glow at the work, and darken all the way. 590

At that sad prospect, that tormenting scene,  
 What thoughts, what woes were thine, unhappy queen!  
 How loud thy groans, when from thy lofty tow'r  
 Thy eyes survey'd the tumult on the shore;  
 When on the floods thou heard'st the shouting train 595  
 Plow with resounding oars the watry plain?  
 To what submissions, of what low degree,  
 Are mortals urg'd, imperious Love, by thee?  
 Once more she flies to pray'rs and tears, to move  
 Th' obdurate prince; and anger melts to love; 600  
 Tries all her suppliant female arts again  
 Before her death;---but tries 'em all in vain:

Sister, behold, from every side they pour  
 With eager speed, and gather to the shore.  
 Hark!--how with shouts they catch the springing  
 gales, 605  
 And crown their ships, and spread their flying sails,



316 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem;  
 Et perferre, soror, potero. miserae hoc tamen unum  
 Exsequere, Anna, mihi: solam nam perfidus ille 421  
 Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus;  
 Sola viri molles aditus, et tempora noras.  
 I, soror, atque hostem supplex affare superbum:  
 Non ego cum Danaïs Trojanam excindere gentem 425  
 Aulide juravi, classemve ad Pergama misi:  
 Nec patris Anchisae cineres manesve revelli.  
 Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures?  
 Quo ruit? extremum hoc miserae det munus amanti:  
 Exspectet facilisque fugam, ventosque ferentes. 430  
 Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro:  
 Nec pulchro ut Latio careat, regnumque relinquat.  
 Tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque furori,  
 Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere.  
 Extremam hanc oro veniam: miserere sororis: 435  
 Quam mihi cum dederis cumulatam, morte remittam!

Ah ! had I once foreseen the fatal blow,  
 Sure, I had borne this mighty weight of woe.  
 Yet, yet, my Anna, this one trial make  
 For thy despairing, dying sister's sake. 610  
 For ah ! the dear perfidious wretch, I see,  
 Lays open all his secret soul to thee.  
 In all his thoughts you ever bore a part,  
 You know the nearest passage to his heart.  
 Go then, dear sister, as a suppliant go, 615  
 Tell, in the humblest terms, my haughty foe,  
 I ne'er conspir'd at Aulis to destroy,  
 With vengeful Greece, the hapless race of Troy;  
 Nor sent one vessel to the Phrygian coast,  
 Nor rak'd abroad his father's sacred dust. 620  
 From all the pray'rs a dying queen prefers,  
 Why will he turn his unrelenting ears ?  
 Whither, ah whither, will the tyrant fly ?  
 I beg but this one grace before I die,  
 To wait for calmer seas and softer gales 625  
 To smooth the floods, and fill his opening sails.  
 Tell my perfidious lover, I implore  
 The name of wedlock he disclaims no more :  
 No more his purpos'd voyage I detain  
 From beauteous Latium, and his destin'd reign. 630  
 For some small interval of time I move,  
 Some short, short season to subdue my love ;  
 Till reconcil'd to this unhappy state,  
 I grow at last familiar with my fate :  
 This favour if he grant, my death shall please 635  
 His cruel soul, and set us both at ease.

Talibus orabat, talesque miserrima fletus  
 Fertque refertque soror: sed nullis ille movetur  
 Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit.  
 Fata obstant, placidasque viri deus obstruit aures. 440  
 Ac veluti, annosa validam cum robore quercum  
 Alpini boreae, nunc hinc, nunc flatibus illinc,  
 Eruere inter se certant; it stridor, et alte  
 Consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes:  
 Ipsa haeret scopulis: et, quantum vertice ad auras  
 Aetherias, tantum radice in tartara tendit. 446  
 Haud secus assiduus hinc atque hinc vocibus heros  
 Tunditur, et magno persentit pectore curas:  
 Mens immota manet, lacrymae volvuntur inanes.  
 Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido 450  
 Mortem orat: tacet coeli convexa tueri.  
 Quo magis inceptum peragat, lucemque relinquat,  
 Vidit, thuricremis cum dona imponeret aris,  
 Horrendum dictu! latices nigrescere sacros,  
 Fusaque in obscenum se vertere vina cruorem. 455  
 Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.

665. *This horrid omen*] These prodigies of the wine turned into blood, which Dido secretly observed (a very striking circumstance) and of Sicheus's voice, of the screams of the owl, the ancient predictions, and her melancholy dreams, are all admirably calculated to raise terror and pity, and must deeply affect every reader that has a feeling heart. The circumstance of the voice has been finely imitated by Mr. Pope, where Eloisa says—

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls  
 And more than echoes talk along the walls.  
 Here as I watch'd the dying lamps around  
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound:

Come,

Thus pray'd the queen ; the sister bears in vain  
The moving message, and returns again.  
He stands inflexible to pray'rs and tears,  
For Jove and Fate had stop'd the hero's ears. 640

As, o'er th' ærial Alps sublimely spread,  
Some aged oak uprears his reverend head ;  
This way and that the furious tempests blow,  
To lay the monarch of the mountains low ;  
Th' imperial plant, tho' nodding at the sound, 645  
Tho' all his scatter'd honours strow the ground,  
Safe in his strength, and seated in the rock,  
In naked majesty defies the shock :  
High as the head shoots tow'ring to the skies,  
So deep the root in hell's foundation lies. 650

Thus is the prince besieg'd by constant pray'rs :  
But though his heart relents at Dido's cares,  
Still firm the dictates of his soul remain,  
And tears are shed, and vows prefer'd in vain.

Now tir'd with life abandon'd Dido grows ; 655  
Now bent on fate, and harass'd with her woes,  
She loaths the day, she sickens at the sky,  
And longs, in bitterness of soul, to die.  
To urge the scheme of death already laid,  
Full many a direful omen she survey'd : 660  
While to the gods she pour'd the wine, she view'd  
The pure libation turn'd to sable blood.  
This horrid omen to herself reveal'd,  
Ev'n from her sister's ear she kept conceal'd ;

Come, sister, come, it said or seem'd to say,  
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away !



Praeterea, fuit in tectis de marmore templum  
 Conjugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat,  
 Velleribus niveis et festa fronde revinctum.

Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis 460

Visa viri, nox cum terras obscura teneret:

Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo

Saepe queri, et longas in fletum ducere voces:

Multaque praeterea vatum praedicta priorum

Terribili monitu horrificant. agit ipse furem 465

In fomnis ferus Aeneas: semperque relinqui

Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur

Ire viam, et Tyrios deserta quaerere terra.

Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,

Et solem geminum, et duplices se ostendere Thebas:

Aut Agamemnonius scenis agitatus Orestes, 471

681. So *Pentheus* *ραυ'δ*] Euripides, the most pathetic of all tragic writers whatever, seems particularly to have excelled in painting madness: Virgil has copied this simile from two of his tragedies: he has translated the very words: *και μην οραν μοι δυο μεν ηλιος δοκω, δισσας δε Θεβας*, Et vero videre mihi duos quidem soles videor, duplicesque Thebas. This passage is found in the *Bacchantes* of Euripides. I have frequently wondered, that Longinus never quoted this description of the madness of Pentheus as an instance of the sublime. The description of the Bacchanalian women tearing Pentheus in pieces, for secretly inspecting their mysteries, is worked up with the greatest fire, and the truest poetical enthusiasm. And there is not a finer passage throughout the Greek tragedies. Theocritus has likewise nobly described this event. Longinus greatly admires the passage of Euripides from which Virgil imitated this description; and indeed human imagination can scarce conceive any thing painted so strongly

Ω μητερ, ικετευω σε μη 'πισθαι μοι

Τας αιματωπας και δρακοντωδεις χορας.

Ανται γαρ, ανται πλησιον θρωσκασι μοι.

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Vol. II

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 321

Yet more---a temple, where she paid her vows, 665  
 Rose in the palace to her former spouse;  
 A marble structure; this she dress'd around  
 With snowy wool; with sacred chaplets crown'd.  
 From hence, when gloomy night succeeds the day,  
 Her husband seems to summon her away. 670  
 Perch'd on the roof the bird of night complains,  
 In one sad length of melancholy strains;  
 Now dire predictions rack her mind, foretold  
 By prescient sages, and the seers of old;  
 Now stern Æneas, her eternal theme, 675  
 Haunts her distracted soul in ev'ry dream;  
 In slumber now she seems to travel on,  
 Through dreary wilds, abandon'd and alone;  
 And treads a dark uncomfortable plain,  
 And seeks her Tyrians o'er the waste in vain. 680  
 So Pentheus rav'd, when, flaming to his eyes,  
 He saw the Furies from the deeps arise;  
 And view'd a double Thebes with wild amaze,  
 And two bright suns with rival glories blaze.  
 So bounds the mad Orestes o'er the stage, 685  
 With looks distracted, from his mother's rage;

A circumstance follows, which is most wonderfully moving, and which none of the critics (not even the excellent P. Brumoy) has taken any notice of. Orestes is held down upon a couch by his fond sister Electra, pierced with grief to see him in that distracted condition, and he mistakes her in his madness for one of his tormentors, and cries out; Away, thou that art one of my Furies, that perpetually haunt me, who hast now grasped me round my middle; that thou mayst hurl me down into hell. The Greek is inimitable.

Μεθεσ—με στα των εμων Ερινυων

Μεσον μ' οχμαζεις, ως βαλης ως Ταλαρον.

322 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV

Armata facibus matrem et serpentibus atris  
Cum fugit, ultricesque sedent in limine Dirae.

Ergo ubi concepit furias, evicta dolore,  
Decrevitque mori; tempus secum ipsa modumque 475  
Exigit, et moestam dictis aggressa sororem,  
Consilium vultu tegit, ac spem fronte serenat:  
Inveni, germana, viam, gratare sorori,  
Quae mihi reddat eum, vel eo me solvat, amantem.

Oceani finem juxta solemque cadentem, 480

Ultimus Aethiopum locus est, ubi maximus Atlas  
Axem humero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum:  
Hinc mihi Massylae gentis monstrata sacerdos,  
Hesperidum templi custos, epulasque draconi  
Quae dabat, et sacros servabat in arbore ramos, 485  
Spargens humida mella soporiferumque papaver.

Haec se carminibus promittit solvere mentes,  
Quas velit; ast aliis duras immittere curas;  
Sistere aquam fluviis, et vertere sidera retro;  
Nocturnosque ciet manes, mugire videbis 490.  
Sub pedibus terram, et descendere montibus ornos.  
Testor, chara, deos, et te, germana, tuumque  
Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingier artes.

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BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 323

Arm'd with her scourge of snakes she drives him on,  
And, wrapt in flames, pursues her murdering son;  
He flies, but flies in vain;---the Furies wait,  
And fiends, in forms tremendous, guard the gate. 690

At length distracted, and by love o'ercome,  
Resolv'd on death, she meditates her doom;  
Appoints the time to end her mighty woe,  
And takes due measures for the purpos'd blow.  
Then her sad sister she with smiles address'd, 695  
Hope in her looks, but anguish at her breast:

Anna, partake my joy, for lo! I find  
The sole expedient that can cure my mind,  
Relieve my soul for ever from her pain,  
Or bring my lover to my arms again. 700  
Near Ocean's utmost bound, a region lies,  
Where mighty Atlas props the starry skies;  
There lives a priestess of Massylian strain,  
The guardian of the rich Hesperian fane;  
Who wont the wakeful dragon once to feed 705  
With honey'd cakes, and poppy's drowsy seed,  
That round the tree his shining volumes roll'd  
To guard the sacred balls of blooming gold.

By magic charms the matron can remove,  
Or fiercely kindle all the fires of love; 710  
Roll back the stars; stop rivers as they flow;  
And call grim spectres from the realms of woe.  
Trees leave their mountains at her potent call;  
Beneath her footsteps groans the trembling ball:  
But witness thou, and all ye gods on high, 715  
With what regret to magic rites I fly.



324 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Tu secreta pyram tecto interiore sub auras  
 Erige, et arma viri, thalamo quae fixa reliquit 495  
 Impius, exuviasque omnes, lectumque jugalem  
 Quo perii, superimponas. abolere nefandi  
 Cuncta viri monumenta juvat; monstratque sacerdos.  
 Haec effata filet. pallor simul occupat ora.  
 Non tamen Anna novis praetexere funera sacris 500  
 Germanam credit; nec tantos mente furores  
 Concipit, aut graviora timet, quam morte Sichaci.  
 Ergo iussa parat.

At regina, pyra penetrali in sede, sub auras  
 Erecta ingenti, taedis atque ilice secta, 505  
 Intenditque locum fertis, et fronde coronat  
 Funerea: super exuvias, enseque relictum,  
 Effigiemque toro locat, haud ignara futuri.  
 Stant arae circum, et crines effusa sacerdos  
 Tercentum tonat ore deos, Erebumque, Chaosque. 510  
 Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianae.  
 Sparferat et latices simulatos fontis Averni:  
 Falcibus et messae ad lunam quaeruntur ahenis  
 Pubentes herbae, nigri cum lacte veneni:  
 Quaeritur et nascentis equi de fronte revulsus, 515  
 Et matri praereptus, amor.

735. *Amidst her altars,*] That no circumstance of horror might be wanting to introduce the fate of this unhappy prince; to prodigies succeeds magic. The dismal solemnity and infernal religion of which exceedingly heightens the terror in the catastrophe of this tragedy. Thus far Dr. Trapp. One may here observe, the great superiority of Virgil's judgment to that of Lucan, who in his dreadful description of the incantations of Erichth has given full scope to the wildness of his extravagant imagination; exciting horror instead of terror.

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 325

Go then, erect with speed and secret care,  
Within the court, a pile in open air.

Bring all the traitor's arms and robes, and spread  
Above the heap our fatal bridal bed. 720

The sacred dame commands me to destroy  
All, all memorials of that wretch from Troy.

Thus with dissembling arts the princess spoke :  
A deadly paleness spreads o'er all her look.

Nor could her wretched sister once divine 725  
These rites could cover such a dire design,

Nor deem'd a lover treacherous to his vows  
Should more afflict her than her murder'd spouse ;

But rears a pile of oaks and firs on high,  
Within the court, beneath the naked sky. 730

With wreaths the queen adorn'd the structure round ;  
And with funereal greens and garlands crown'd :

Next big with death, the sword and robe she spread,  
And plac'd the dear, dear image on the bed.

Amidst her altars, with dishevel'd hairs, 735  
Her horrid rites the priestess now prepares.

Thund'ring she calls, in many a dreadful sound,  
On Chaos hoar, and Erebus profound ;

On hideous Hecate, from hell's abodes,  
(The threefold Dian !) and a hundred gods. 740

The place she sprinkled, where her altars stood,  
With streams dissembled from Avernus' flood,

And black envenom'd herbs she brings, reap'd down  
With brazen sickles, by the glimmering moon.

Then crops the potent knots of love with care, 745  
That from the young estrange the parent mare.

326 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Ipsa mola manibusque piis, altaria juxta,  
 Unum exuta pedem vinclis, in veste recincta,  
 Testatur moritura deos, et conscia fati  
 Sidera : tum, si quod non aequo foedere amantes 520  
 Curae numen habet, justumque, memorque, precatur.  
 Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem  
 Corpora per terras, silvaeque et saeva quierant  
 Aequora ; cum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu ; 524  
 Cum tacet omnis ager ; pecudes, pictaeque volucres,  
 Quaeque lacus late liquidos, quaeque aspera dumis  
 Rura tenent, somno positae sub nocte silenti  
 Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.  
 At non infelix animi Phoenissa ; neque unquam  
 Solvitur in somnos, oculisque aut pectore noctem 530  
 Accipit. ingeminant curae, rursusque resurgens  
 Saevit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat aestu.

755 *'Twas night ; and, weary]* This exquisite description can never be sufficiently admired. Virgil describes minutely and at length the profound calm, quiet, and stillness of the night, in order to render the cruel disturbances and agonies of the restless queen more affecting by such a contrast. At non infelix animi Phoenissa—is the finest turn that ever entered the imagination of a poet. Virgil never makes a description for the sake of the fine verses it may contain, or to shew his talent of painting well, but always in order to heighten some passion, and further the action of the poem. He took the hint of this description of the profound quiet of night, opposed to Dido's restlessness, from Apollonius Rhodius.

771. *What shall I do !]* The image of this unhappy princess, reasoning with herself in the dead of night, is deeply moving. She turns her thoughts on every side to try if she can meet with succour or redress, but finds it impossible. She first thinks of applying to her former lovers, but soon rejects that expedient as absurd. Next she talks of accom-

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BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 327

Now with a sacred cake and lifted hands,  
 All bent on death, before her altar stands  
 The royal victim, the devoted fair;  
 Her robes were gather'd, and one foot was bare. 755  
 She calls on every star in solemn state,  
 Whose guilty beams shine conscious of her fate:  
 She calls to witness every god above,  
 To pay due vengeance for her injur'd love.

'Twas night; and, weary with the toils of day, 755  
 In soft repose the whole creation lay.

The murmurs of the groves and surges die;  
 The stars roll solemn through the glowing sky;  
 Wide o'er the fields a brooding silence reigns,  
 The flocks lie stretch'd along the flow'ry plains; 760

The furious savages that haunt the woods,  
 The painted birds, the fishes of the floods;  
 All, all, beneath the general darkness, share  
 In sleep, a soft forgetfulness of care;

All but the hapless queen; ---for love denies 765  
 Rest to her thoughts, and slumber to her eyes.

Her passions grow still fiercer, and by turns  
 With love she maddens, and with wrath she burns.

The struggling tides in different motions roll,  
 And thus she vents the tempest of her soul: 770

What shall I do?---shall I in vain implore  
 The royal lovers I disdain'd before?

panying the Trojans, but finds this every jot as unreasonable;  
 and one reflexion which awakens her pride, is extremely  
 natural—

Suppose I went with them, —  
 The haughty sailors would but mock my woe.



Sic adeo infistit, secumque ita corde volutat :  
 En, quid ago ? rursusne procos irrita priores  
 Experiar ? Nomadumque petam connubia supplex 535  
 Quos ego sim toties jam designata maritos ?  
 Iliacas igitur classes atque ultima Teucrûm  
 Iussa sequar ? quiane auxilio juvat ante levatos,  
 Et bene apud memores veteris stat gratia facti ?  
 Quis me autem, fac velle, finet, ratibusve superbis 540  
 Irrisam accipiet ? nescis heu, perdita ; necdum  
 Laomedontea sentis perjuria gentis ?  
 Quid tum ? sola fuga nautas comitabor ovantes ?  
 An Tyriis, omnique manu stipata meorum  
 Insequar ? et quos Sidonia vix urbe revelli, 545  
 Rursus agam pelago, et ventis dare vela jubebo ?  
 Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem.  
 Tu lacrymis evicta meis, tu prima furentem  
 His, germana, malis oneras, atque objicis hosti.  
 Non licuit thalami expertem sine crimine vitam 550  
 Degere more ferae, tales nec tangere curas ?  
 Non servata fides cineri promissa Sichaeo.  
 Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore questus.

Neither, continues she, could I possibly persuade the Tyrians to pursue them as enemies.—Nothing can be done! no expedient can avail me!

Die then as thou deserv'st ; in death repose ;  
 her endeavouring afterwards to lay the fault on her sister is a fine touch of nature. And her concluding that all her misfortunes are owing to the breach of her vows is beyond expression charming.

Non servata fides cineri promissa Sichaeo.  
 I cannot forbear adding, that this soliloquy, tho' pretty long, is yet extremely natural. How different from the generality of soliloquies introduced by the modern writers of

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Or, slighted in my turn with haughty pride,  
Court the fierce tyrant whom I once deny'd?

Shall I the Trojans base commands obey, 775

Their slave, their suppliant, through the watry way?

Yes---for my bounties, and my former aid

By Troy already stand so well repaid!

And yet suppose I were inclin'd to go;

The haughty sailors would but mock my woe. 780

Hast thou not yet, not yet, Eliza, known

The perjur'd sons of proud Laomedon?

What!--shall I follow through the roaring main,

Sole and abandon'd, their triumphant train,

Or drive 'em through the deeps with sword and fire, 785

With all my armies, all the sons of Tyre?

But can I draw to sea those Tyrian bands

I drew reluctant from their native lands?

Die then as thou deserv'st; in death repose;

The sword, the friendly sword, shall end thy woes. 790

You first, dear sister, by my sorrows mov'd,

Expos'd me rashly to the wretch I lov'd;

Your prompt obedience, and officious care

Fann'd the young flame, and plung'd me in despair.

Oh! had I learn'd like savages to rove, 795

And never known the woes of bridal love!

I prov'd unfaithful to my former spouse,

And now I reap the fruits of broken vows!

Thus vents the mournful queen, by love oppress'd,

The grief that rag'd tumultuous in her breast. 800

tragedy! the management of which kind of speeches requires

the utmost caution and care to make them appear natural;

and surely they should be introduced as seldom as possible.

330 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I

Aeneas celsa in puppi, jam certus eundi,  
Carpebat fomnos, rebus jam rite paratis. 555

Huic se forma dei vultu redeuntis eodem  
Obtulit in somnis, rursusque ita visa monere est;

Omnia Mercurio similis, vocemque, coloremque,  
Et crines flavos, et membra decora juventae:

Nate dea, potes hoc sub casu ducere fomnos? 560

Nec, quae te circumstent deinde pericula, cernis?

Demens! nec zephyros audis spirare secundos?

Illa dolos dirumque nefas in pectore versat,

Certa mori, varioque irarum fluctuat aestu.

Non fugis hinc praeceps, dum praecipitare potestas? 565

Jam mare turbari trabibus, saevasque videbis

Collucere faces; jam fervere litora flammis;

Si te his attigerit terris aurora morantem.

Eia age, rumpe moras, varium et mutabile semper

Foemina. sic fatus nocti se immiscuit atrae. 570

Tum vero Aeneas, subitis exterritus umbris,

Corripit e somno corpus, sociosque fatigat:

Præcipientes vigilate, viri, et confidite transtris:

Solvite vela citi: deus, aethere missus ab alto,

Festinare fugam, tortosque incidere funes 575

803. *To whom again*] To justify Aeneas's departure still more, another messenger is sent from heaven to hurry him away, who tells him that if he does not set out immediately while the wind is favourable, he, and his whole fleet, will be destroyed by the Tyrians, whom Dido is animating to revenge.

825. *Seize, seize,*] In the first book of Virgil, says the judicious Bossu, Aeneas appears to be very pious, and more forward to execute the will of the gods, than any other thing whatever. In the fourth book a very difficult choice is proposed to him; on one side, gratitude, love, natural tenderness, and several weighty considerations, engage him not to part from Dido; on the other side, an express order of

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 331

Meantime with all things ready for his flight,  
In thoughtless sleep the hero past the night.

To whom again the feather'd Hermes came,

His youthful figure, looks, and voice the same,

And thus alarms the slumb'ring prince once more; 805

What---canst thou sleep in this important hour?

Nor all thy dangers canst thou yet survey?

Nor hear the zephyrs call thee to the sea?

Mad as thou art!--determin'd on her doom,

She forms designs of mischiefs yet to come. 810

Then fly her fury while thou yet canst fly,

Before Aurora gilds the purple sky;

Fly,---or the floods shall soon be cover'd o'er

With numerous fleets, and armies crowd the shore,

And direful brands with long-projected rays, 815

Shall set the land and ocean in a blaze.

Ev'n now her dread revenge is on the wing;

Rise, prince; a woman is a changeful thing.

This said; at once he took his rapid flight,

Dissolv'd in air, and mingled with the night. 820

The hero starts from sleep in wild surprize,

Struck with the glorious vision from the skies,

And rouses all the train: awake, unbind,

And stretch, my friends, the canvas to the wind;

Seize, seize your oars; the god descends again, 825

To bid me fly, and launch into the main.

of the gods commands him to Italy. Before any one sees what side he will adhere to, and on what he will resolve, that which he has said ought to have demonstrated what his will, and what his inclinations are, and to what he will determine his conduct. His former speeches which discover to me his future resolutions are the poetical manners; these make



332 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Ecce iterum stimulat. sequimur te, sancte deorum,  
 Quisquis es, imperioque iterum paremus ovantes.  
 Adsis, o, placidusque juves, et sidera coelo  
 Dextra feras, dixit: vaginaque eripit ensem  
 Fulmineum, strictoque ferit retinacula ferro. 580  
 Idem omnes simul ardor habet; rapiuntque, ruuntque:  
 Litora deseruere: latet sub classibus aequor:  
 Adnixi torquent spumas, et caerulea verrunt.  
 Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras  
 Tithoni croceum linquens aurora cubile: 585  
 Regina, e speculis ut primum albescere lucem  
 Vidit, et aequatis classem procedere velis;  
 Litoraue et vacuos sensit sine remige portus;  
 Terque quaterque manu pectus percussa decorum,

make one foresee that he would leave Dido and obey the gods; he does so; the manners then are good, and duly and justly ordered. Chap. iv. B. 4.

839. *Now o'er the glittering lawns, &c.*] Let us admire this fine stroke of nature. The queen who had spent the night in disquietude, possessed with a thousand alarming fears that her lover would leave her, rises at the very first glimpse of daylight, (ut primum albescere lucem vidit) and ascends a high watch tower to view whether her fears were well-grounded or not, and the first thing that struck her eye was the navy in full sail.

845. *Thrice her fierce bands in madness*] This action of the unhappy queen is exceedingly moving and pathetic; and is a most proper introduction to the passionate speech that follows. Bossu has some judicious observations on this passage. That which is so rare among the orators is common among the poets: they abound in instances of this kind, where one may see the passion prepared, and kept up by the actions. Dido begins her speech, "O Jupiter! what shall this stranger go off? &c. This is no surprize to the hearers; they were so well prepared for it, that they would have wondered if the beginning of this speech had been less passionate. The

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S *ÆNEID*. 333

Whoe'er thou art, thou blest celestial guide,  
Thy course we follow through the foamy tide;  
With joy thy sacred orders we obey;  
And may thy friendly stars direct the way. 830

Sudden, he drew his sword as thus he said,  
And cut the haulsers with the flaming blade;  
With the same ardor fir'd, the shouting train  
Fly, seize their oars, and rush into the main.

At once the floods with ships were cover'd o'er, 835  
And not one Trojan left upon the shore;  
All stretching to the stroke, with vigour sweep  
The whitening surge, and plow the smoaking deep.

Now o'er the glittering lawns Aurora spread  
Her orient beam, and left her golden bed. 840

Soon as the queen at early dawn beheld  
The navy move along the watry field,  
In pomp and order, from her lofty tow'r;

And saw th' abandon'd port, and empty shore;  
Thrice her fierce hands in madness of despair 845  
Beat her white breast, and tore her golden hair.

The practice of Seneca is quite contrary. If he has any recital to make, which ought to imprint some great passion or other; he takes away both from his personages and his audience all the inclinations they might have towards it. If they are possessed with the sorrow, fear, and expectation of some dreadful thing: he will begin by a fine and elegant description of some place or other, which only serves to shew the copiousness and the over-luxuriant wit of a poet without judgment. In the Troades, Hecuba and Andromache, wanted to hear of the barbarous death of Astyanax, whom the Greeks had thrown from the top of an high tower. It mightily concerned them indeed to know, that among the crowd that flocked from all quarters to that sad spectacle, some there were who stood on the ruins of the old decayed buildings,

334 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Flaventesque abscissa comas : proh Jupiter ! ibit 590  
 Hic, ait, et nostris illuserit advena regnis ?  
 Non arma expedient, totaque ex urbe sequentur,  
 Diripientque rates alii navalibus ? ite,  
 Ferte citi flammās, date vela, impellite remos.  
 Quid loquor ? aut ubi sum ? quae mentem infania  
 mutat ? 595

Infelix Dido ! nunc te fata impia tangunt ?  
 Tum decuit, cum sceptrā dabas. en dextra fidesque !  
 Quem secum patrios aiunt portare Penates ;  
 Quem subiisse humeris confectum aetate parentem !  
 Non potui abreptum divellere corpus, et undis 600  
 Spargere ? non focios, non ipsum absumere ferro  
 Afcanium, patriisque epulandum apponere mensis ?  
 Verum anceps pugnae fuerat fortuna. fuisset.  
 Quem metui moritura ? faces in castra tulissem,  
 Impleissemque foros flammis ; natumque patremque 605  
 Cum genere extinxem ; memet super ipsa dedissem.  
 Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras,

buildings, others whose legs trembled under them, because they were mounted so high.

Those who have the patience to speak or hear such idle stuff, are so little inclined to weep, that they stand in need of notice, as the mercenary mourners of old had, when it is time to begin uttering their lamentations.

864. *Monster of the sea*] This is finely added, the original says only, undis spargere.

865. *Son destroy*] As Atreus did the sons of Thyestes his brother, a famous subject among the ancient tragedians. M. Crebillon, hath written a noble tragedy on this subject, and hath found a method of softening the extreme horror of the story, yet in such a manner as still to excite terror and pity, to a great degree.

873. *Thou glorious sun !*] After all the foregoing rage and madness, and variety of passion, expressed in the most rapid

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Then shall the traitor fly, ye gods ! (she said)  
 And leave my kingdom, and insulted bed ?  
 And shall not Carthage pour in arms away ?  
 Run there, and launch my navies on the sea. 850  
 Fly, fly with all your sails, ye sons of Tyre ;  
 Hurl flames on flames ; involve his fleet in fire.  
 What have I said ?---ah ! impotent and vain !  
 I rave, I rave---what madness turns my brain ?  
 Now can you, Dido, at so late a time, 855  
 Reflect with horror on your former crime ?  
 Well had this rage been shown, when first you led  
 The wretch, a partner to your throne and bed.  
 This is the prince, the pious prince, who bore  
 His gods and relicks from the Phrygian shore ! 860  
 And safe convey'd his venerable fire  
 On his own shoulders through the Trojan fire !  
 Could I not tear, and throw him for a prey,  
 Base wretch ! to every monster of the sea ?  
 Stab all his friends, his darling son destroy, 865  
 And to his table serve the murder'd boy ?  
 For, bent on death, and valiant from despair,  
 Say---could I dread the doubtful chance of war ?  
 No---but my flames had redden'd all the seas ;  
 Wrapt all the flying navy in the blaze ; 870  
 Destroy'd the race, the father and the son,  
 And crown'd the general ruin with my own.  
 Thou, glorious sun ! whose piercing eyes survey  
 These worlds terrestrial in thy fiery way,

pid style, with short quick sentences, questions, exclama-  
 tions, &c. in the very next words, between which and the  
 following she must be imagined to have paused, and panted,  
 and



336 VIRGILII AENEIS, LIB. IV.

Tuque harum interpres curarum, et conscia Juno,  
 Nocturnisque Hecate triviis ululata per urbes,  
 Et Dirae ultrices, et di morientis Elifae, 610  
 Accipite haec, meritumque malis advertite numen,  
 Et nostras audite preces. si tangere portus  
 Infandum caput, ac terris adnare, necesse est,  
 Et sic fata Jovis poscunt; hic terminus haeret:  
 At, bello audacis populi vexatus et armis, 615  
 Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Luli,  
 Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum  
 Funera: nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquae  
 Tradiderit, regno, aut optata luce fruatur;  
 Sed cadat ante diem, mediaque inhumatus arena. 620  
 Haec precor: hanc vocem extremam cum sanguine fundo.

and taken breath; she cools and settles, falls into the long and slow style, and prays for plagues upon the head of her false lover, with such religious formality, and solemnity of horror, as is enough to chill one's blood, while one reads it.

Sol, qui terrarum flammis, &c.

And so goes on cursing and imprecating to the end of the speech.

TRAPP.

I must add that the finest part of these curses seems to begin with that line

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor

Servius thinks the aliquis points to Annibal. Without doubt Virgil had in his head the bloody and fatal Punic wars.

It is an usual practice in the ancient tragedians, to make their heroes call upon the sun just before they died. There is a very sublime instance of this in the Ajax of Sophocles, the speech that hero makes to the sun just before he falls upon his sword is worth the perusal of the reader of taste; especially where he bids the sun stop in his career, when he comes over his country, and related his calamities to his aged father and mother.

Eu

Boo  
 And  
 Grea  
 Hear  
 Who  
 Hear  
 To p  
 If to  
 If su  
 Sell  
 Far  
 By b  
 And  
 For f  
 See a  
 And  
 A pe  
 Nor  
 But f  
 And  
 This  
 With  
 Oh!  
 Rise  
 Agai  
 Go,  
 89  
 Vc

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

337

And thou, o Juno! bend thy awful head,

875

Great queen, and guardian of the bridal bed;

Hear thou, dire Hecate! from hell profound,

Whose rites nocturnal through the streets resound,

Hear all ye furies, fiends, and gods, who wait

To pay due vengeance for Eliza's fate! 880

If to the destin'd port the wretch must come,

If such be Jove's unalterable doom:

Still let him wander, toss'd from place to place,

Far from his country, and his son's embrace,

By barbarous nations harrafs'd with alarms; 885

And take the field with unsuccessful arms;

For foreign aid to distant regions fly,

See all his friends a common carnage lie;

And when he gains, his ruin to compleat,

A peace more shameful than his past defeat; 890

Nor life nor empire let him long maintain,

But fall, by murderous hands untimely slain,

And lie unburied on the naked plain! }

This vow, ye gods, Eliza pours in death,

With her last blood, and her last gasping breath! 895

Oh!--in the silent grave when Dido lies,

Rise in thy rage, thou, great avenger, rise!

Against curs'd Troy, go mighty son of Tyre,

Go, in the pomp of famine, sword, and fire!

Σὺ δ' αὖ τὸν αἰπὺν ἔργον διφρηλαῖας,

Ἥλιε, παρῶν τέλει κλέω δ' αὖ χθονὸς

Ἰδὼς, ἐπὶ χερσὶν αἰσχροῖσιν ἡνίαν,

Ἀχιλλέον αἶας τὰς ἐμὰς μοῖρας ἔειπας

Γέρωντι πατρί, τῇ τε δυστηνῇ τροφῇ.

Sophoc. Ajax, v. 856.

897. *Thou great avenger*] This plainly points out Annibal.

VOL. II.

Z

Tam vos, o Tyrii, stirpem et genus omne futurum  
 Exercete odiis; cinerique haec mittite nostro  
 Munera: nullus amor populis, nec foedera sunt.  
 Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor,  
 Qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos,  
 Nunc, olim, quocumque dabunt se tempore vires.  
 Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas  
 Imprecor, arma armis: pugnent ipsique nepotes.  
 Haec ait: et partes animum versabat in omnes, 630  
 Invisam quaerens quamprimum abrumperè lucem.  
 Tum breviter Barcen nutricem affata Sichaei;  
 Namque suam patria antiqua cinis ater habebat:  
 Annam, chara mihi nutrix, huc siste sororem:  
 Dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lympha, 635  
 Et pecudes secum et monstrata piacula ducat;  
 Sic veniat: tuque ipsa pia tege tempora vitta.  
 Sacra Jovi Stygio, quae rite incepta paravi,  
 Perficere est animus, finemque imponere curis:  
 Dardaniique rogam capitis permittere flammæ. 640  
 Sic ait. illa gradum studio celerabat anili.  
 At trepida et coeptis immanibus effera Dido,

923. *Now to the fatal court*] To paint, is not only to describe things: but to represent the circumstances of them, in such a lively sensible manner, that the hearer shall fancy he almost sees them with his eyes. For instance: if a dry historian were to give an account of Dido's death, he would only say; she was overwhelm'd with sorrow after the departure of Aeneas; and that she grew weary of her life: so she went up to the top of her palace; and lying down on her funeral pile, she stabb'd herself. Now these words would inform you of the fact; but you do not see it. When you read the story in Virgil, he sets it before your eyes. When he represents all the circumstances of Dido's despair; describes her wild rage; and death already staring in her aspect:

when



And you, my Tyrians, with immortal hate,  
In future times, pursue the Dardan state.  
No peace, no commerce with the race be made;  
Pay this last duty to your prince's shade;  
Fight, when your pow'r supplies so just a rage;  
Fight now, fight still, in every distant age;  
By land, by sea, in arms the nation dare,  
And wage, from son to son, eternal war!

This said, she bends her various thoughts to close  
Her hated life, and finish all her woes.  
Then to her husband's nurse she gave command,  
(Her own lay bury'd in her native land)  
Go, Barge, go, and bid my sister bring  
The fable victims for the Stygian king,  
But first be sprinkled from the limpid spring.  
Thus let her come; and, while I pay my vows,  
Thou too in fillets bind thy aged brows.  
Fair would I kindle now the sacred pyre,  
And see the Trojan image sink in fire.  
Thus I compleat the rites to Stygian Jove,  
And then farewell---a long farewell to love!

She said; the matron, studious to obey,  
With dutious speed runs trembling all the way.  
Now to the fatal court fierce Dido lies,  
And rolls around her fiery glaring eyes;  
When he makes her speak at the sight of the picture and  
sword that Æneas left, your imagination transports you to  
Carthage; where you see the Trojan fleet leaving the shore,  
and the queen quite inconsolable. You enter into all her  
passions, and into the sentiments of the supposed spectators.  
It is not Virgil you then hear: you are too attentive to the  
last words of unhappy Dido, to think of him. The poet



Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementes  
 Interfusa genas, et pallida morte futura,  
 Interiora domus irrumpit limina, et altos 645  
 Conscendit furibunda rogos, ensisque recludit  
 Dardanium, non hos quaesitum munus in usus.  
 Hic, postquam Iliacas vestes notumque cubile  
 Conspexit, paullum lacrymis et mente morata,  
 Incubuitque toro, dixitque novissima verba: 650  
 Dulces exuviae, dum fata deusque sinebant,  
 Accipite hanc animam, meque his exsolve curis.  
 Vixi, et, quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi:  
 Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.  
 Urbem praeclaram statui: mea moenia vidi: 655  
 Ulta virum, poenas inimico a fratre recepi:  
 Felix! heu nimium felix! si litora tantum  
 Nunquam Dardaniae tetigissent nostra carinae.

disappears: and we see only what he describes; and hear those only whom he makes to speak. Such is the force of a natural imitation, and of painting in language. Hence it comes that the painters and the poets are so nearly related: the one paints for the eyes, and the other for the ears: but both of them ought to convey the liveliest pictures to the imagination. I have taken an example from a poet to give you a fuller image of what I mean by painting in eloquence: for poets paint in a stronger manner than orators. Indeed the main thing in which poetry differs from eloquence is, that the poet paints with enthusiasm, and gives bolder touches than the orator. But prose allows of painting in a moderate degree: for, without lively descriptions 'tis impossible to warm the hearer's fancy, or to stir his passions. A plain narrative does not move people: we must not only inform them of facts; but strike their senses, by a lively moving representation of the manner and circumstances of the facts we relate.

Archbishop of Cambray on Eloquence, Dial. i. p. 74.

Though pale and shivering at her purpos'd doom, 925

And every dreadful thought of death to come :

Yet many a crimson flush, with various grace,

Glow's on her cheek, and kindles in her face.

Furious she mounts the pyre, and draws the sword,

The fatal present of the Dardan lord ; 930

For no such end bestow'd ;---the conscious bed,

And robes she view'd ; and tears in silence shed ;

Stood still, and paus'd a moment,---then she cast

Her body on the couch, and spoke her last :

Ye dear, dear relics of the man I lov'd ! 935

While fate consented, and the gods approv'd,

Relieve my woes, this rage of love controul,

Take my last breath, and catch my parting soul.

My fatal course is finish'd, and I go

A ghost majestic to the realms below. 940

Well have I liv'd to see a glorious town

Rais'd by these hands, and bulwarks of my own ;

Of all its trophies robb'd my brother's sword,

And on the wretch reveng'd my murther'd lord.

Happy ! thrice happy ! if the Dardan band 945

Had never touch'd upon the Libyan land.

930. *Present*] The sword, say the best critics, was given by Dido to Æneas, not vice versa, and Æneas had left it in his chamber.

933. *Stood still, and paus'd a moment,*] No circumstance can be imagined more pathetic and moving, than her stopping, and bursting into tears at the sight of the bed and the Trojan robes, and then throwing herself in an agony upon the well-known couch. There is something of cool and sedate despair in this last of her speeches that is wonderfully affecting.

Dixit : et, os impressa toro, moriemur inultae ?

Sed moriamur, ait. sic, sic, juvat ire sub umbras. 660

Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto

Dardanus, et nostrae secum ferat omina mortis.

Dixerat : atque illam media inter talia ferro

Collapsam aspiciunt comites, ensemque cruore

Spumantem, sparsasque manus. it clamor ad alta 665

Atria : concussam bacchatur fama per urbem,

Lamentis, gemituque, et foemineo ululatu

Tecta fremunt ; resonat magnis plangoribus aether :

Non aliter quam si immixtis ruat hostibus omnis

Carthago, aut antiqua Tyros ; flammaeque furentes 670

Culmina perque hominum volvantur perque deorum.

Audiit exanimis, trepidoque exterrita cursu,

Unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnis,

Per medios ruit, ac morientem nomine clamat :

917. *Then pressing with her lips*] Fondly taking leave of it, as Alcestes does of her bed in Euripides. But Catrou, who indeed follows Ruzus, gives, I think, a strange interpretation, and says it means biting the bed with rage and revenge. Ruzus says, *Os lecto imprimens rabie quadam furoris, inultam se mori dolet.* Surely the other interpretation is more moving.

949. *And thus, and thus, I go—*] This repetition of the word *sic* is vastly beautiful : it strongly imprints on the mind the action of Dido at that moment : one sees her strike the ponyard into her bosom twice, when she says, *and thus, and thus I go.*

The commentators, intent on grammatical constructions, more than poetical beauties, have strangely puzzled this plain and obvious passage. Even Mr. Cowley seems not to have understood it, is for omitting this hemistich, and having the verse end—*sed moriamur ait.*



Then pressing with her lips the Trojan bed,  
 Shall I then die, and unreveng'd? (she said,)  
 Yet die I will,---and thus, and thus, I go---  
 Thus---fly with pleasure to the shades below: 950  
 This blaze may you' proud Trojan from the sea,  
 This death, an omen of his own, survey.

Meantime, the sad attendants, as she spoke,  
 Beheld her strike, and sink beneath the stroke.  
 At once her snowy hands were purpled o'er, 955  
 And the bright faulchion smok'd with streaming gore.  
 Her sudden fate is blaz'd the city round;  
 The length'ning cries from street to street resound;  
 To female shrieks the regal dome replies,  
 And the shrill echoes ring amidst the skies; 960  
 As all fair Carthage, or her mother Tyre,  
 Storm'd by the foe, had sunk in floods of fire;  
 And the fierce flame devour'd the proud abodes,  
 With all the glorious temples of the gods.

Her breathless sister runs with eager pace, 965  
 And beats her throbbing breast, and beauteous face.  
 Fierce through the parting crowds the virgin flies,  
 And on her dying dear Eliza cries.

954. *Beheld her strike.* Here is a fine touch of art in the poet, he does not expressly say that Dido stabbed herself; but with the most beautiful brevity only tells us,

—ferro  
 Collapsam aspiciunt comites.—  
 passing on instantly to the effect.  
 960. *Fair Carthage.* Here he seems plainly to allude to the sacking and burning Carthage by the Romans under Scipio, after the three bloody Punic wars.



Hoc illud, germana, fuit? me fraude petebas? 675

Hoc rogos iste mihi, hoc ignes araeque parabant?

Quid primum deserta querar? comitemne sororem.

Sprevisti moriens? eadem me ad fata vocasses;

Idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora, tulisset.

His etiam struxi manibus, patrioque vocavi 680

Voce deos, sic te ut posita crudelis abessem?

Exstinxisti te, meque, soror, populumque, patresque

Sidonios, urbemque tuam. date, vulnera lymphis

Abluam, et extremus si quis super halitus errat,

Ore legam. sic fata, gradus evaserat altos, 685

Semianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat

Cum gemitu, atque atros siccabat veste cruores.

Illa, graves oculos conata attollere, rursus

Deficit. infixum stridet sub pectore vulnus.

Ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa levavit: 690

Ter revoluta toro est: oculisque errantibus, alto

987. *Then up she steep ascent she flew,*] The original says, sic fata, gradus evaserat altos, she was got to the top of the steps while she was speaking these words, and she spoke them as she was going up. Otherwise, it would be highly unnatural, for her to stop and not run immediately to her sister's assistance till she had finished a speech of eight or ten verses.

991. *She strives to raise,*] How moving these circumstances are of her striving to open her eyes and fainting away again, and endeavouring to raise herself on her elbow and falling back again, no reader of taste need be told! Her not being able to speak and answer her sister is very moving. The poet's intending to enlarge a little here was perhaps the reason why he so artfully passed over the manner of her stabbing herself, which we before took notice of.

Was this, my Dido, ah! was this the way  
 You took, your easy sister to betray?  
 Was it for this my hands prepar'd the pyre,  
 The fatal altar, and the funeral fire?  
 Where shall my plaints begin?---ah! wretch undone!  
 Now left abandon'd to my woes alone!  
 Was I unworthy then, to yield my breath,  
 And share thy sweet society in death?  
 Me, me you should have call'd, your fate to share  
 From the same weapon, and the same despair.  
 And did these hands the lofty pile compose?  
 Did I invoke our gods with solemn vows?  
 Only---ah cruel! to be sent away  
 From the sad scene of death I now survey?  
 You by this fatal stroke, and I, and all,  
 Your senate, people, and your Carthage fall.  
 Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death  
 Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath.  
 Then up the steep ascent she flew, and prest  
 Her dying sister to her heaving breast;  
 With cries succeeding cries her robes unbound,  
 To stanch the blood that issu'd from the wound.  
 Her bosom groaning with convulsive pain,  
 She strives to raise her heavy lids in vain,  
 And in a moment sinks, and swoons again.  
 Prop'd on her elbow, thrice she rear'd her head,  
 And thrice fell back, and fainted on the bed;  
 Sought with her swimming eyes the golden light,  
 And saw the sun, but sicken'd at the sight.

Quaesivit coelo lucem, ingemuitque reperta.

Tum Juno omnipotens, longum miserata dolorem,

Difficilesque obitus, Irim demisit Olympo,

Quae luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus.

Nam, quia nec fato, merita nec morte, peribat, 696

Sed misera ante diem, subitoque accensa furore,

Nondum illi flavum Proserpina vertice crinem

Abstulerat, Stygioque caput damnaverat Orco.

Ergo Iris croceis per coelum roseida pennis, 700

Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,

Devolat, et supra caput astitit: hunc ego Diti

Sacrum iussa fero, teque isto corpore solvo.

Sic ait, et dextra crinem secat: omnis et una

Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit. 705.

### TOMI SECUNDI FINIS.

1017. *Mingles with the wind.*] By way of concluding the notes on this fourth book I shall subjoin what the judicious Segrais hath said concerning the anachronism in Virgil's making Dido contemporary with Aeneas—"Not pretending of myself, to decide a question, which requires so much learning, I am content to admire with Tasso (whether Aeneas were contemporary with this queen, or not) the admirable invention of Virgil, who was able to find out in the history of this hero, a source of the hatred between Rome and Carthage, even in the very foundation of their walls. I cannot moreover upon this occasion dissemble my opinion, that of all the faults which a poet can commit, those which are against profound learning are the least considerable: and especially when the question turns only upon a point of learning, obscure, ancient, or embarrassed, as this did: which related to the antiquity of eleven hundred years, at a time when books were not so easily perpetuated as they are at present. For tho' a poet ought to be learned; yet we never desire



Then mighty Juno, with a melting eye,  
Beheld her dreadful anguish from the sky;  
And bade fair Iris, from the starry pole,  
Fly, and enlarge her agonizing soul:  
For as she dy'd by love before the time,  
Nor fell by fate, nor perish'd for a crime,  
Not yet had Proserpine, with early care,  
Clip'd from her head the fatal golden hair;  
The solemn offering to the pow'rs below,  
To free the spirit, and relieve her woe.  
Swift from the glancing sun the goddess drew  
A thousand mingling colours, as she flew:  
Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying fair;  
And lo; this consecrated lock I bear  
To Stygian Jove: and now, as heav'n ordains,  
Release thy soul from these corporeal chains.

The goddess stretch'd her hand, as thus she said,  
And clipt the sacred honours of her head;  
The vital spirit flies; no more confin'd,  
Dissolves in air, and mingles with the wind.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

desire him to be more learned, than delightful. That great judgment, which made rules, has reserved to itself the empire over them; and never intended to be enslaved by them. Besides; if the general maxim of poetry be always to prefer that which is probable, and pleasing, to that which is true, and shocking; why had not Virgil the power to suppose by a poetical fiction that Dido lived in the time of Æneas, even tho' he knew the contrary; in order to find in this fable the original of those wars between Rome, and Carthage, and the subject of those beautiful events which he describes?

Why



Why shall he be condemned for having made a fiction contrary to the order of time; if other poets are sometimes permitted to make them, contrary to the order of nature? would he have been the less a poet, tho' he had never learned chronology? there are no faults, properly so called, says Aristotle, but those which are made contrary to the art which one professes: inasmuch that there are certain affected ignorances, which appear with a good grace. Extremes only are faulty in this case, as well as in all others. It would not have been allowable to contradict a point of history known to all the world: for example, to make Scipio and Hannibal contemporaries with Alexander, and to represent them as intimate friends. But in this profound antiquity, which one must study as profoundly, in order to strike out the least light from it, a great poet may, and should, speak of things, not as he can discover them to have really been, but as they are capable of embellishing his subject. It is for this, that he is even advised to chuse a subject distant from his own age, rather than too near it. The beauty of these boldnesses raises poetry above learning itself; for it is more easy to learn how things have actually passed, than by invention to make them agreeable. A man may study as long as he will; he will never make a good poem, if he has not a genius to feign and invent. Provided his inventions please, (as they always do, when they are natural, and the event answers, as in this fiction of Virgil's) the work will always succeed. For questionless, if we should ask those who are most forward to decry this passage, whether they would have had him follow the history; their thoughts must be very ill turned, to chuse rather that he should have deprived his *Æneis* of this rich ornament, than have contradicted an history involved in the darkness of so many barbarous ages. The most critical will allow, that there is more judgment in committing this fault, if it be one, than there would have been in not committing it. This is the opinion of Scaliger; and of Mr. Bochart, as may be seen in a learned dissertation upon this argument, which he did me the honour to address to me. If a poet must be subject to the exact truth; he carries the matter much farther than this anachronism: and I believe it would be difficult to prove that *Æneas* was ever in Italy, against those strong authorities which he produces to the contrary. But he himself answers, and concludes, as I do, that this research of truth is by no means the business of a poet. The very foundation of the *Æneis* may be no more

more than a fable; and he is of that opinion for three strong reasons. The first is grounded upon the explication of some passages in Homer; and upon the testimonies of ancient history; which relate that Æneas died before the walls of Troy, and that he left children which reigned there for many ages. The second is taken from the religion of the Trojans, and the gods which Æneas must have brought into Italy, of which he finds not the least traces in the antiquities of Rome. The third is taken from the Phrygian or Trojan language; which he would likewise have brought with him and of which some words must have continued in the Latin tongue, as well as of the languages of other nations, with which the Romans had any intercourse or correspondence. But tho' he establishes his opinion upon very good arguments; he shews nevertheless that this great poet was in the right in founding his Æneis upon a contrary Opinion, since it was universally received at Rome. For this purpose, he shews that it was received, more than two hundred years before, by all the poets, historians, orators, and criticks: that even several Greek authors were of the same sentiments: not to mention Julius Cæsar, and Augustus his adopted son; who deeply interested themselves in authorizing this chimæra; to make it believed that that the family of the Cæsars was descended from Æneas, and by consequence from Venus and Jupiter; which rendered them the more considerable among the people, who fed themselves with the flattery of these vain imaginations. He proves that the consent of the senate and the people confirmed this belief: and that all the Romans presumed themselves to be descended from the Trojans.—In a word, he concludes, as I have done upon the subject of this anachronism, that tho' Virgil had fully known the falsity of this opinion, he ought not to have opposed it; since the state and the emperor loved this error, and were interested to support it: and it is not the business of poets to teach exact truth. He discusses this question with so much learning, and so much at large; that I will say no more of it. His reflection is so far from destroying the beauty of poetry, and its inventions; that it discovers them to the greater advantage. Their charms are so powerful and irresistible, that they overbear the clearest evidence and the most glaring truth. These fables, these lyes, these impostures, become the admiration and entertainment of the whole world, and in process of time the general opinion of the people. We are so prejudiced in their favour, that we hate those who are willing

350 NOTE TO BOOK IV.

ling to maintain the contrary. If one compares the effects of the finest history with those of the finest poetry; what are those beautiful truths which history has ever made so publick, as poetry has made it's fictions? How many persons are there who have read Virgil and Homer, and even learned the greatest part of their works by heart, in comparison of those (tho' many) who have read the best Greek, or Latin historians?"

SEGRAIS.



# NOTE TO BOOK IV.

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SECT. 12.



## THE NOTE TO BOOK IV.

THESE are the contents of the contents. I have compared the contents of the first & last with those of the middle parts. I have also shown the changes which history has ever made in the world. I have made it a story of the history of the world, and that who have read the first and last, and even the middle, are pleased with their work. I have, in the middle of the world, who have read the first and last, and even the middle, are pleased with their work.

THE END.

